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ANARCHY
A
THESE
CURE

WILLIAM LAMONT



RESENTED IN MEMORY OF
ANNIE NELSON BAILEY, 1866-1919
BY THE SON THOMAS A. BAILEY, '24, AND
HIS WIFE MARY DEAN BAILEY, TO THE
WICHITA UNIVERSITY FUND-1918



45-

1918





REV. EMMA POW BAUDER

ANARCHY

ITS CAUSE AND CURE

TOLD IN STORY

BY

REV. EMMA POW BAUDER

OCCIDENTAL PUBLISHING CO.,
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L. G. STAHL

PREFACE.

Out in the great realms of Nature and Grace, God has organization from the beehive to the Throne.

Angels, principalities and powers, united in strong bonds of organization, stand or fall to just such a degree as their union is perfected in love and truth. Realizing these facts, it is very apparent to any close observer that the time has now come in America when the better elements should arise, and, like one man, stand united in organization so strong that the powers of Hell cannot prevail against her.

For the last quarter of a century American statesmen have felt and seen the anarchistic elements of other nations creeping into our midst, and, like a venomous serpent that it is, poisoning society, bringing unrest, dissatisfaction and disruption to the government of the United States, which has in the past, and does now, stand for the highest type of civilization, and the most perfect freedom enjoyed on earth to-day.

But it is this American freedom—perfect and beautiful in itself—that has invited to our shores this anarchistic element and made our nation sick with the virus born and bred in the hot-beds of hate and oppression of other countries. It has been the entire absence of the arrogance of national power maintained in other lands, in the demeanor of our government, that has allowed human fiends to stalk into our midst, scattering the seeds of turmoil and death among our people.

PREFACE.

While America has stood with hands outstretched in fraternal greeting and friendliness to other countries, inviting such as love freedom and higher citizenship to come to our shores, she has at the same time embraced the disease that has proven death and disaster to other nations. Therefore, the malady of anarchy is upon us. We can readily see its cause and know that social chaos must ensue unless its evil work be checked and that, too, very soon. But to find its cure and the solution to the problem of anarchy yet rests in the hand and brain of the American people. It has been to that end and for that purpose alone that the author of this book, Rev. Emma Pow Bauder, has labored and written.

Wisdom would suggest that the reading and thinking public be given a better understanding of the real trouble in American society.

That the rich are all social outlaws and vampires who suck the very life blood of the working poor is false, and ought not to be thus spoken of. And, on the other hand, it is just as wrong to brand the educated middle class as peace disturbers, socialists and anarchists, for it is not true. Anarchy should not once be named in connection with the good citizenship of the United States. American society, with its teeming millions, can be likened in its structure to a Southern railway. Entering the city, the traveler comes to realize that he is whirling through mid-air far above the inhabitants that are beneath.

Looking down from that eminence he sees little children playing in the streets beneath him, many wheeled vehicles and pedestrians hurrying hither and thither in the busy activities of life. When all at once he seem-



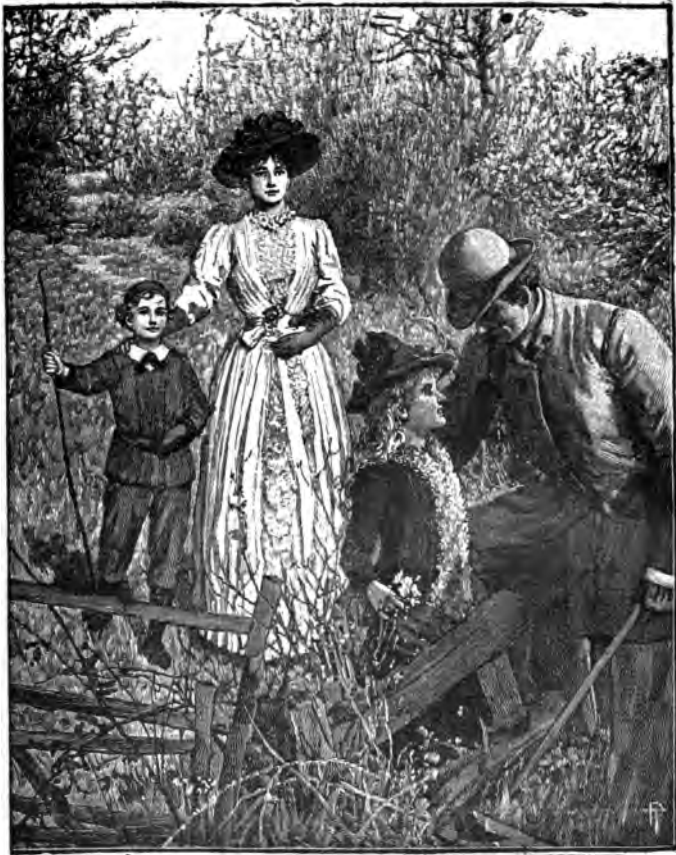
PREFACE.

ingly drops from this eminence into the bowels of the earth. Choked by the dust, cinders and smoke of the engine, on he is hurried for a distance of two miles and finally emerges out into the heart of the city of St. Louis. Strange as this may seem, it is a correct simile of the present status of American society. There is that in our nation which exists upon the highest crest of the social wave, uncontaminated by sin, untouched by the biting and pinching of poverty which brings man into contact with vice and makes him, whether willing or not, to be a companion and accomplice to shame and crime. God would not have it so. He made this beautiful world, and in the beginning created all men equal and gave them equal privileges, irrespective of race, color or country.

The author believes that both the rich and the poor are alike responsible for the condition of things now existing, and that if the dreaded spirit of anarchy that is now with us is ever rooted out of the nation it will require a unanimity of action on the part of both capital and labor. Therefore, a thorough and complete organization looking to that end should be effected and the greatest wisdom of the age used in its evolution. She also believes that the lower classes are their own worst enemies, and that it is ignorance and vice that have put them in bondage and not the oppression of capital.

She writes this book, entitled *Anarchy, its Cause and Cure*, showing by its arguments the true reason and cause of the present state of things in society. At the same time setting forth methods which, when adopted, will suppress the demon against which we fight, and rid our country of its plague.

THE PUBLISHERS.



RUTH'S GIRLHOOD LIFE.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	—Page—
Chapter I.—Ruth Mansfield.....	1 to 8
Chapter II.—The First Day of Service.....	11 to 19
Chapter III.—The Modern Social Ogre.....	21 to 32
Chapter IV.—Ruth's Refusal to Serve Wine.....	35 to 40
Chapter V.—En Route to Europe.....	43 to 50
Chapter VI.—Ruth's First Lesson in Pneumatol- ogy.....	51 to 59
Chapter VII.—In Deutschland.....	61 to 72
Chapter VIII.—The London Working People in Line.....	73 to 91
Chapter IX.—The Funeral of Judge Earnestine..	93 to 102
Chapter X.—Ruth's Justification of the People...	105 to 113
Chapter XI.—Marie's Confession.....	115 to 120
Chapter XII.—The Great Problem.....	123 to 132
Chapter XIII.—Following After Fate.....	135 to 139
Chapter XIV.—At the Wedding.....	141 to 146
Chapter XV.—In Legal Fetters.....	149 to 161
Chapter XVI.—Playing a Double Part.....	163 to 172
Chapter XVII.—Spilling the Wine at Ranch Ear- nestine.....	175 to 184
Chapter XVIII.—Marie's Vow to Heaven.....	187 to 190
Chapter XIX.—Doings at the Mansion.....	193 to 197
Chapter XX.—Sins of the Father Transmitted to the Child.....	199 to 208
Chapter XXI.—Falsely Accused.....	211 to 219
Chapter XXII.—The Rum Fiend.....	221 to 227
Chapter XXIII.—Her Fortune Spent.....	229 to 239
Chapter XXIV.—From Mansion to Cottage.....	241 to 245

	—Page—
Chapter XXV.—Duplicating the Labor Department.....	247 to 254
Chapter XXVI.—Poor Little June Bug.....	257 to 263
Chapter XXVII.—Finding Her Mission.....	265 to 269
Chapter XXVIII.—A Woman's Methods.....	271 to 278
Chapter XXIX.—The Working Woman's Congress.....	281 to 290
Chapter XXX.—President Brumblebug.....	293 to 301
Chapter XXXI.—The Science of Government.....	303 to 312
Chapter XXXII.—Robbing a Bread Winner.....	315 to 323
Chapter XXXIII.—Sorrows Sanctified.....	325 to 332
Chapter XXXIV.—The Drunkard Redeemed.....	335 to 341
Chapter XXXV.—Looking into the Future.....	343 to 349
Chapter XXXVI.—Woman's Ministry.....	351 to 354
Chapter XXXVII.—Waiting on the Watch Tower.....	357 to 363



A TWENTIETH CENTURY STORY.

CHAPTER I.

RUTH MANSFIELD.

The El Capitan had just left the Oakland Mole and was steaming out into the bay, bound for San Francisco, when two superb-looking young women could have been seen to saunter across the deck and take seats at the stern end of the boat, quite apart from the many passengers, whose respectful glances lingered with admiration as they recognized these two distinguished young ladies.

Resuming their conversation, which had been interrupted when the masses arose and came on board the boat, Ruth Mansfield is heard to say: "The labor question is becoming one of momentous interest to the citizens of the United States, and I fear that unless some higher and nobler influence can be brought to bear upon the working classes we shall see perilous times in our larger cities in the next few years. The workingmen of this country have long been fanning into a flame the spirit of resistance against Capital and these organized bodies are to-day a menace to civil government, and according to my way of thinking it is high time that the better classes of society are awakening to the dangers that threaten the American Republic."

Thrusting the morning's paper into her companion's hand, she continued: "Read, and you will see that these workingmen, honest, noble fellows that they are, are beating against the bars that their own misguided resistance to capital has welded about them, and their very effort means rebellion."

Then in an undertone she continued: "Listen, and you can hear, even as I do, the low mutterings of thunder and see the flashing of rebellious lightning as public sentiment is being kindled for and against the labor reform. Yes, my lady, from the very fact that you are a capitalist, you should acquaint yourself with the movement of labor organizations and become familiar with both sides of the question that is so deeply agitating the minds of the American people. When clouds hover low we may know that a storm is approaching and the signs of the times should prompt every earnest-hearted person to be up and doing."

In response to this outburst of enthusiasm Marie Earnestine moved uncomfortably in her seat and said: "Dear Ruth, why do you so incessantly trouble me with your chatter about capital and labor? I am growing weary with such scarecrows as you present to me. Do let us talk about something with poetry in it, I am tired of this threadbare subject—the rich and the starving poor. Surely if the working people are in trouble with capital it must be that the fault lies in themselves and not in their employers. But to change the subject, I am growing chilly in this bracing atmosphere; you may put my wrap about me. Perhaps if I give you something to do, it will dampen your ardor somewhat pertaining to the labor reform."

Ruth Mansfield drew herself up to full height, her brilliant dark eyes flashing for a moment with indignation,

and then moistening with tears, she replied: "Scarecrows! Indeed, the time will come, and if I mistake not is near at hand, when you will know that there is more sound sense in what I am saying than you can now well comprehend. Time will make you, even as it has made me, willing to discuss the wrongs of the working people as well as the rights of Capital."

While Ruth was thus speaking she took the wrap which was carried upon her arm and wound it comfortably about her companion. It is not hard for the reader to perceive that the two characters were mistress and maid.

Marie Earnestine was one upon whom fortune had smiled, and with the consciousness that she was heiress to ten million dollars she laid back upon the world with that spirit of oppression which is common to capitalists. She had just rounded her twenty-third birthday, and from a social point of view was of great importance in the world. Nature had done much for Marie Earnestine. But indolent habits had left her powers undeveloped, and at the age of twenty-three she was neither talented nor pretty, nor yet was she plain. Being small of stature, with a pale, expressionless face, her brilliancy was in her diamonds; and the rouge upon her cheek was there instead of the healthful glow that might have been hers had she taken the proper exercise.

Her maid, Ruth Mansfield, on the contrary, was sparkling with youth and beauty. She was a tall, well-developed woman of twenty-five, with merry, laughing black eyes and a dark, oval cheek. She was far more beautiful than those adorned with cosmetics. Her very soul shone out of her face and bespoke a fine intelligence and gentle birth. Marie, spoiled from babyhood, resented this outburst on the part of her maid; but being deficient in dignity, failed to challenge that respectful obedience which

•

she desired. She turned, like a naughty child, her back upon Ruth, who, accustomed to such freaks in Miss Earnestine, did not appear in the last discomfited, but on the contrary was soon lost to her surroundings in the perusal of "Ely Strong's Political Economy."

Ruth was the only daughter of General Mansfield. She was born in her father's palatial residence on the sunny banks of the Hudson and was reared under the happy environments of a cultured home. Being an only child, the son having died when a boy, she had naturally received all the advantages possible up to her fifteenth year, when fortune's wheel turned backward and she found herself obliged to begin a battle with the world for existence. Her father, once noble and revered by all who knew him, had fallen into intemperate habits and had bartered away his princely fortune, leaving herself and devoted mother in a beggared condition. Under the heavy load that had come like a crash upon her, the gentle woman had sickened and died, leaving their child to the care of a pitiless father, who now was lost in the depths of drunkenness. A few months of shame and he, too, had come to an untimely grave, leaving poor Ruth, a mere child in years, to fight the battles of life alone.

Having a distant relative in California, the girl scraped together what little she could, sufficient to buy her ticket, and came directly to San Francisco, with the hope that she might continue her studies in some of the excellent schools on the Pacific Coast. But in this she was mistaken; she saw the social line drawn and found herself in the undercurrent. She had never before realized the fact that the children of the rich and the children of the poor could not walk in the same educational circles together. Upon her arrival in San Francisco she was awakened to the truth. Finding her relatives too poor

to help her, it became her duty to seek employment for her own maintenance. It was with bitterness of heart that she answered the advertisement of Marie Earnestine for waiting maid ten years before. Then she had asked herself, as she had mounted the marble steps and pulled the silver knob, why this girl, who was no better than she, could, in addition to all her other blessings in life, afford to keep a maid to wait upon her, while she, through no sin of her own, must forego an education. Her fists were clenched tightly and her spirit burned with hot indignation as she thought of the injustice. As she stood awaiting an answer to her summons, she began to look beyond the home to find where the oppression began and who to blame in this land of free people. As she reached out in spirit to find who should be her natural protectors, she questioned: "Am I not an American? And is not Uncle Sam rich and able to shield, educate and protect the little ones of his country? Am I to blame because my father was a drunkard and broke my sainted mother's heart? Was it not rum that robbed me of home and protection, while Uncle Sam has gone into partnership with the liquor traffic? Surely, if he had prohibited the traffic, which is a curse to our country, I would be happy in school to-day"

She stamped her foot with a fierce spirit of resentment, her eyes were flashing with excitement, when the door opened and she was ushered into the presence of the sickly looking and inanimate little girl, Marie Earnestine, who was then but a child of thirteen.

Answering the many questions that were propounded to her by the maiden aunt of Marie (for her mother had been for some years deceased), she seemed to be a satisfactory applicant.

Besides, Marie had said: "You see, auntie, she is a

brunette, while I am a blonde, and as we must naturally be together a great deal, her beauty will only help to enhance my own, and I shall not have to suffer the mortification that my poor friend Bella Downs does because her companion is of her same type of beauty, only so much handsomer than herself that it quite takes away all her own charms."

This was a new thought to Ruth, for, being trained as she had been by a Christian mother, she had never once thought whether she were beautiful or not; and to hear this child, even younger in years than herself, expressing such vain sentiments, gave birth in her heart to a feeling akin to contempt. But she thought of her condition, and knowing that she must work to earn her bread, she at once accepted the situation and engaged to come on the morrow. Be it said to the credit of Ruth Mansfield, she had not once paused to think that there could be any degradation in labor; and in accepting this situation as waiting maid to the daughter of a millionaire, she felt it most praiseworthy in herself to be able at this early period of her life to take such a charge.

It was the thought that she must forego an education because poverty's keenest edge had cut the support from beneath her feet that seasoned her cup with bitterness and sent her young soul out in quest of justice. It is very true that every reform that ever came to bless the world has come up and out from under some dark cloud of oppression.

It was a gloomy day on the morning of the creation, when the earth planet hung in darkness in the Heavens groaning under the weight of oppression of other Heavenly bodies. But God spoke and said: "Let there be light!" And behold, the bonds of oppression were burst asunder, the earth blazed forth transcendent in the glory

of Him who shines as "light of the world." It was a dark day when the children of Israel groaned in bitterness under the yoke of Egyptian bondage; but if that yoke had been less hard to wear, Israel would have remained content in Egypt. Out of that bondage came the redemption of God's people, born in the form of a Messiah. Out from under the rod Israel came forth in great power. Just so with all other reforms of the world.

It was a dark day when our Pilgrim Fathers, who couldn't find rest for the soles of their feet in the Old World and could not worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences, sailed from their native land. But out of that day of darkness came America—a great and gifted nation, "the land of the free and the home of the brave"—the land where Labor shall yet be crowned and the laborer be free indeed.

It was a dark day when the chains of the African slave clanked at his heels; but out from under the lash of a cruel master, freemen have been born with hearts as true and tender as any child of God.

It is now a dark day for labor in America, smitten as it is, yet in God's own time the clouds will vanish and a great and noble people shall come forth bearing aloft the banner of triumph.

Just so now it was with Ruth. The Lord who has led the nations of the earth, the Lord who has led in all reforms and created all reformers, knew the process of preparing a soul for the warfare that is now being waged between Labor and Capital.

This experience through which she was now called to pass was well and truly born of God, for had Ruth Mansfield remained through life in the same easy circumstances in which she was born, she could never have developed into the noble character which she was destined to be.

Thus, while her spirit was being chiseled and carved to fit her to become a master workman in the art of reform, she began to look away from self and realize that she was only one of the two hundred and fifty thousand working girls in America who were at this very time without a finished education. As she walked away that morning from the palatial residence of the Earnestines, which was to be her home for the next few years, she was forming new resolves and trying to set her thoughts in order that she might charge down upon the enemy and work for all mankind. Blessed girl, with Heaven-born desires! Who shall say that the angels of God did not smile upon her and lend promptings from above as she was about to enter a life's career?





JUDGE EARNESTINE AT FORTY.

CHAPTER II.

THE FIRST DAY OF SERVICE.

The sun rose brightly over San Francisco on the morning that Ruth Mansfield was to meet her engagement at the Earnestine mansion, and as she stood at the door of her friend's saying farewell, the following conversation was passing between them: "I say, Ruth, it is a shame that you, the daughter of one who but a few years ago could count his millions, should come to where you must soil your pretty hands with labor and accept a position so menial as that of waiting maid." At this remonstrance Ruth's bowed head was lifted proudly and she spiritedly made answer: "Menial! Why, my reverend kinswoman, I had not once thought of this from that standpoint. Honest labor can never be degrading. My hands may be white and tender, but they can not be harmed by honest toil. Besides, God hath said: 'The hand of the diligent maketh rich.' Labor can never be degrading, for 'as the altar sanctifieth the gift,' so shall I if I am truly noble, elevate my calling." And then in a gentler tone she continued: "My sainted mother often taught me that none were so menial as they who are willing to eat the bread of idleness.

"That may be all true, dear Ruth, but the world does not look at it from your standpoint, and it is a grievous thought to me that you must come down so low."

Ruth's cheek crimsoned at this remark and her voice rang out sharply as she repeated: "Down so low! Why do you not say to a calling so high? Who shall say that

labor is not God-ordained? What care I for the false convictions of society? If society is in error, then my mission in the world shall be to show forth the right way to live upon the earth. Let not your heart be troubled, my friend, for I do not feel humbled in being obliged to give my hand to labor, but at the false education of the people and the seeming inequality of the rich and the poor. All I want is justice. Why are not the children of the poor protected by the government which professes to be of the people, by the people and for the people? Why do not the children of capitalists feel obliged to enter workshops and factories, stunting their bodies and dwarfing their minds even as the children of the poor are obliged to do? Why? Simply because the only real protection that is offered is given to Capital. The poor man's extremity is the rich man's opportunity. The children of the poor are compelled to bite the very dust because the government, which is so great and has become so rich from the rum revenue, has never once thought to educate the children of its people."

"Dear Ruth, you are wonderfully keen this morning and, I think, somewhat in error, since our public schools are free alike to the rich and the poor."

"Ah, indeed!" exclaimed the girl. "Who will earn my bread and raiment while I attend the public schools? And should I be fortunate enough to push my way through, subsisting upon the poorest fare, suffering with want and cold until I have been graduated from the public school, who then will take up my cause and send me to a higher place of learning? I tell you, my friend, society is out of balance and the burden of life rests upon those who are oppressed and downtrodden—oppressed not by individuals but by the government."

"My dear Ruth, you are mysteriously deep in your

reasoning to-day. Tell me, child, what has the government to do with the oppression you now suffer?"

"It has everything to do with it," replied the girl. "Is not the government a partner in the rum traffic? That the government might grow rich, my poor father was made a slave to strong drink—made a pauper and a drunkard; and now while he is sleeping in an unhallowed grave I, his child, must suffer in poverty and want, being compelled to forego the comforts and luxuries of life because cruel men who love gold more than the children of the land have sold their honor to the rum power."

"Ah, Ruth, what can you, a child of fifteen, know about governmental affairs or the wickedness of corrupt politicians? You had better apply your mind to childish things and trust God to care for the children of America."

A flush crept over the girl's cheek and in a clear and ringing voice she replied: "Can not I read? The secular papers reveal much to us, and even though I am but a child, I can see and understand just how the children of the land are robbed of their rightful inheritance. I do trust God to care for the children, but is not man, in his power to legislate for America, God's agent and therefore coequal with the great ruler of the nations? Surely every man is a citizen king in his own right by the power of the ballot. But no matter how much man may desire to do right, his power is lost when the preliminaries are often held in the saloon. The higher promptings of men in office are smothered with gold, while the liquor traffic has become the most prominent factor in the political world." So it was at the age of fifteen, Ruth Mansfield had really begun to set in order a chain of thought that must yet become a mighty power for good.

Her poor little head fairly whirled with the rapid succession of thought that came reeling in like a flood upon

her soul as she climbed up Nob Hill that morning to undertake her first day's work as waiting maid to the young mistress of the Palace Earnestine. There was nothing plebeian about this girl who was now to take her first lesson in service for others.

As she was ushered into the house and shown to her own apartment, and her duty portrayed to her by that frigid personage, Miss Emile Langsford, the maiden aunt of Marie Earnestine, she was made to scorn the haughty spirit of the woman who strove most imperiously to impress upon her that she was alienated from society and must therefore bow before those with whom her lot was now cast.

Detecting the spirit thus manifested, Ruth Mansfield at the very outset made a firm resolve that, whether she forfeited her position or not, she would at every and all times maintain a high and noble spirit of independence, and thus show forth her own gentle breeding; thereby proving herself to be the equal of any member of that aristocratic family.

Poor girl! She did not realize the many and sore trials which she must undergo in order to maintain that spirit of independence which she felt she must preserve if she would hold Labor equally high with Capital. But she thought (for somehow this girl was not born for herself) that other girls equally as noble as herself, even at this present time, were passing through the same ordeal. Therefore she realized that she was fighting for a principle; and she whetted her weapons upon the steel that was rasping her soul until they were sharpened fourfold. And a burning desire took possession of her to help other girls to stand as nobly as she would do, and therefore her highest ambition was to do her best.

Finding herself duly settled, she found that Marie Earne-

stine reigned a veritable tyrant in her home. Every maid servant and even the coachman quailed before her. Every member of the family literally gave in to her. Would Ruth do this? She thought not; for, she said to herself: "It would be just as bad for me to indulge her in a fault as it would be to do wrong myself." And so the two began together, each measuring the other's strength. One or the other must yield at every point. Which would it be? the question remained to be answered in the days to come. Being an only child, bereft of a mother's love and care, left to the charge of a wealthy and indolent father, Marie had come up in life with little or no restraint upon her. Poor girl! She was not only starving for a mother's love, but was tempted with all the evils that wealth could place before her. Who can wonder that the children of the rich fall into diverse temptations and so often go wrong, since no restraint is thrown around them, and the very bulwark of society a snare? In this case the thing that Ruth most wondered at was that the child was even so good and true as she was; for in her better moments Ruth could detect great depths of character—shattered and uncertain, to be sure—yet not hopeless. Thus with the tact of one older in years, this gentle girl began to ply thought in Marie's case; or in other words, to plant little seeds of love, watering them with her own sunny spirit that they might sprout and grow to strengthen and ennoble the character of her charge.

A few evenings after her entrance into the home, Ruth was assisting Marie to disrobe, when the latter spoke to her in a very unkind and uncomplimentary manner, for she was doing her very best to please. Ruth stood apart with a look of surprise and superiority upon her face, which look was intended to inspire the child with respect and cause her to repent. Marie was in a rage, and fairly

screamed with indignation as she exclaimed: "You mean thing! I won't let such an ugly girl as you come near me! I will discharge you to-morrow!"

Ruth had never in her life seen a child in such a rage, and did not know that one could display such madness. At length, she exclaimed: "Oh, Miss Marie, just look in the mirror and see your face! Which one of us do you think looks the more ugly at this moment?"

The request was concise and well ordered. Marie rendered obedience and the effect was miraculous, for seeing her own face distorted with rage, and Ruth's wreathed in smiles, she at once became crimson with shame and burst into tears. She found herself helpless, and said: "Please, Ruth, won't you help me?"

This was an opportunity that the maid could not well afford to lose and she very gently replied: "Will you promise that you will not do it again?"

Immediately the child's arms were thrown around Ruth's neck, and after the manner of penitent childhood, they kissed and made up, while a sincere promise was given by the young mistress "Never, never to speak so unkindly again."

This was a turning point in Marie's life, and young though Ruth was, yet she strove at all times to wield a mother's influence over the girl and make of her the noble woman that God had intended her to be.

From this time a real friendship began to exist between maid and mistress which was sweet and bid fair to be of lasting duration. Thus the arrival of Ruth Mansfield at the mansion brought a herald of joy to the entire household. It has been said by the immortal Beecher that "there is no place easy in the various avenues of labor," so indeed our heroine of this story found it in the new part she was playing in this drama of life. But perhaps

the hardest trial to her in her first day's experience was at that moment when she came to take her seat at the table with the servants of the household. She had never before associated with uncultured and illiterate people, and until now she did not realize what a distinct line there was drawn between Capital and Labor. For a moment she bowed her head and asked herself to which of the classes she rightfully belonged. Was she thus to be ostracized from the cultured and gentle people of the world? Should she flee from the position and strive to make her way through the world by some other means of livelihood? The tempter came who had assailed her twice before; should she listen? What a plausible story he was telling her! She could still hold her position in society and perhaps go on with her studies. But only for a moment did she permit this monster to linger near her soul, for at his approach her pure spirit revolted and the very thought was repugnant to her. "No!" she said. "A thousand times, no! I will abide my lot and trust in God who has led me here for 'He doeth all things well.'"

Then she took the inmates of the household and weighed them in the balance; for a moment only they hung there, and then Capital went up and Labor came down because love and humanity were on its side. A peaceful glow, which was the light of the Holy Spirit, illuminated her countenance and a glad look rested upon her face for she saw her duty clearly, and she realized that God was leading her by the way. At length, she mentally ejaculated, as though she were addressing a spirit at variance with her God, "We must succumb to the inevitable and work for the toiling masses."

For a moment she looked far away in advance of her day and time, and thought there must be somewhere in the future a general round-up in society—a time when

Labor shall receive its just reward—a time when Capital and Labor would rest upon the same social footing together.

What a victory that would be! Ruth smiled joyously and as she raised her head from meditation she was accosted by old Jerry, the gardener, who said: "Miss Ruth, be ye a sayin' grace? Yer face bes a lookin' as sanctmonious as a deacon's."

Ruth smiled back at the merry old man who was just bubbling over with good humor, and replied: "No, Jerry, I am sorry to say I was not; but I think since you have mentioned it, that we would all be happier and better if we would acknowledge God in all our ways." Ruth could not eat, and therefore while her work-fellows were enjoying the repast, she was trying to think of some plan whereby she could benefit this group of colaborers and make them better for her association with them.

It is a faithful saying that "A soul, like books, with true merit within, always finds some who appreciate its worth."

And so as Ruth sat that day in their midst, her real worth was being measured by them, and the influence of her cultured spirit had already made its impress felt upon every heart. As they arose from the table, Jerry came and stood by her side and said: "Miss Ruth, I sees by yer make-up that yer hain't ben accustomed ter service, and me heart bes sorry fer ye, me lassie, fer me knows how thorny yer path will be in this 'ouse. But remember, me gurl, as how old Jerry am yer friend, and ef yer has any trouble jes come ter me and I will gi yer me counsel."

Ruth smiled at this plain, awkward speech that had been made in the hearing of all and kindly thanked the good old man who had thus taken such a fatherly interest in her. And as she passed out from the room, she heard him say: "Jes yer wait till that divil, Mr. Harry, comes

back an'd the gurl will know what I bes meanin' fer her."

As Ruth laid her head upon her pillow that night, she was turning over in her mind the experiences of the day and wondering what manner of warning old Jerry was trying to give her and what he could have meant about things in the house that would not be pleasant to hear. But being of a guileless nature, she was not one to meet unpleasantnesses before they came, and after breathing her evening prayer she felt an assurance of rest and security steal over her spirit, and as she merged into dreamland, her meditations were: "My mother's God will care for her child."





AN EVENT IN RUTH'S LIFE.

CHAPTER III.

THE MODERN SOCIAL OGRE.

Ruth was getting to be wonderfully wise for her years and many things were coming to her more like revelation than from experience. Her spirit, like a musical instrument tuned by an artist's touch, was being molded by the hand of God to send forth harmony into the great discordant world. And, like *Mediæ*, she was ever coming between the two discords, restoring a lost key or supplying a lost chord heretofore unknown.

The world to her was not a barren desert, without its dewdrops and sunshine; for all existence was perfect, from creator to creature, and the future of man with his wonderful capacity was her sublimest thought.

She revered the great and learned, and was ready to fall down at the feet of truth or to worship at purity's shrine, believing that all perfection was God and the very Christ of the law. Thus her days were an even tenor and her presence, like a ray of sunlight in a darkened place, made the mansion more attractive day by day to its inmates than it was ever before. Her very touch seemed to make the upholstery yield a more luxuriant repose and contending spirits laid their sharpened arrows aside for other and fiercer strife. She had her trials though which were hard to bear.

A few weeks after her advent into the Earnestine home, she was given an opportunity to understand the import of the kindly old gardener's words when he said, "Besides, there bes other thing in the 'ouse as will not be pleasant fer yer."

It so chanced one day as she was walking in the garden poring over a lesson in algebra (for Ruth had determined by God's help not to give up her chance of an education—no, not so long as she could get a few moments each day for study) that she came face to face with a stranger, who greeted her in the following desultory manner: "Good-morning, my pretty lassie. Glad to make your acquaintance out here in this secluded walk. Am sure I ought to find favor in your sight. My cousin Marie has been writing me all about her pretty brunette maid, and now my eyes behold thee! So come now, just give me your welcome home and let us seal it with a kiss and thus declare our friendship." Suited to his words, he put his lips so near the girl's cheek that she could smell his breath and shrank from him as though a viper had stung her flesh. Drawing herself up full height, her dark eyes flashing with indignation, she exclaimed: "You miserable, contemptible puppy! How dare you insult me this way?" For a moment the wretch quailed before the girl, then disregarding his nobler impulse to apologize, his face assumed a beastly expression as he replied: "I am Harry Rumsford, a nephew of Judge Earnestine, the millionaire, and are you not the waiting maid of his daughter, Marie?"

"I have the honor, sir, to be thus employed, but that does not give you a license to thus approach me. Go out of my sight, and never again dare to speak to me out of Miss Earnestine's presence."

Just at that moment, old Jerry, the gardener, came to her rescue and Harry Rumsford mockingly lifted his hat and said: "Good-day, Miss Mansfield, we shall meet again."

Ruth's countenance wore such an expression of contempt that the whole matter was revealed to the fatherly





old man at a glance, and she burst into tears, saying: "Miss Earnestine told me that her cousin would be here to-day, but I looked to see a gentleman instead of that vulgar fellow. What a pity that such a wretch must have access to this home! One would naturally suppose that a person with so many advantages of education and social culture would know how to treat a lady."

"Ah, me gurl," replied old Jerry, "it bain't ignorance on his part. He'd not speak so ter one his social equals, as he has ter ye. Such a man as Harry Rumsford bes a parasite on society, an' an enemy to ev'ry wurkin' gurl. Ah, me dear, if ye wer ter go ter the slums of our city, ye'd find that many of the fallen women there tuck their first step down'ard tempted by jist sich divils as him."

Ruth's cheek blanched at the thought embodied in Jerry's plain speech and she hastened to say: "You surely do not mean for me to understand that his motive in thus approaching me was for the purpose of leading me into a snare—to cause my downfall!"

"It's about the same, me gurl. Why, just now, from behind the shrubs I overheard 'im say ter his companion that he bes comin' down to make love ter ye, and when sich fellows as Harry Rumsford makes luv to a wurkin' gurl, it bain't for no good purpose. An' me tells ye, Miss Ruth, if yer stays in this 'ouse an' resist that wretch, ye'll do better'n the gurls before ye 'ave done."

Ruth's cheek burned as these words of the good man smote upon her ear, and burying her nails deep in her palms, said: "Then, Jerry, I shall do better than other girls have done for I will teach him that there is at least one working girl in the world who has the grace and courage to withstand the wiles of his wicked heart. It will do him no good to plan for my downfall." Turning, to go to the house, she passed up one of the broad walks

and came face to face with Marie Earnestine and her cousin, he whom she had given such a rebuff for his insolence only a few moments before. Just as she was passing them, Marie said: "Oh, Ruth! I want to introduce you to my cousin Harry. Mr. Rumsford, this is Miss Ruth Mansfield, my companion." Ruth looked into the face of her young mistress and smiled pleasantly, but passed on without so much as casting one glance toward her companion. Rumsford's cheek turned crimson and he gnawed angrily at his mustache while they both gazed until Ruth had passed out of sight.

Marie was about to make apology for her companion, when her cousin interrupted her utterances by exclaiming: "The young vixen! how dare she treat you in that contemptuous way! If I were in your place, Marie, I would give her a lesson on showing respect to her superiors. How dare a working girl ignore a request of her mistress? How dare she hold so high her head in the presence of the daughter of a millionaire? I am astonished, Marie, at your forbearance. She gave you an insult!"

Marie tried to apologize for Ruth, but he was unreasonable and would not let her proceed. He soon brought Marie to say that she would give her maid a lesson in obedience—a thing which she had not attempted to do since that eventful night when Ruth had caused her to see her face in the mirror. But now that the old wicked, domineering spirit was again called forth she was eager to reassert her authority and, if possible, humble Ruth before her. So, following closely upon Ruth's steps, she mounted the staircase with more than her usual life and vigor; but was halted by her cousin a moment, who said: "Tell her, while you are about it, that it is her duty to talk to me whenever and wherever I see fit to address her."

Poor unsuspecting Marie! had she been older in years

she might better have understood the meaning of these words; but, innocent of her cousin's true spirit, she made herself think, as she was framing her reprimand to Ruth, that the girl had surely committed a breach of etiquette and was greatly in fault. She thus went abruptly into the room Ruth had just entered, and exclaimed: "I say, Ruth, what did you mean by your discourteous treatment, when I attempted to introduce you to my cousin, Harry Rumsford? I want you to understand that when I stoop low enough to introduce you to gentle people that I expect you to acknowledge the courtesy."

Ruth's eyes flashed and for a moment her face expressed the thought of her heart, and then remembering that her opportunity to conquer the foe would be lost if she were to give way to temper, she replied: "Miss Earnestine, I know my attitude must have seemed rude to you, but believe me, I could not so far forget my womanly nature as to permit myself to be introduced to one so low as Harry Rumsford. He may be your cousin, but for all that I know him to be a contemptible man, unworthy to be associated with pure women—and I do not wish to know him."

At this Marie flew into a rage and began to upbraid Ruth with wicked words, saying: "You plebeian girl! Don't you know that Mr. Rumsford is my father's nephew and has a quarter of a million in his own name? He has the prospect of a great fortune by and by, and how dare you speak so disrespectfully of a wealthy man? Don't you have sense to know you would be honored by being introduced to him?"

"Honored! Indeed, Miss Earnestine, I should feel greatly dishonored to even have a speaking acquaintance with such a person. You call me plebeian but, Miss Earnestine, do you not know that in America only those can be

called plebeian that are base and vile? To that class your cousin most truly belongs. Money can not make a gentleman, neither can it cleanse a heart from sin; besides, I would ask by what means has he gotten his wealth? Did I not hear Judge Earnestine say that Mr. Rumsford's money was all invested in the saloon and manufacturing business of San Francisco? And if that be true, then his money is of the ill-gotten gains accumulated from robbing the noble working men and their women and children."

Ruth's words seemed to Marie the most foolish she had ever heard, and straightway she demanded an explanation. Ruth replied: "You know, Marie, that Judge Earnestine said himself that in a certain manufactory where a large portion of Mr. Rumsford's money is invested the income is five hundred dollars a day. Is he not in the saloon business and is he not murdering our men and wrecking the happiness of homes? No, Miss Earnestine, you need not try to introduce me to such a man as he, for I do not wish to know him."

"But," persisted the young lady, "he is my cousin and is to live under the same roof with us, and you must treat him kindly and speak to him too whenever he desires to converse with you."

"Never!" replied Ruth. "After his insult of this morning, I would rather talk to a puppy."

Marie's wrath was now spent, and bursting into tears, she exclaimed: "I do not understand what you mean. Has Harry been saying anything to you? I did not know that you and he had met."

Ruth sat down by Marie's side and told her all that had happened out in the garden path, not omitting anything, even that the gardener had said to her. In concluding her story she said: "Now, Miss Earnestine, I shall not think it kind of you to try in any way to throw me into his

company, for he is unworthy of my respect." Marie weighed the words with gravity, and though she seemingly had no comprehension of how her cousin had earned his wealth, yet she could see and feel that a base insult had been offered to Ruth and did no longer wonder at her seeming rudeness.

For the remainder of the day, Marie avoided the company of her cousin, fearing he would not take it kindly when she told him all that Ruth had said. After the dinner hour was over, though, he came suddenly upon her, and, leading her aside into a little alcove, the two sat down together to sup a glass of wine that had been previously ordered, and there in pleasant converse drew from her the story of their interview. He did not rage, as she had expected, but simply said in a braggadocio style, "Humph! what is a servant for?"

"But," ejaculated Marie, "it is unkind in you to try to kiss my maid, and I would not like to have a gentleman speak to me as you spoke to Ruth this morning!"

"No, I guess you wouldn't, my pretty Coz, but then, you see, you belong to a different class."

Marie did not see; for, being so strongly attached to Ruth as she was; she could not but recoil from her cousin's words, which seemed to her, even as to her maid, coarse and vile.

The epicurean sentiments expressed by Harry Rumsford to his fair young cousin are but the true measure of the sentiments of some of the male portion of aristocracy to-day. And the case of Ruth Mansfield is not one whit more striking than the daily experience of thousands of girls in America who are a prey to just such beings as Harry Rumsford. But, while this state of things in the face of society remains a glaring fact, many mothers gather their skirts around their own pure daughters to

shield them, while they hold up their hands in holy horror whenever they see or meet a poor Magdalen.

If we were to take a tracing line and ferret out the cause of many of the lost ones' downfall, we should find that almost every unfortunate came to her woe from the luring temptation put in her way by the evils of the day. But Ruth, brave girl! being forewarned, was now forearmed and prepared to meet with contumacy every attempt made by Harry Rumsford to thrust his obnoxious presence upon her.

But oft and repeatedly had she to assert her independence, for, strange as it may seem to those who have never stood on the same plane, this wretch seemed bent upon her ruin. Be it said to the honor of the average working girl that purity is held by her co-ordinately in the same balance with the daughters of wealth; and from the many rebuffs which they are compelled by the present state of society to encounter, they are far more able to withstand temptation than the petted dolls of society who are so carefully protected by governesses, chaperones, etc.

Kind reader, you, who have never felt the cutting steel of society, will think that these words are savored with irony. But if you will put yourself for one brief day in the place of some of our girls, your utterances will not only be ironical, but your spirit will rage, even as does that of the author whose hand holds the pen to tell you this tale of wrong; for it were useless to take our pen to tell an idle story. The age in which we live is too great with meaning for any one to spend their time and strength helping women to kill time pleasantly. Too many people love to read an idle tale while they loiter on the riparian banks, or sail down the river of Life unconscious that a great, needy, hungry world is perishing for help and pleading for protection from that beast that



stands as a giant ogre, not only to devour the working girls, but those who do not work as well. Right here we pause to say a word to those mothers who are constantly employing female help. Dear sisters, have you never paused to think that the Lord who has so prospered your efforts in life as to make it possible for you to exist in the lap of luxury, will hold you accountable if you do not keep the same tender, watchful eye upon your help as you do upon your own daughter? The same happy, pure environments should be in your kitchen or in your workshop or in your office as may be found in the inner circles of the home. The blessed God who permitted you to become the mother of daughters has not only laid the responsibility upon you of training them in purity, but He has at the same time made you amenable for the wrong done unto other mothers' daughters whom you may be so fortunate as to have under your roof. Likewise, He who has also made you a mother of sons has, by divine unction, laid upon you the same responsibility of training them up in purity as the girl that has been cradled in your bosom. She who can calmly look upon the fallen womanhood of our land, knowing that her indolence and the loose training of her sons has been the means of adding to this plethoric stream of woe, likewise in spirit must be consenting to the moral death of her own sex, and is, therefore, unworthy the gift of life for one brief hour. Ah, dear sister! you whose eye is resting upon this page, can not you see that the wrong done to our working girls is an indivisible wrong, and is only reparable through the earnest teachings of the mothers of all classes to their sons as well as to their daughters? It behooves mothers and teachers to raise up the same standard of purity for men and women, teaching such principles from the very cradle side to the child entrusted to their care. May God

hasten the day when American society may be made to dip "seven times" in the waters of purity and come up every whit whole and clean.





HARRY RUMSFORD IN CONVERSATION.

CHAPTER IV.

RUTH'S REFUSAL TO SERVE WINE.

It is a faithful saying that "blood will tell" in almost any life; but in the case of Marie Earnestine it was not so much the blood as a failure on the part of those to whom her training had been entrusted to understand her frequent cyclones of temper and the remedy that would heal her naughty spirit. But if they could have known the yearning in her heart for a mother's love and sympathy, even her frigid aunt, Emile Langsford, would have melted somewhat and felt constrained to do some motherly act which might have turned the fierce, wild spirit of her neglected niece. Love's rays falling upon a child's heart are far better than the rod upon his back, but poor Marie had experienced neither of these. Petted and spoiled from babyhood, one could detect in her natural manner that lack of gentle molding which might have been hers had her excellent mother lived to train her up to womanhood.

All the environments of her life had been such as would have a tendency to lead her downward instead of to a higher and spiritual existence. Judge Earnestine, a man of easy and indolent habits, fond of the wine-cup and given to excesses, had little or no thought at all for his child, who was left entirely to the guidance of her aunt, who had no control whatever over the girl. And at such times as she would fail to inspire obedience, she would say: "Ah, well, it don't matter much whether she has any training or not; she has money enough to carry her through." Thus, like a wild blossom, she had been left

to bloom in her own way and to develop as best she could.

A few times a governess had been secured for her, but her ungovernable temper had baffled all attempts on the part of such an instructor to train her in the right way; and the herculean task had been given up as too difficult an undertaking. No one seemed to understand the nature of the child, and not until Ruth's advent into the house had they ever hoped that her incorrigible spirit could be tamed.

Some years before her father had given her a promise that when she became eighteen he would take her on a trip to Europe in order that she might there give her education a better finish, and study the culture of other nations.

This had been an everyday theme with her, and almost as much as Ruth had bothered Marie with the labor problem, she had in turn proven wearisome with her exaggerated ideas of travel. She was living in the future, and this wondrous trip to Europe was, she felt, to be the crowning event of her life.

The time now had come when her father's promise was to be fulfilled, for Marie had rounded her eighteenth birthday, and in her wild delight at the thought of going abroad she was lifted into an intermundane sphere and literally seemed to tread on air as she counted the days before the family's departure. Yes, Ruth was going too, since Marie had decided that she could not dispense with her services. Thus with a rosaceous blush upon her cheek and a brilliant look of expectation in her eye, she too was making all necessary preparations for the journey.

Ruth was glad to go, for she felt that her rudimentary knowledge of things needed a better finish, and this op-

portunity was to her a God-ordained event—a time given her for the unfolding of cherished hopes wherein her spirit, so great with desire for knowledge, could give birth to fonder aspirations and greater purposes in life. Each day's development in the life of Ruth Mansfield but revealed to herself that hidden away in the recesses of her heart were great thoughts that must yet be breathed forth upon the world. But how, or where, or when she was to begin her career was to her a sealed book, and only hope for the things to come was as yet made known to her.

She fondly dreamed of a time when the accursed liquor traffic should be put away. Somehow she felt that at no distant day the government, which seemed so stern and dead to the despairing appeals of wife and children to-day, would take up the issue and legislate against the wrong. And yes, she even hoped that through her own efforts upon the earth there might be some legislation that would protect the girls from such men as Harry Rumsford. But how such a law could be brought about, the plan was not yet revealed to her. She hoped, too, that the time would come when all children could be trained, as she had been, in the counsels and admonitions of Christ. How she longed to have the Bible as a text-book in the public schools! She meant to work for these things, but the task seemed very great.

Great thoughts swelled the soul of this noble girl, but as yet they were nothing but thoughts. A trip to Europe, even though it were in the capacity of waiting-maid to a daughter of wealth, must afford her some knowledge of the world and things in general, and she therefore hailed its advent with joy.

It was the day before their departure, and Marie had invited a few of the elite of her friends to dine with her before they went. Ruth was serving at the table with

that sweet dignity so characteristic of herself which had won for her such admiration from the working girls as well as from the people at large. It had long been understood between mistress and maid that Ruth would not taste wine nor in any way assist in serving it to others. But it so chanced on this occasion that Minetta, the colored waitress, was called aside and Marie had occasion to ask Ruth to refill the glass of one of her guests. She heard the request, but with gentle firmness refused to serve, and stood by her mistress' chair awaiting the result of her refusal. Marie bit her lip in rage and again repeated the request, but the girl stood firm, uttering not a word.

At length Marie exclaimed: "Ruth, I command you to serve my guest with wine!" Every eye was upon her. This was a trying moment for the girl whose sense of obedience to her calling was great. But a principle towered up above her, and she gently but firmly replied: "Miss Earnestine, as my mother lay upon her bed dying, I gave her my pledge that I would not touch or taste wine in any form, nor in any case be the means of giving it to others, and that with all the strength of my being I would work to put away the custom of social drinking among women and men. I am sorry to appear so seemingly remiss in your sight, but my promise to my dying mother, who even now is looking down upon me from her home in Heaven, is greater than your command."

Marie gave the bell a vigorous ring for Minetta and at the same time said to Ruth: "You may go to your room. I will speak to you later." Minetta came, but the young lady had turned her glass upside down and the other guests had put their glasses aside, thus signifying their approval of the noble act on the part of Ruth.

The rest of the evening passed pleasantly, and when

at a late hour Marie found herself at liberty, she came directly to Ruth with a biting reproof for her stubbornness, as she termed it, saying: "I ought to discharge you for your insolence and thus take from you the pleasure of going abroad."

"You have the authority, Miss Earnestine," said Ruth; "but principle is more to me than the pleasure of a trip to Europe. I am willing to serve you in all ways honorable, but you know, Miss Earnestine, there is dishonor in the wine-cup and oftentimes disgrace. My father, who broke my mother's heart and brought her to an untimely end, and himself went down to a drunkard's grave, began his downward career with a social glass of wine; and just so long as God gives me power to speak, or think, or act, I shall fight this evil and work to free our country from its curse. And oh, Miss Earnestine! it is painful to me to see young girls putting to their lips that poison that has wrecked so many lives. You know that the convergency of the custom always tends to a point of destruction."

Marie was exceedingly nettled at the girl's words and would have, like many another, argued destructively to temperance had she a shadow of reason to show that she was in the right. But knowing in her heart that she was wrong, and not willing to yield her point, she turned to leave the room, ejaculating as she went: "You are the worst crank of the age. Why can't you be like other people?"

Closing the door with a bang, Ruth heard her enter her own room, where she presently joined to perform her accustomed duties to this proud, willful young woman who had set her face in the direction of ruin. When Marie was cosily tucked in bed, Ruth came and sat down by her side. Taking her little white hand, now shorn of

its jewels, in her own, she said: "Dear Miss Earnestine, I have been with you long and do most truly love you. On this account any harm that could come to you would be a source of much grief to me. I am really troubled when I think of you as a wine drinker, and I want to ask you once more to promise me that you will never put the cup to your lips again. Promise me that you will not offer it to your guests. I request this because I really feel that you are in danger when using it so frequently as you do, and besides, your influence must tend to lead your associates downward instead of to a better life."

This gentle appeal was like "casting pearls before swine," for immediately her hand was withdrawn and Ruth rudely ordered from the room. Brushing a tear from her eye, Ruth arose to go, but ventured, as she moved away, to say: "I can not help but pray for you, Miss Earnestine, for I know if you still pursue this course that sooner or later you or yours will be brought to grief. I therefore beg you to heed my warning and put the cup away."

Marie's head, which was tortured with crimping-pins, was lowered quietly into the downy pillows, and as she did so she said: "Go 'way, bugbear. The Earnestines have drunk wine for too many generations to be frightened out of their beverage by such senseless temperance babble. Good-night."





AT THE WHARF.

CHAPTER V.

EN ROUTE TO EUROPE.

The sun hung calmly out in ether, and San Francisco Bay was as placid as a brooklet that morning in which the Earnestine party came on board. The great steamship Oceanica loosed her moorings and sailed out upon the waters of the Pacific, en route for New York City and the Old World.

This was a happy day for Marie, and a pleasant company they were, too, as they all stood upon the deck waving their kerchiefs to the many friends gathered there saying their farewells and bidding the voyagers "God speed" on their journey and a safe return home again.

Back from the group a pace stood Ruth, buoyant, full of hope and anticipation in the voyage which she felt was to bring her into a more direct touch with the world that she was longing to know. Upon the shore she could see the whole galaxy of servants from the mansion looking after her, whom they had all learned to love, and making such gestures as only she could understand. Among the rest was old Jerry, upon whose head was a crown of many winters. Leaning upon his staff, he looked his reverence and waved good-bye to the girl that had thrown so much brightness into his lonely life during the past five years. Tenderly he had pressed her hand at parting and said: "Miss Ruth, I bes sorry ter part with ye, for long afore you return old Jerry's head will be a restin' under the sod out ter Lone Mountain. But I want ter tell ye, me gurl—for I tho't maybe ye'd be happy to know it an' sorter comfortin' ter yer lovin' heart

—as how yer gentle teachin' has shown me the way to the Savior. An' Ruthie, if we bain't privileged to meet here no more, then, me gurl, look out fer me; I'll meet ye in Heaven! Glory to God! Ruthie, I've got a home up there!"

Ruth's eyes had glistened with tears of joy as she listened to the gool old man's words, and she said: "God grant, dear Jerry, that we may meet in that joyous city. Pray for me that I may while here be the means of bringing many to that gentle Savior for whom you testify. My desire that my influence may ever be wielded on the side of right and that many may be won to righteousness." And now, as she stood looking at him out on the dock and noted how feebly he tottered upon his staff, she remembered his many kind deeds and his parental watchfulness over her. She thought how oft and repeatedly he had saved her from unpleasant interviews with Harry Rumsford by coming so opportunely to her rescue. She felt her heart o'erflowing with a spirit of tenderness for the old man who was so near his journey's end, and she prayed that God would freight his last days with multiplied blessings from above and make them his best days upon earth.

The ship was now well out at sea. Music, dancing and merry-making were the order of the hour among the passengers on board.

Marie, the heiress, much sought, was highly delighted with the voyage. One evening just as the sun was setting like a great fiery ball upon the face of the deep, a group of merry young people sauntered out upon the deck. Here and there a sea-gull could be seen fluttering low, and all the time the great steamship plowed on through the deep rolling waters of the sea. Marie stood looking westward. A yellow glow of sunlight rested

upon her cheek, lighting up her countenance in a glow Ruth had never seen before. For a moment Ruth saw in the depth of the woman's heart, and there read, for the first time, tenderness, sympathy, and love for human kind. Marie, who had ever been cold, and at times even heartless! Could it be, after all, that this girl possessed a spirit of love? And if so, who had awakened this spirit to life? Ruth studied her face carefully, and then for very joy at the revelation forgot the time and place, forgot that she was maid, and threw her arms about her mistress, exclaiming: "Ah, my love, I have seen into your heart at last. Truly you are beautiful to-night. Tell me, what was the gentle spirit which illuminated your soul just now? Is it Cupid's dart that has kindled the flame, or was it love for humanity, or love for even me?" For an instant only Marie yielded to her embrace, and then as if remembering her station and that she must maintain dignity in the presence of others, she broke the clasp of Ruth's arms and said: "Why, what have you found in me different than that you have seen before? How came you to be so glad?"

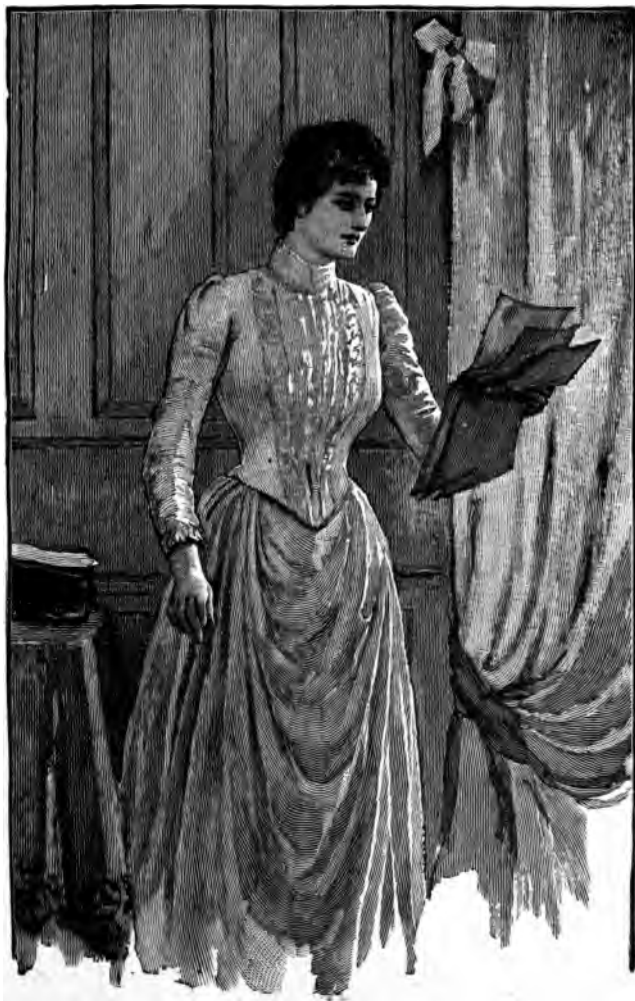
Ere Ruth had time to answer Earnest Stocklaid came up. He, too, was on his way to Germany and was about to enter the same school as Miss Earnestine. For the first time since that day when Marie had tried to introduce Ruth to Harry Rumsford had she presented her to any young man. This time she did not even say, "My waiting maid."

Ruth gently acknowledged the courtesy. The young man had something to say to Marie, so she, after a little, fell back from the company to digest a new thought which, prompted by his presence, had just flitted across her mind. Who was Earnest Stocklaid? And why this gracious courtesy on the part of Miss Earnestine? Had

a new spirit been breathed into the girl, or was it a dormant one that had been awakened into life? Surely some power was working in her to make her face glow like that! And if so, was Earnest Stocklaid the one who had called it forth? The time seemed propitious. Ruth truly hoped that the day had come when the character upon which she had been working would put forth some higher developments in the line of true womanhood.

The music had begun and the young people went below to participate in the dance, over which some seemed never to grow weary. Ruth turned and went below to her stateroom, for she did not care to enter into their merriment. Not that she was too old; not that she believed dancing a sin; but life was too heavy with meaning. So while others were merry and gay Ruth Mansfield was looking at the practical side of life. Each golden moment was replete with some noble thought or deed carefully and quietly done.

This evening as she sat alone she was meditating upon her life of action in the world and wondered what she could do to get most out of life by way of education and of good, both to herself and to others. "Oh!" she thought, "if I could only enter school with Marie, or have the means to employ a private instructor, what a comfort it would be!" And then she meditated upon her position and wondered what she might do to get money to help along her own advancement. She pondered the question long and earnestly and wished for gold. Unconsciously she took up her pen and began to write. Somehow the words flowed from her pen's tip like the essence of dew until page after page lay in confusion before her. She paused, for this was a new freak—if indeed she could be said to be one possessed of freaks—for she had never before in all her life written so many pages at one time.



WHAT TO READ.

Laughing merrily, as though she were in the presence of companions, she gathered up her effort and began to read. Ah! Suddenly she paused; what was this she had done? She read once more. She grew crimson and then the roses faded again, leaving her pale and weak as eager desire took possession of her soul. She finished reading the manuscript and then rose to her feet and paced slowly up and down her stateroom. At length she came back, took up the paper again and read it the second time. This time she folded it carefully, addressed it to an American magazine, and stamped it for the post.

And then, like a child caressing its first dolly, Ruth tenderly held the package and her lips moved in prayer. "Dear Lord," she prayed in simple, childish accents, "bless and preserve this, my first literary effort, that I may have courage to write again." Placing a seal upon it with her lips, she consigned it to the mail-bag, and on the following day it was placed upon a passing ship bound for America.

"Would it find favor in the sight of an American publisher? Ah, who could tell?" she prayed, but time only could bring the message of its acceptance or rejection.

Brave, sweet Ruth! may "pity and tenderness," which are emblematic of thy beautiful name, move the world for thee, even as thy heart is moved for humankind.



ABROAD.

CHAPTER VI.

RUTH'S FIRST LESSON IN PNEUMATOLOGY.

Ruth arose early the following morning and went out upon deck to see the sun rise. Standing there, leaning against the ship's rail, gazing eastward, she caught the first faint peep of the beautiful sun as it rose slowly above the horizon. The wild billows of the sea surged hither and thither, while the mad spray leaped upward and dash forward as if to embrace the first ray of morning. Its song of unrest and wakeful melody which has not ceased for the past six thousand years was still being sung.

It was a perfect dawn, and Ruth, so buoyant with life and hope, was delighted with the scene. Every nerve in her being, from the crown of her head to the end of her finger tips, was throbbing with pleasure as she gazed upon the wondrous beauty before her. Somehow her soul had so longed for this pleasure which it now felt that her feelings were indescribable.

To stand out there at mid-sea, with the restless turbulence of the ocean beneath and the great canopy of Heaven spread out above, was, to her entranced soul, like letting go of mortality and resting in the grand freedom of God's almighty embrace. To see the first faint smile of day out there upon the deep, and to realize in it the steadfastness and undying love of the Almighty, was, to her, one of the few joys of a lifetime.

As yet Ruth had never conjectured about the soul. She always felt that Heaven must be one of God's most blessed thinking grounds, yet the visible here and now was of

the most vital importance; and yet she had never taken time to theorize on spiritual existences. Her battle was with the seen rather than the unseen things of the world.

Now, however, at this moment, her mind reverted to the unseen, and her spirit went out in quest of that One who could thus spread out before the world such a wonderful vision as her eyes now beheld. Where was He? What was He? And to what depths and heights must she attain to enter into a oneness with Him? And there, from the ship's deck, her spirit took a flight out into space searching for the dwelling place of the Creator who could bring us this grandeur and sublimity.

As in a dream, she went through myriads of starry orbs, she traveled into fathomless space, and with the rapidity of thought eagerly tried to locate the Deity, the Creator of all existence.

But soon her soul ceased from its travel, and the light—the unseen intelligence of God—came in to illuminate reason, and for the first time in her life she realized that she was dwelling within the orbit of God's love, and that "the kingdom of Heaven was within her." Surely God was with the works of his hands, and therefore possessed the right-of-way in every human heart which he had created. Thus man's coequality with the Creator in all wisdom and love. But what of evil? If God dwelt in the heart of all His creatures was He, then, the author of evil?

Earnestly this eager soul strove to peer into the unseen; to rise to that eminence where she could comprehend God and get the solution of sin in the heart of man. Immediately, as by vision, the whole creation of God appeared before her spirit's eye, co-ordinate in intelligence with its Creator; which Creator, upon close inspection, she found to be revealed in three parts, all of which were closely

blended into one whole—the physical, the intellectual, and the spiritual; God all in all. The earth, the sea, and every atom of matter in the existing universe were indeed the physical body of the great “I Am.”

Old Sol, out there with his beneficent rays of light that flooded both sea and land with the glory of morning, was, to her, the great eye of the Almighty. In it she could behold God’s boundless and exhaustless wisdom. In it she could see intelligence divine.

The throbbing of the sea, the breeze kissing her blushing cheek, which was being wafted from tropic to zone, the life of the tiniest flowerlet, even the beating of her own heart, all told of the wonderful spirit of life which is God.

In spirit she saw Him, immense, wonderful, too great for the comprehension of a weak human brain, as his three magnificent parts were being blended into one beautiful and perfect whole. Then she took man and placed him beside his Creator—physical man, intellectual man, and spiritual man. Yes, the creature bore direct semblance to its Creator, and God most truly was its author. In the beginning man was created perfect in all his parts. How was it in this degenerate world that that perfect creature of God had lost his blending and taken into his being sin, which, indeed, is spiritual death?

Reason being quickened by the inspiration of that Divine One, the truth began to dawn upon her. And Ruth could see that in all reason God was equal in all his parts, harmoniously blending and interblending with himself. Hence, there could be no discord in the correct existence of a Creator. But man had fallen, and in his descent struck upon the discord of the kingdom of darkness. And Hate had entered wherein Love should dwell.

She calmly looked over the human race and weighed

man in the balance with Him in whose image man was created. What a disparity! And how far short he has fallen of the image of Him in whose likeness he was made!

Here, she found one with an immense physical and intellectual being, while the spiritual was dwarfed and puny, and in the place where a spirit of love should flame forth in great power to blend harmoniously with the physical and intellectual, she found hate, which is directly the opposite of God. Another, with an immense intellect, with a feeble physical and spiritual being. And yet another, with great spirituality, but lacking in intellect and physical force. No wonder that the human race were writhing upon the torture rack! No wonder that the machinery of life was out of gear and the collateral relationship of man becoming more and more degenerate, while the whole human family were becoming weaker and more inanimate with such an unequal blending of the three magnificent parts of God! Was the Creator to blame for the condition of the children of men? Ah, no! It was man's own inconsistency that had caused this state of things upon the earth and shut him out of harmony with his Maker and Creator.

Directly her mind reverted to the labor question, and she wondered if these great truths that had just dawned upon her pertaining to God and man could be applied to the present issues between man and man. "Most surely," she meditated, "God's natural and divine laws are one, and the same law that governs creation also governs that which is created."

Directly Capital and Labor stood before her to be judged as man had been. Yes, true to the law of God, she found that the workingman's difficulty with Capital had all been brought about because of inequality in the

interblending of the rights of men. Avarice and greed developed in Capital a moral monstrosity; while the physical being, rightly interpreted, is the brawn of manhood; and the spiritual, which means justice and equality to all men, is excluded from the body politic, the natural result of which means death to progress and freedom. This was Ruth's first lesson in pneumatology, and as she took her eye off from the beneficent display of God's handiwork, as his beautiful sun lighted all the world with glory, and went to her duties below, she was trying to set in order the lesson that she might give it to poor, misshapen society, the world.

Rapping at Marie's door, she found "my lady" already dressed for the breakfast room. Passing below, they met with a cheery "Good-morning" from the captain and a pleasant nod from the passengers one and all on board.

Soon as all were seated at the table, the merry captain of the ship informed the company that ere the setting of the sun the ship would drop anchor in a German port. At this Ruth's heart leaped with gladness, for she was weary with the many days at sea and longed to be where she could once more look upon calm, quiet nature, so much more beautiful to her than the turbulent surging of the ocean waves.

It was vesper-time and the bells were pealing out the hour for worship just as the ship drew into harbor and the weary passengers put foot upon German soil. Ruth was all alert to catch the foreign accent and hear the friendly greeting. She was much amused to hear the German handled so skillfully, and was immediately provoked to merriment as she heard a sweet-faced woman of the German peasantry (who was carrying a basket of apples upon her head) exclaim to her fellows: "Mein Gott! Sehe doch diesses madchen von Amerika; sie ist eben so gut

gekleidet wie meine madam." Until this moment Ruth had not given any thought to her personal appearance, nor paused to think that she was indeed dressed quite as elegant as Miss Earnestine, save her jewels. But now the thought flashed across her mind that, for most part, the American wage-earner was a capitalist in his own right and the freest people upon the face of the earth compared to the downtrodden poor of other lands.

Marie's ear had also caught the idiom of the peasant woman, and, being conversant with the German, had understood its full import; while Ruth had only a smattering of the language and had had to guess at a part of the sentence.

Marie turned to her maid and for the first time in her life cracked a joke at her, saying: "I declare, Ruth, you are gotten up more elegantly than I, and your coiffure is even more becoming. I think, my dear, you will have to comb your hair down over your ears while we are in Deutschland in order to dignify the appearance of your mistress."

Ruth's eyes twinkled with merriment and she replied: "There will be no occasion, Miss Earnestine, for you are improving so wondrously on this journey that ere long the effulgence of your beauty will quite surpass the charms of your maid."

They were now comfortably located at the hotel at Baden Baden. The whole party had decided to remain together, visiting the principal cities the first few weeks, ere the time should come for Marie to enter her school. A very agreeable arrangement to the young people, who had been so congenial to each other ever since they left San Francisco.

It so chanced one evening, where they had tarried long at dinner and were merry—Marie in perfect glee—that

Ruth caught her words just as she was saying to the young man at her side, who seemed to be greatly infatuated by her wiles, "Oh, fie! Earnest, I do not believe in pledges. According to my estimation, a fellow that must be obligated by a pledge to keep from taking a sip of wine is a coward, and is unworthy any lady's attention. Come now," she said, "be manly and drink to my health here in this far-off Germany." Earnest Stocklaid turned pale with emotion and he said: "Don't tempt me, Miss Earnestine, it was my last promise to my mother before I left America that I would not put the cup to my lips while abroad." Marie's reply was a heartless sneer, and she haughtily turned her back upon the young man whom she was tempting. An instant only did Earnest Stocklaid waver, and then said: "Miss Earnestine, give me the glass; I can not bear your scorn." Exultantly she laughed, while with her jeweled hand she pressed the cup to his lips and lightly whispered some witticism within his ear. As her breath swept over his cheek a rubicund tinge crept over his lips and brow, and one could see that the man's will was swept away by a woman's wiles. Arising from the table, she leaned heavily upon Ruth's arm and with unsteady step was led away to her room to dress for the evening ball. As they passed out Ruth glanced back over her shoulder at young Stocklaid. She fancied she could see a look of sadness resting upon his countenance like one humiliated. Manhood had gone out to embrace wantonness and sin. When once in the seclusion of their room, Ruth took a seat by Marie's side and said: "Oh, Miss Earnestine! what an awful thing you have done! If that young man whom you have just now tempted, and who has yielded to your wiles, should fall and become a drunkard, surely 'his blood will be upon your head.' If such a thing should

ever come to pass that he is lost through drink, I would not stand in your place. No! not for a million worlds! You shall stand at the judgment to answer for what you have done to-night." And then, falling upon her knees at Marie's feet, she plead: "Dear Miss Earnestine, promise me that you will not drink another drop of wine, anyway until you return to America."

Marie's scornful glance fell upon the kneeling figure at her feet, dark and evil, then putting her dainty foot against the girl, replied: "Ruth, how absurd you are! Just as though a little wine could hurt one or make one a drunkard, even! Why, this wine we were drinking just now came from our own winery in far off California, and I know it is pure, exhilarating and will do one good. How silly of you to make such a fuss about a little matter! Just as though one could become a drunkard from drinking wine!" Ruth had risen to her feet and stood with clasped hands while she listened to the unschooled words of the poor, misguided girl and wondered what argument she could use that would convince her of the actual truth. She halted, then said: "It may be pure wine, Miss Earnestine, but it can never be harmless. No! not so long 'as it giveth his color in the cup; when it moveth itself aright; for at last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.' I tell you, dear, there is danger in the cup. Many nobler souls than yourself, or that young man, have fallen to the gutter who began with the wine cup."

Marie laughed scornfully and then contemptuously replied: "Ruth, you are a bore to me about this wine question, and you must not mention it again to me. Come now, the hour is passing; hasten and dress me for the party or this German folk will think me amiss in coming late to their tanzen."

Ruth's grief was plainly visible as she turned away.

Even Marie was touched by her sorrowful look, and jocosely said: "Come now, my good maid, don't look so grief-stricken over my sins, but give me your pledge not to mention temperance or labor again until we return to our far-off America. Be a sensible girl and give me your promise."

"No," said Ruth, "I will not promise you. If the advocating of temperance and humane principles lead my fellow-beings down to death and ruin, if it wrecked homes, and made monopolies in the world, then I would chain my tongue, but not now."

My dear girls, you who are treading the same pathway that Marie trod, think wisely before you put the cup to your lips or offer it to another. For I tell you true, it is the pathway to ruin and shame, and your own eternal happiness depends upon your abstinence, as well as that of your loved ones. You may be as Marie was, a petted daughter of wealth and a leader in high society; you may belong to the world and be surrounded by temptations and sin; you may be a shop-girl or a maid-of-all-work; no matter what your station in life may be, I raise a warning finger and tell you true that perfect happiness was never yet found in the cup of wine. For a serpent lurketh there that will turn your joy to sadness, rob you of love and plenty, and make you wretched all the days of your life upon the earth. Hell, with all its devices to capture a human soul, has none other so terrible and sure as the wine cup.



EVENING GAIETY.

CHAPTER VII.

IN DEUTCHLAND.

To use an American expression, the Earnestine party were trying to "do Germany." With great pomp and much display of wealth, they had visited all the principal cities, and were seen of men at least, if they had not seen Deutchland. And Ruth began to feel that in all her waiting upon Miss Earnestine she had not learned the art until she had come abroad, for so constantly was she employed and so menial were the services Marie required, that the dear girl began to wish that she had a nobler soul with whom to deal. For Marie's redounding spirit of exactness which Ruth had thought so improved was, in this new role, redoubled, and her manner of addressing her maid was most exacting. American aristocracy, so at variance with the culture of other countries, have yet to learn the law of gentleness to their inferiors. England's Queen, or Lady, where blood draws the line between the upper and lower classes; Germany, whose long lineage of aristocracy has held a steadfast power over its people, would scorn to allow such biting words fall from their lips to their inferiors. But Americans, who grow rich to-day and are pauperized to-morrow, have yet to learn that true nobility is not begotten of wealth. There is, however, a true nobility in America—a people of the manner born—who do never so far forget their own nobility and gentle breeding as to lose sight of gentleness of spirit and pureness of heart; which two virtues, coupled with intelligence, must make any single individual whom God has made truly good.

But poor Marie, who was a veritable autocrat in her

strenuous efforts to make herself appear great in the sight of the Germans, more often called forth their remarks detrimental to her gentle breeding. While Ruth, not unconscious that the heiress was being measured by that staid people, tried, with beautiful endeavor, to honor her countrywomen by showing forth the sweet graces of a truly cultured spirit. For so perfect had been her training during her childhood that no matter what amount of harshness was brought to bear upon her, she never for a moment forgot that she had a gentle birthright and a mother who was a queen among women. And while enduring her many and severe trials with Marie, she would sometimes say, when noting the criticisms of the people, "Aunt Langsford oft-repeated remark is not true, for there are some places where money will not carry her through." As well expect a blast from an ice-berg blowing upon a hot-house plant to unfold its petals in beauty as such distant bearing to show forth the culture of American women.

At last the tour through the German cities had been made, and the company had come back to Frankfort-on-the-Main to see Marie placed in school, and from thence their party was to break up and go into their several directions to take in the principal points in the Old World. Aunt Langsford had decided that she would stay in Germany as chaperon and companion to her niece, whom she regarded more as a daughter than otherwise, and now felt that she could not be happy in being separated from her. Therefore, at her own suggestion, a comfortable cottage had been selected in the beautiful city of Frankfort and everything made cheerful to the idolized daughter of Judge Earnestine. Marie was to spend her mornings in the school, while her afternoons were set apart for her own recreation. This plan was most agree-



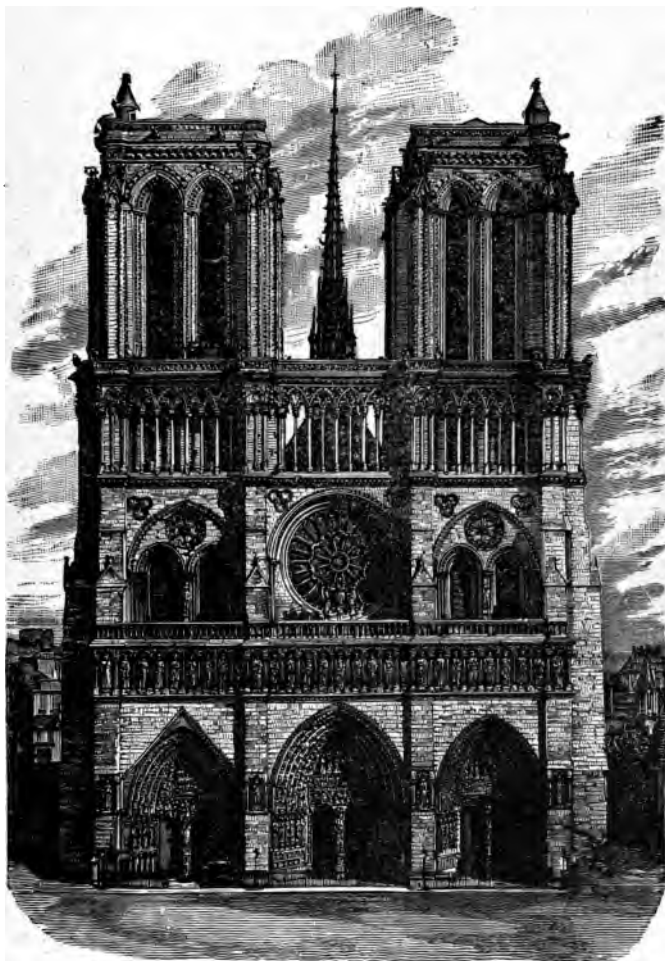
VIEW OF THE ITALIAN COAST.

able to Ruth, who, knowing Miss Earnestine's habits so well as she did, felt that it would not only give her the morning to follow her own pursuits, but a part of the afternoon also could be devoted to her own self-culture. Already she felt her spirit enlarged from intercourse with the world and the daily contact with elements unusual in her life was proving to be a wonderful advantage, and she fondly dreamed of better and richer things in store; things that would bring more lasting privileges than she yet had known. Sitting one day at her desk, she was startled by the postman's horn. Arising, she went quickly to the door. The good-natured carrier greeted her with a pleasant "Good-morning," and said: "Mein Liebes Fraulein, unterzeichnen sie fur Ihren Brief?" She wrote her superscription on the man's card, and, taking the letter in her hand, tremblingly hastened away to her own room and with much eagerness broke the seal to read its contents. To her great surprise a bank note for the sum of one hundred dollars fell out upon her lap. Her eyes opened wide with wonderment as she unfolded the closely written letter that had accompanied the check to see from whence it came. It was dated New York, and read as follows:

"Miss Ruth Mansfield:

"Dear Young Lady—Your manuscript is at hand and most highly approved, for which please find inclosed a check as payment. Future efforts will be duly rewarded and most cheerfully received."

To say that the girl was glad is a feeble expression of her delight. Had she fallen heir to a fortune she could scarcely have experienced more joy; for in the reward she saw a due acknowledgment of her talents, and talent meant fortune and prosperity. The occasion was well deserving of some demonstration, but what could she do



NOTRE DAME—PARIS.

to celebrate the event? She looked about to find some object upon which to give noisy vent to the glad hurrah in her heart. Had she been in America she could have set the bells in the cupola on the mansion Earnestine off in a merry peal, but as it was she could do nothing more than to seat herself at the piano-forte and play a rousing "Yankee Doodle."

Aunt Langsford came to see what had awakened the merry sprite in the spirit of sedate Ruth Mansfield, and rejoiced with her in her new mine of wealth—which talent was indeed the promise of a great future.

Donning a jaunty little bonnet—the product of her own hands—and buttoning a dainty jacket about her, Ruth set out in quest of a tutor. Aunt Langsford, who had long since ceased from her dogmatic ways and was really a true friend to this irrepressible piece of nobility, had to be taken into the secret, and Ruth began to study under the tutorage of Professor Von Chuberg.

Few American girls ever tried as Ruth tried to develop all the faculties of their being. And now when this, to her, God-ordained opportunity had opened up before her, she embraced it with that genuine spirit of satisfaction which merited for her the richest success.

Marie seemed to have entered into her school with a better zest than anything that she had ever before undertaken. But, being deficient in the common branches of education, she often had occasion to seek Ruth, who was ever willing to lend a hand and help her solve the simplest problems with which she was too proud to go to her regular teacher. This, however, was a pleasure to Ruth, for she realized the force of application and knew that her own mind was being enriched by what she was able to give to another.

Earnest Stocklaid was also a diligent student in the



HE UTTERED A CRY.

school, and had won for himself much honor in his class. It had, however, been whispered in Ruth's ear that on several occasions he had been under the influence of drink and had made himself foolish to his own hurt before his fellows.

Still he was a frequent visitor at the cottage and Marie seemed to have great honor for the young man and her maid often wondered if she were cognizant of the fact of his intemperance. But if she was, she wisely kept her own counsel and Aunt Langsford encouraged their friendship, looking on with approving smiles, confidently hoping that her niece would form an attachment for the brilliant young student. But so far as Ruth could detect Marie was staid and dignified in his presence, never giving token of any stronger affection than a warm friendship would warrant, and for the most part she felt that their social intercourse was best for Marie's own sake. Her character, under this association, had seemed to take on a sweeter phase than she had shown before their acquaintance. "At least," Ruth argued with herself, "since Marie's association with Earnest Stocklaid she has developed more womanly graces than she ever before seemed to possess," and she, too, looked approvingly upon their friendship.

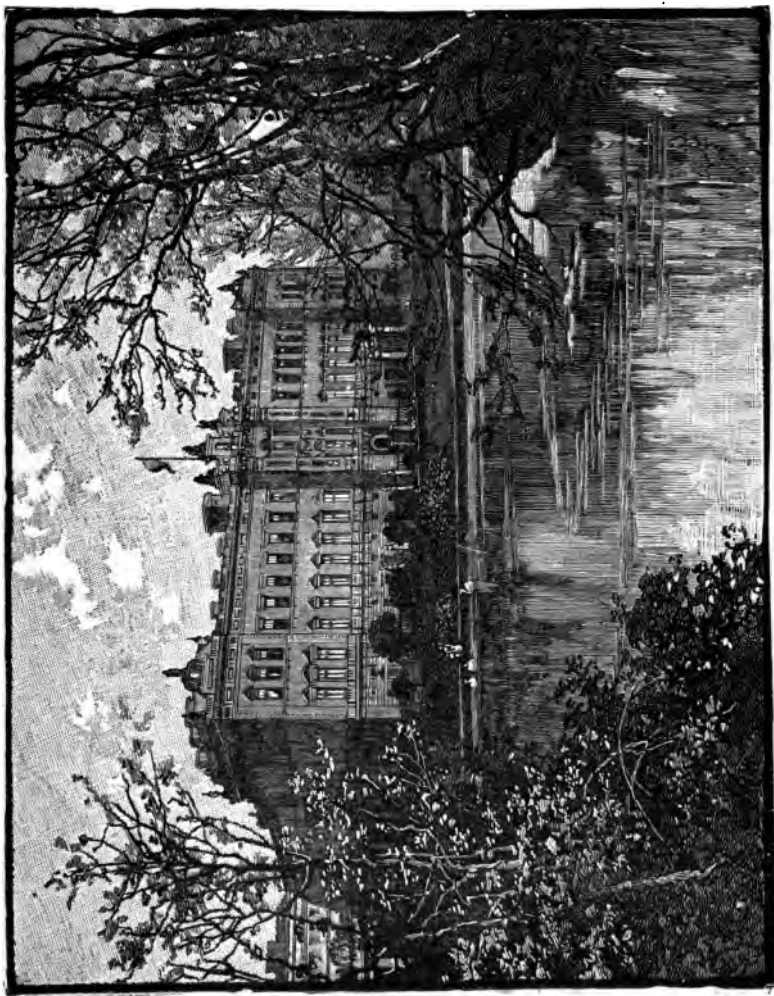
But time was rapidly passing and the day fast approaching when diplomas would be awarded and then the little party be free to take a post-graduate course or return to their own native land. This was pleasing to Ruth, for of late she had been growing restless and longed to once more set eyes upon her own dear America. Three years in a strange land, to one so young, seemed a very great while and she felt that all her life's work lay before her untouched and she yearned to arise and be about her Master's business.



I WILL NEVER FORGIVE YOU.

The grand commencement day arrived, and the American students, fifteen in number, arranged for a banquet to be given in honor of one who should excel the rest in scholarship and attainments. Here the Jew and the Gentile, the rich and the poor, were alike striving for an education and none was more brilliant or gave greater promise for the future than Earnest Stocklaid. On this day the crown was to be laid upon the heads of those who labored and achieved success. None seemed to reach the high eminence at greater pace than Earnest Stocklaid. He was to deliver the closing oration and had selected for his subject, "America's Freedom." He came before his class tall and manly in bearing, with a clear musical voice, and delivered a most masterful address, which captivated all hearts. Even the Germans cried: "Gut, Gut, Vivat Hoch fur Amerika!" while the Americans waved their handkerchiefs and repeated, "Long live America!"

Marie's cheeks burned and her eyes sparkled with delight, for she experienced all the joy she could have known had it been she herself that was being honored. Mr. Stocklaid was scarcely seated, and the deafening applause had not yet died away, when a beautiful cluster of flowers was placed in his hands with Marie's card attached. They were bleeding hearts set in maiden-hair ferns and tied with a rose-colored ribbon. Casting a look of reverence upon the emblem, his eyes sought Marie's and he tenderly pressed the bouquet to his lips, thus expressing in his admiring glance the gratitude of his heart for the beautiful thought thus shown him through the presentation of the token. Directly, however, a shadow flitted over his countenance. He was thinking of the language of the flower and wondered if it had been selected with any thought as to its meaning, or was it done simply with an eye to the beautiful? He stilled the throbbing of his



BUCKINGHAM PALACE, LONDON.

heart by persuading himself the latter, and at the close of the exercises came down to Marie's side and begged to attend her to the banquet.

Ruth had been entreated by her teacher to sing on this occasion, but had excused herself by saying she much preferred to let her voice be heard first in her own native land. But she had consented to attend the exercises with him and afterward the banquet, as he was to be the guest of the Americans. The rich repast was served in regular American style, and Miss Earnestine presided over the tea, while wine flowed freely at her request. Ruth's glass, however, was turned upside down, and out of respect to his pupil, Professor Von Chuberg did not taste the beverage that night.

They dined long and were merry. Speech after speech was made in the German and American tongues and Earnest Stocklaid had toasted his comrades in six different languages. But by and by, to the chagrin and mortification of his fellows—for "at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder"—the young man's head grew dizzy and carried him over upon the floor. The party broke up, and the one upon whom the highest honors had been conferred was carried to his room in a disgraceful state of intoxication.

Later, when Ruth assisted Marie to disrobe, there was a sad look in the young woman's face and an occasional sigh. The tears would well up in her eyes, and one could see that remorse was doing its work in her heart. It was greatly to her own wonderment, for once in her life, Ruth failed to deliver her temperance lecture, as Marie had termed it, for she felt that silence was the best medicine for this sin-sick heart and a stronger accuser than she herself could be. Thus ended her three years' course at Frankfort-on-the-Main.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE LONDON WORKING PEOPLE IN LINE

On the morrow Judge Earnestine was expected; he was coming to take them for a season to France and England, and from thence back to their own dear native land. Therefore all needed preparations were being made for the journey and Aunt Langsford, generally so staid and dignified, was flying around with her false front hair turned to one side, and her apron strings tied in front. Ruth laughed and was gay, but Marie seemed to be under a heavy cloud, and try as they would they could not engage her in conversation nor bring her to take any interest in the journey before them.

Her maiden aunt really looked troubled and ventured to hint that she was grieving over leaving Mr. Stocklaid behind, which her niece most vehemently denied, saying she should be glad to put the ocean between them.

Aunt Langsford smiled and concluded her words were only a phrase of maidenly modesty. But Ruth thought "Words are cheap when a heart is full of grief." She could understand the mood more clearly than the aunt, who as yet did not know the real cause of Marie's silence. As soon as the two were alone Ruth, with her warm, affectionate nature, gently put her arms around Marie and kissed her, whispering as she did so, "Never mind, dearie, all youthful clouds, I have been told, have silver linings, and perhaps yours may be lined with gold. Just wait until Judge Earnestine comes and see how quickly he will chase away the blues."

Marie wondered in her heart if Ruth mistrusted why

she was downcast. But shame kept her from confiding the truth, and hence both maid and mistress avoided touching upon the unpleasantness of the previous evening, or mentioning the name of Earnest Stocklaid.

With Ruth's keen perception, however, she did not need to be told the cause of the young lady's mood, for the very nature of her social existence for the past three years could but reveal her attachment to the young man, and guilty or not of his downfall, she must certainly feel a sense of humiliation for his weakness. At last the day came to a close and the family retired, but Marie tossed upon her bed and sleep could not be coaxed to enfold her 'neath its wings of forgetfulness. Whatever of remorse or of self-accusation she felt, it was between herself and God, whom she did not know nor care to serve.

At last the morning broke and daylight came creeping in. Marie arose and seated herself at her desk to write. Ruth was conscious of her doings, but chose rather to be ignorant for conscience's sake and let her work out her own destiny as the All Wise intends we shall.

Once, twice she dipped her pen, putting her thoughts upon the paper, and then not satisfied with the result she wrote again. At last she had fashioned something to suit her, and, closing the envelope, she addressed it to Earnest Stocklaid.

Answering the early postman's ring, she put the letter, with a piece of money, into his hand and bade him deliver the message at once. "Take care," she said, "it must be delivered within the hour or it will be of no avail."

Ruth longed to know the contents of that note, but could not yet for many months. If she could have seen the poor bowed head and touched with sympathy the aching heart of Earnest Stocklaid when he read that morning: "We shall go to-morrow, but do not try to see me or to

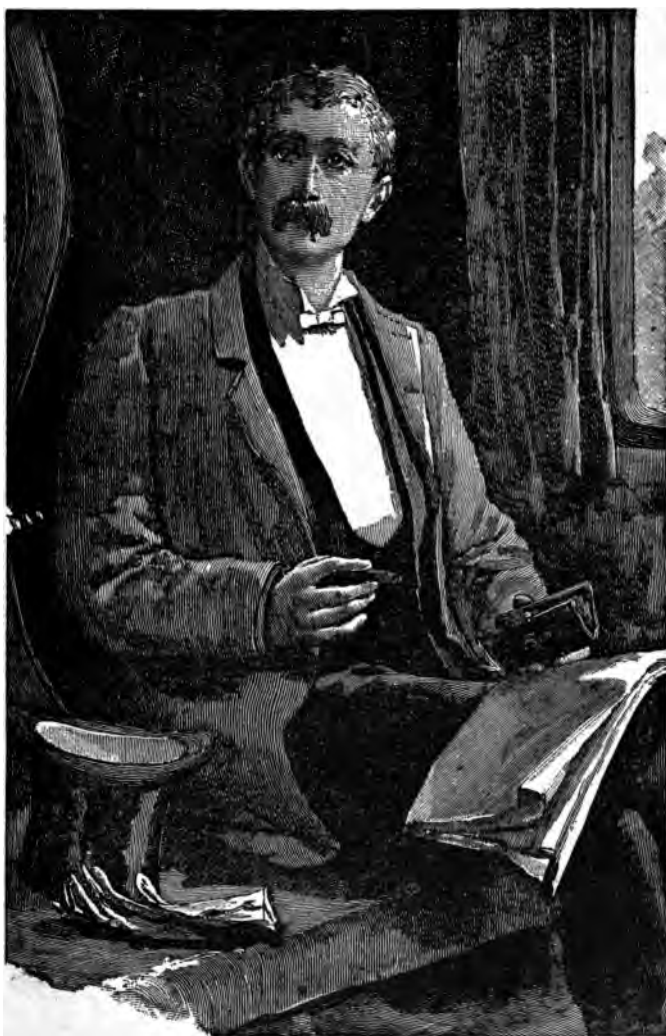


R. S. V. P.

say good-bye for I feel that you have forfeited my love, inasmuch as you have debased your manhood and lost your own self-respect," she would have been glad she was spared the regret of such an hour.

The morning had dawned dark and lowery and the rain came down in a slow drizzle, making drowsy nature look drowsier still, and the day seemed duller to the young women than the day before. At last the hour had arrived when Judge Earnestine should arrive. Marie began to awaken and a sense of her responsibility dawned upon her. She arose and began to make preparations for his reception. She flew to the dressing case and took one peep into the mirror. Her face looked more womanly now than when her father had said good-bye three years before. She stroked her waves of auburn hair that lay regularly upon her brow, straightened the knot at her throat, drew the window shades to throw the most cheerful glow of light upon the room, and then sat down to await the arrival of the carriage. A long time it seemed to her, but at last it drove in sight and directly paused before the gate. The door was opened and a tall, thin man stepped out. Marie started back; could that be her father? Yes, sure enough, it was Judge Earnestine; but how changed he was! What could be the matter with him? Flying to the door, she wound her arms about him and wept for joy, saying: "Oh, papa! how glad I am to see you again! But do tell me, beloved, what is the matter with you—you are so very thin and pale? Have those Turks been starving you in prison, or has the Russian bear set his paw down upon you?"

The father laughed at the witticism and made a grimace at the troubled look upon the face of his child, but to allay her fears, he replied: "Neither one, my daughter, your



JUDGE EARNESTINE AT THIRTY.

papa is getting old; that is all. Three-score years and ten should be crowned with old age; should it not?"

Marie caressed his thin cheek and replied: "Ay, father, but age should not take the healthful glow from your face. You once looked so robust."

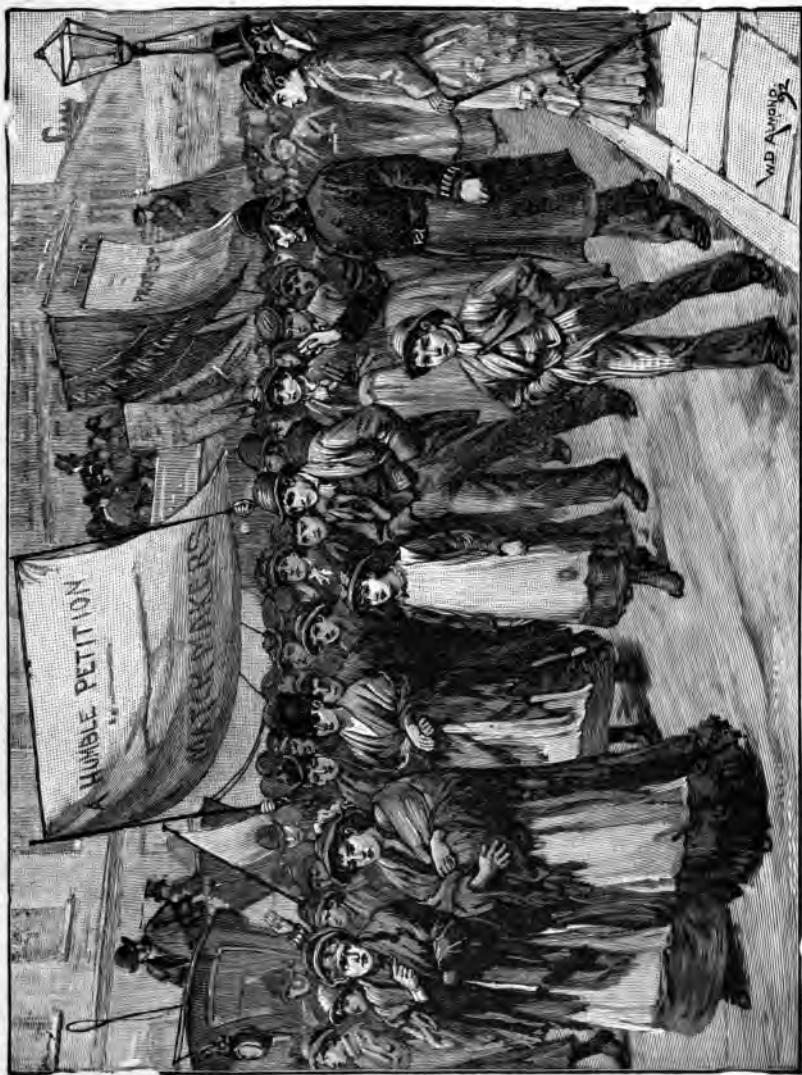
Aunt Langsford and Ruth stood waiting to give him their welcome, and tell how glad they were to have him with them once more.

After his sister, he took Ruth's hand in his own and gazed intently into her face. And then as if he had awakened from a dream said: "Bless me, Ruth! can this be you? Indeed I do not think I ever saw you before." Ruth smiled meaningly, and replied: "I am sure you never knew me, Judge Earnestine, even if you have seen me. I trust that we may become better acquainted in the days to come, and that you will learn to think kindly of me in life, for I shall try to bring happiness and comfort to your beloved daughter."

Something like chagrin flitted over the face of the renowned man, and in the breadth of a thought he tried to remember what he had ever done during the years that this gentle girl had been in his daughter's employ to make her life brighter, happier or better. He had spoken truly when he said, "I do not think I ever knew you." And this was indeed the first time in his life that he had ever looked at her with more than a passing thought.

The Judge made a few words of inquiry about his daughter's plans, about her future movements, and then admonished her to make her stay short in France and England as his physician had warned him to hasten home to America.

Marie's face assumed a troubled expression, and she said: "Dear papa, I am willing to forego any pleasure that I may have anticipated, and we will go directly home."



PROCESSION OF MATCH-MAKERS.

Her father's face expressed pleasure at this evidence of self-denial; for he remembered how in earlier life such a spirit of sacrifice was to her unknown. It gave him satisfaction to know that she was changed, and he kindly thanked her.

Marking her wonderful improvement since they last met, his eyes tenderly and admiringly followed her about the room. Her face seemed to him more classical and her movements more graceful than he had ever hoped they could be. He complimented her attainments and expressed joy at the prospect of a speedy return home, at which time he would then have them with him. On the morrow they were to start on their journey homeward. Taking a carriage, they were driven to the dock, then boarded a steamer bound for America. Just as they had alighted from the carriage, Ruth saw, standing back and apart from the others, Earnest Stocklaid with a sad, pale face that told of an aching heart within his breast. She gave him a pleasant smile of recognition and gently waved good-bye. A look of gratitude was plainly depicted upon his face and Ruth looked to see if Marie was cognizant of the fact that he was there. To all appearance she was pleasantly chatting with her father and had not seen him. The boat steamed out.

The voyage was most tempestuous, Judge Earnestine was very poorly all the way, and they concluded to spend a little time in London to give him a chance to recuperate and to gather strength for the long voyage to America.

Ruth was delighted with the plan, for, taking up a morning paper, she had read of the great parade to be made that day in the streets of London by the labor organizations. Being desirous of comparing such demonstration with those of her own country, she was most eager to see the display. Much to her delight, she

found that the procession was to pass through the very street upon which their hotel was situated and that without trouble she could have a fair view of that body of people. It was three o'clock in the afternoon before that immense procession of men, yes, and women too (for the English women marched in train with their brothers), had reached the street where she could see them. For two hours the stream of life kept moving on with its steady tread.

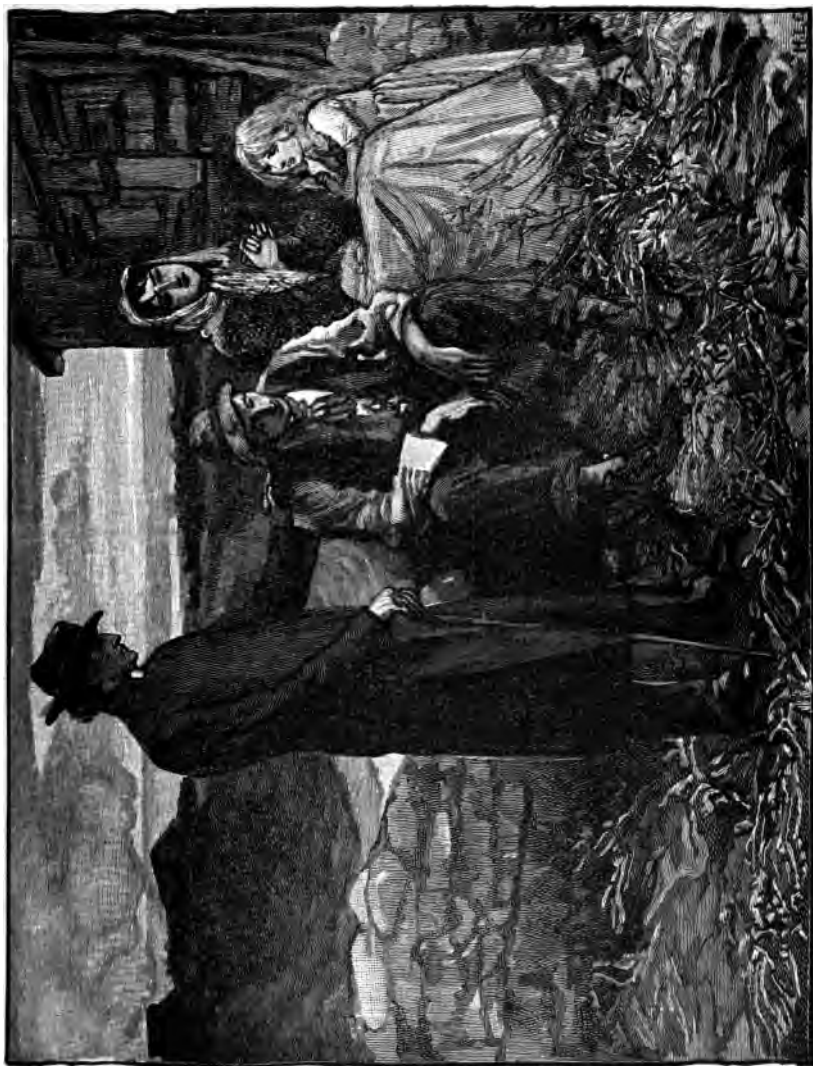
The line of march was many miles in length. It wound in and out and round about the streets of London, as indifferent to the remarks hurled at it by the gentry as that old leviathan described of God in the forty-first chapter of Job.

Ruth stood upon the balcony of the hotel and looked down with moistened eyes upon this labor procession of London. She noted the air of gaunt misery that was depicted upon the faces of this mass of humanity. She saw the haggard and helpless expression upon the faces of the men; she saw the starved, pinched and suffering countenances of women who marched tramp! tramp! to music; she saw some with infants tugging at the breast; she saw others who had little children at their side with bleeding feet; and she felt that American working men and women had not yet begun to learn the meaning of poverty.

Marie stood by her side and heard the comments of the better class as they looked down and criticized that body of lacerated souls; she saw the scornful look upon the face of the wealthy, as they sat in their elegant carriages, which were manned and equipped with servants; heard the biting, jeering words that were hurled after them from the rabble below, and unconsciously, as though fear had taken hold upon her, she slipped her hand into Ruth's, whose heart was just bursting with pity and compassion for those down trodden masses. Ruth mistaking the

girl's act for love, said to her: "Oh, how my soul burns within me to go down among them and put life in their souls, to embue them with strength to rise above the bonds of oppression. If God is for, who can be against?"

Marie proudly raised her head, while very scorn was depicted upon her countenance as she listened to the words of Ruth so eagerly spoken, and uttered: "How can you? I would scorn to tread where their feet have pressed. It is strange to me, Ruth, that you who in many things are noble, should sympathize with this howling multitude." Ruth bit her lip, and hard lines which were not often seen set about her mouth, as she replied in tones that were pitiful in the extreme: "Yes, it is strange; but the blessed Lord Jesus, who came into the world to seek and to save that which was lost, came for such as these. And it is not strange to me as to you that his great divine love for humanity can find lodgment in my own heart and make me love them too." Then changing her voice until it rang, she said: "Do you scorn those people? I can not but feel that unless you are greatly changed and repent toward God and permit His gentle spirit to come into your heart, filling it with a tenderer compassion for humanity, the time will come in eternity when you, like the rich man in hell who looked up and saw Lazarus in Abraham's bosom, will also look up and behold these downtrodden and poor of the world embraced in the bosom of our Lord, while you, like they now are, will be languishing in outer darkness." Marie looked her maid steadfastly in the eye. "Ruth," she said, "your words have in them a terrible meaning. Do you think that I am so greatly in the wrong? Can there be need of such poverty and indigency as this in the world? Tell me, how can I become what you so much desire me to be? I am sure I am not willfully in the wrong."



FATHER MATHEW AND POOR DADDY MATHEW.

Ruth's eyes moistened with tears and she replied: "Dear Miss Earnestine, ask for help and you will be led into that beautiful life where you can see and love all humanity. There certainly is not any need of such a wretched state of existence as we here behold, and in that respect you are quite right. But, dear girl, pause and think, what makes this woe? Every creature has a Creator, but did God create such misery as this in the world? Ah, no! A thousand times, no! God wills that peace and plenty shall rain down upon his people. God's will is that every soul shall be happy in Him. But it is man who has wrought this evil and cursed the generations. The saloon, the brothel, the den—places where all iniquity abound—are the devices of men. Man's avarice and greed for gold have led him to make merchandise of the people and these are they that are sold into bondage and death that men may grow rich!"

And then coming the nearest to heartlessness that she had ever done, Ruth said: "Even the wealthy and beautiful daughters of the world, in pursuit of earthly pleasure, will insist upon the use of wine to the injury of their fellows. Oftentimes the fall begins at the mansion. The victims of the wine cup who are taught by fair woman's hand to love the beverage, drop lower and lower and eventually become the slums of society."

Marie's face turned pale and she staggered backward and sank into a chair. Ruth's sword had cut deeper than she knew, and the hot tears were rolling down her cheek. Ruth, whose very name was pity and tenderness, gathered the hurt one to her bosom, put a loving kiss upon her brow, and said: "I have no more fear of you." At length Marie rose and taking the hand of her maid, said: "Dear Ruth, you are a savage in your thrusts, but I confess I have deserved it all and will try in the future to profit by

your rebuke. Come, now, let us go in, for I am weary of looking upon this scene."

As they turned to go, they saw Judge Earnestine standing at their side. He had been cognizant of the whole conversation. Ruth smiled pleasantly at him, and as they passed on she heard him exclaim to his daughter: "Vae victis! Marie, is it always so when you and your maid hold a controversy?"

"Yes, father mine, our Ruth is a dagger of truth and she cuts deep, but her setting is of jewels most rare."

The two laughed heartily; but Ruth knew that underneath the mantle of gaiety was a conscience that was hurting and a remorse that would burn on for many a day.

The reader may search in vain for such a character in the everyday waiting maid so commonly employed by the world, but we would pause to say in defense of the true object of this character that it has not been our purpose so much to show a working girl as we so commonly find her, but to set forth the possibilities within the reach of any and every wage earner. No girl is menial or ignorant simply because she is a wage earner. Labor is the most essential factor in the combination of life. Without labor the physical man can never be fully developed, and true nobility can never be degraded by labor. If one be inclined to degradation, he will be base and ignorant in the possession of wealth just as quickly as in poverty.

Ruth Mansfield was a woman born, and no matter what her calling in life had been, she could never have been menial. And had Marie inherited a nobler spirit she would have feared to do violence to the feelings of one so gifted and beautiful in spirit as Ruth. As it was, much of her unkindness and dogmatism was due to her own ignorance and the want of Christian culture in her heart.

She had grown to believe that only the rich were deserving of consideration. Notwithstanding all that, she bore in her heart a deep, warm, loving thought for Ruth, who had so sweetly mastered her will on so many different occasions and made her feel that her office was more of a companion than a maid. Ruth could not see that Marie was thinking of the past, so she breathed an earnest prayer, then left her with God. She thought: "It is but right that every soul should consider their own misdeeds, and the punishment should be to them alone."

A few days of rest in smoky London, and Judge Earnestine announced that he was ready to sail to America. Somehow, Ruth, who had been watching him closely during the last few days, felt a misgiving, for she greatly feared he would not be able to stand the journey home. But whatever his physical suffering or the thought of his heart, he kept his own counsel and spared his daughter grave fears until he was carefully ensconced in his own room with the great steamship headed for America and home. Then, calling the family group together, with an especial request for Ruth, he calmly spoke of his fears of death and told them that he might not live to reach New York.

His words to Marie were replete with fatherly tenderness and he commended her to the mercy of the world, saying: "My fortune will be yours, and it will serve you, as it has your father, better than earthly friends."

Then turning to Ruth, he said: "Miss Mansfield (and his voice had a ring that told in what high esteem she was held) you have been kind to my daughter in the days gone by; will you still be her friend when I am gone?"

Ruth took his hand and replied: "Yes, Judge Earnestine, I will be her friend." A look of happy trust came

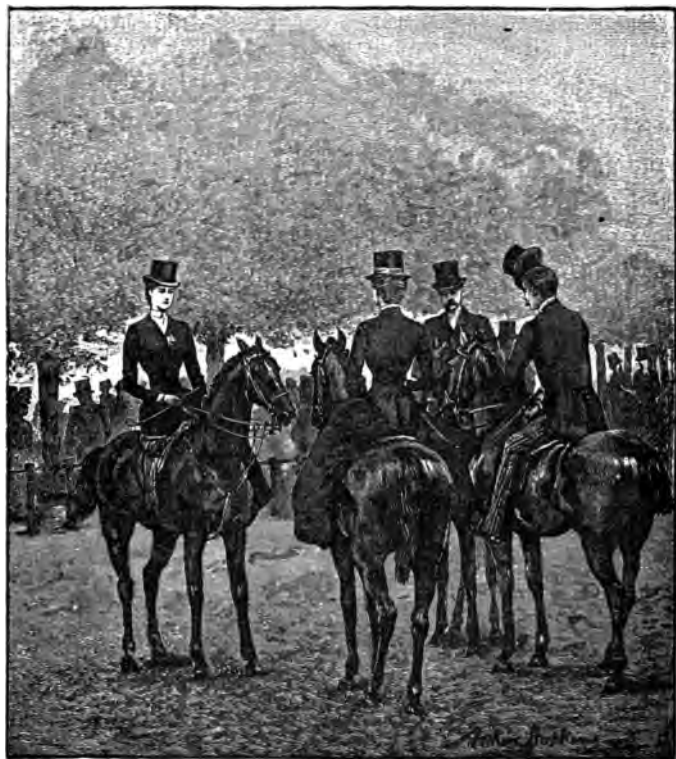


IN THE STREETS OF LONDON,

into the man's eyes, and without another word he joined their hands and then merged into unconsciousness. He was very ill.

This was a great shock to Marie, who all her life had been shielded from saddening scenes. Now the thought of parting with her beloved father in death was almost all her sorrowing heart could bear. Ruth, strong in heart and true, equal to any task, set about with the zeal of a professional to nurse the man back to life, with the hope that he might at least be spared to die beneath his own roof. The doctor was faithful in his attentions, scarcely leaving the bedside of the suffering man, encouraging as best he could, giving hope and comfort to the affectionate daughter, who felt she could not bear the separation from her father. She knew too well that all earthly love and skill are like a feeble zephyr; when God's messenger puts forth his hand and touches humanity with the icy fingers of death. That soul must go.

All day Ruth had sat by the bedside speaking from time to time in earnest solicitation for the welfare of a soul. But try as she would, she had not yet been able to fasten a single thought or to bring the man to see the dark yawning of eternity before him. But at last when she was almost discouraged and thought her efforts vain, she filled with joy to have him turn his pale face toward her with a look that seemed as though spiritual reason had come at last, and say: "Ruth, if my soul is lost I shall not be able to stand at the judgment bar of God and accuse you of having failed in your duty as an ambassador for Christ. You have most faithfully done your duty in trying to show me the way of salvation. But (and upon his face was depicted most eager anxiety) I have lived almost seventy-four years in indifference. Think you there is hope for me now?"



AN AFTERNOON IN THE PARKS.

"Ah, yes, sir! There is hope so long as there is life. Christ hath said: 'Whosoever cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.' Does not that 'whosoever' cover your case? God is gracious to bestow salvation and not willing to cut off any from eternal life."

The ship was just entering New York harbor as the dying man lay there saying over and over again, "Whosoever," "Whosoever." It came faint and fainter still as the man's soul seemed trying to grasp the hand of Him who hath said "Whosoever," seemingly unconscious that a woman with a burdened heart was praying for salvation to come to him in his dying hour.

"Whosoever" was once more audible to listening ears. A shiver passed over his frame and the millionaire lay dead.

Ruth closed her Bible, and taking Marie, who lay with her face buried in the bosom of her dead, gently led her away amid sobs and moans such as are known only to those who have not a Christian hope. Marie gasped for breath and held out her hands, while one could see that within her soul was a mute appeal to a something greater, something beyond herself. Pillowing the head of the bereaved child upon her bosom, Ruth whispered: "Dear one, my heart aches for you, but there is but one Comforter for human woes. Look unto Jesus, and He will help you."

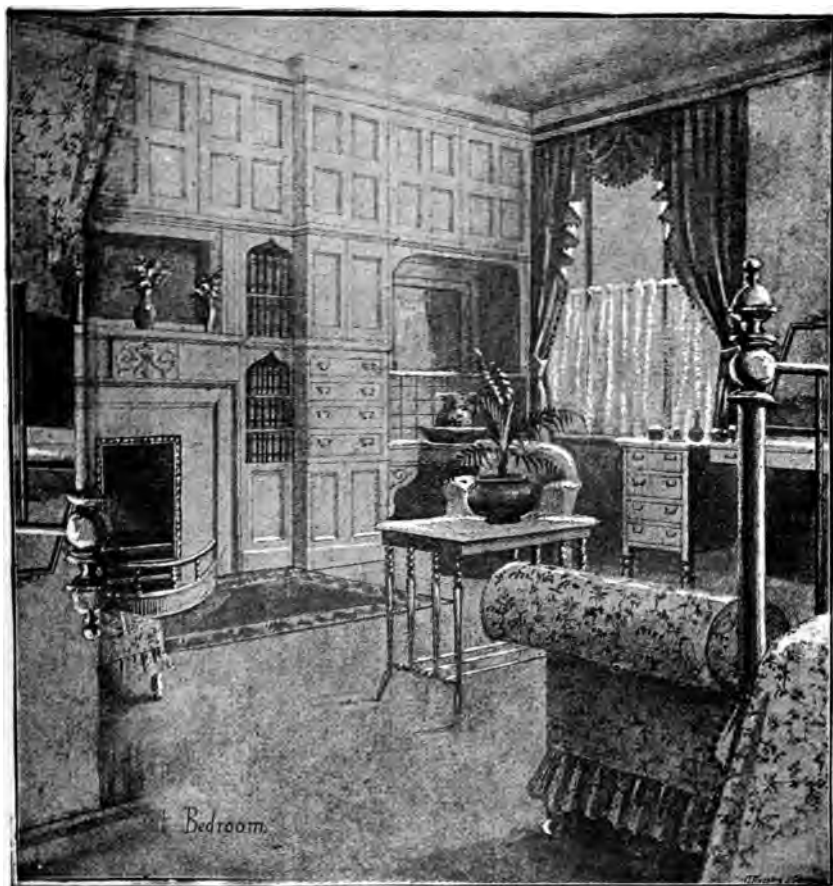
It was a gloomy journey to them from New York to San Francisco. In the palace car sat Marie Earnestine in deep grief as she was whirled across the continent with the body of her dead. And gloomier still was that procession that mounted Nob Hill following the silent form of their beloved, who was to be buried from his own palatial home.

The ripened leaves from the trees in autumn fall to the earth having fulfilled their mission here. They fall

to rest upon the earth. So it is with man. The body, like a ripened husk, must break loose from the soul, the spirit must go out into the hereafter and the body goes to its own—the dust. The reaper's blade had cut Judge Earnestine down like the ripened shock and there was nothing left to witness for him but deeds. What were those deeds? Were they gentle acts of love fraught with human kindness? Were they seeds planted to spring and grow again to bear rich fruit for the master's use. Ah, no. A man had lived to amass wealth. That he might grow rich he had increased poverty. To bring into his coffers that gold that will become cankered, "the rust of which will testify against him," he had labored to perpetuate the liquor curse and had trafficked in human souls.

Yes, he had planted seeds, but the seeds of his sowing would grow thorns instead of flowers upon his grave. Life on earth is a real earnest of the world to come; and when we pause at the end of that life and look into the black, yawning grave before us, we are willing to say in all wisdom that the evil deeds committed during one's life are not half so black as at one's death.





INTERIOR OF THE EARNESTINE HOME.

CHAPTER IX.

THE FUNERAL OF JUDGE EARNESTINE.

The remains of Judge Earnestine lay in state in the great drawing room at the mansion. At the head of the elegant casket stood the candelabra with its waxen tapers lighted, and all was in readiness for the burial. The air was heavy with the odor of tube-roses and sweet-scented blossoms, and the friends of the deceased, with mournful tread, were gathering in the room.

Father Hachilah, from St. Mary's Cathedral, was there in clerical robes to perform the funeral rites; and a deep solemnity seemed to have settled down upon the assembly.

Marie, with her kinsfolks, sat sorrowfully at the feet of her dead and sobbed most piteously as she listened to the deep, solemn tones of the priest while he held high mass over the body whose spirit had gone out to meet its God.

Ruth stood apart with the group of family servants, with bowed head and reverent spirit, while she listened to the good man who officiated. It was the first time in her life that she had been present at a funeral where the rites were observed after the manner of this sect, and in some ways she was deeply impressed with the service to-day. But yet, she could not quite harmonize her faith with the thought of offering prayers on earth for those who had gone to the spirit land. But then, she could not tell. God's word was very deep and wonderfully mysterious. She quoted the ninth verse of the first chapter of Joel: "The meat offering and drink offering are cut off from the house of the Lord; the priests, the Lord's ministers, mourn." And again in the fourteenth verse of the second chapter:

"Who knoweth if he will return and repent and leave a blessing behind him, even a meat offering and a drink offering unto the house of the Lord your God? " Most surely the blessed God had left the way open for repentance, even unto the returning. And while she could not see just how it could be, yet she felt that the last inquiry of the man as he lay dying trying to grasp through faith the hand of him who said "Whosoever," was in harmony with His saying: "To-day thou shalt be with me in paradise." And she, too, in this auspicious moment, found herself praying for the dead.

Marie had seen her beloved parent tenderly laid away in the grave, and then found herself standing alone, sole heir and possessor of her father's vast estate. What could she do with it? And whom could she trust with her business interests? Poor dear child! She had no more idea of how to battle with the elements in the great world of business than a baby. But upon careful investigation she found that her father, who had known that his end must come full soon, had so settled his affairs that her pre-occupation was already assumed, for which she was glad. Thus all that was left for her to do was to become familiar with her own.

In her bereavement, she was experiencing much keen dread, lest Ruth, in her eager pursuit after knowledge, would conceive the thought of leaving her employ for other and higher calling. She even feared to mention it lest she should hasten her day of departure, but was silent and cautious as to her behavior, so as not to grieve or estrange the girl's heart from her. And yet with all this foreboding hanging over her, she never for one moment let down the line that divided the aristocracy from the people, or said to the girl (what she truly felt in her heart) that Ruth was her superior in intellect and a better com-



DRAWING ROOM.

panion than a servant. However, Ruth noted a change in Marie since the death of her father. She was not so austere and ironical as heretofore, and the responsibility of looking after the estate oftener brought her into council with her helpers and a better spirit of patience was manifested than in times gone by. Yet there were times when that old spirit of haughtiness would return, and, in contrast with her better self, would make her appear even worse than it had in other days. At such times Ruth would smile and say: "Better not have any reputation for goodness than to have periodical spells of badness."

So long as the sun shines on in tranquillity, throwing its even and placid rays upon the earth, we never glance toward it with a suspicious thought or doubt its loyalty to the beautiful world over which it shines, and man has no occasion to distrust its all-powerful influence for good upon the earth. But let a spot appear upon the sun, and the whole united kingdom of men will stand with smoked glass in their hand watching that spot. Just so it is with the character of man. The error of the moral man, the occasional stepping away from correct habits by those professing goodness, the sins committed by the professing Christian (such as the yielding to fits of temper by Marie) were like spots on the sun—known and seen of all men. And it is by the "spots" upon our character that we are judged of men. For God alone puts the good in the balance with evil to see which will outweigh in the character of his children. Ruth prayed earnestly for Marie's conversion, for she felt that nothing but true religion and the spirit of Christ could change her heart or remove the "spots" from her otherwise beautiful character.

Jeremiah, in his description of a changed life, very beautifully expresses the thought of an individual after he has ceased from evil and given himself to good where



FLORAL MEMORIAL.

he says: "Surely after I was turned, I repented. I smote upon my thigh; I was ashamed, yea, even confounded because I did bear the reproach of my youth."

From the day Ruth Mansfield came into the service of this aristocratic family she had measured Marie's true worth, and had been praying that the girl might be changed and brought to repentance where she could know experimentally the testimony of that grand old prophet and experience a Savior's love, which would so beautify her life and make her a blessing to the society in which she moved, a blessing to the home in which she lived.

She prayed, trusting that ere long she should hear the glad news that salvation, the free gift of God, had come to the young mistress of the Palace Earnestine.

Shortly after the death of her father, the Sisters of Charity had called upon Marie and earnestly besought her to come into the church with which her people had been identified. But her life of worldliness and the training of her childhood had been such as to have a tendency to harden her young heart, and she treated her visitors with a most indifferent spirit, for which Ruth was sorry, and said: "Dear Miss Earnestine, I am not a Catholic, yet I believe that any religion that has the blessed Lord Jesus in it has Christ enough to save a soul. You had better consider carefully the purpose of these good women and weigh their desire to do you good before you dismiss from your thoughts the object for which they come."

Marie looked steadfastly at her while she spoke and then in all candor replied: "I am glad that you are so frank with me, dear Ruth, for it makes me free to express the thoughts of my heart. I have often wished that I might be associated with some sect or religious society where I could know and be known with good people; but when

I compare your code of morals with the habits of my life I can not see what good thing there would be left for me to enjoy should I forsake all pleasure and become as you are. I would rather belong to the world than be a hypocrite and profess to be good before men and in my heart love sin."

Ruth smiled sweetly and said: "You are quite right, Miss Earnestine, in your sentiments regarding the true way for a Christian to live, but there is a wide difference in the government and discipline of these two sects—the Catholic and Protestant religions. The Evangelical Protestant churches do not approve of worldly amusements or of the use of wine and strong drink as a beverage, and their members who do these things are excommunicated from the church and counted by that body to be in a lost and fallen state. But with the Roman Catholic Church the matter of heart purity is left with the individual and his God, since the great heads of the church have not thought it wise to cut off any for indulgence in worldly pleasure. It does not matter what the creed says, soul purity is a privilege that all may enjoy, and I urge you to seek God while He may be found, and if these dear Sisters come to you again I pray you be kind to them at least." The tears then welled up in her eyes and she continued: "Dear Miss Earnestine, I have prayed so long for you; how it would rejoice my heart to know that you would put your influence on the right side." Marie sat for a moment with downcast eyes, as if lost in thought, and then looked her maid full in the face and said: "Ruth, if ever I become a Christian, I shall certainly unite with the Catholic Church. Would you pray for me as a Catholic or would you hate me?"

Ruth smiled at the frank honesty of the girl, and throwing her arms about her neck exclaimed: "Hate

you, dear! What for? Simply because you had united with the church of your choice? Ah, no! my precious friend, I would love you for having had the courage of your convictions. There is nothing in an earthly name. 'There is but one name given under heaven, and among men, whereby we may be saved, and that is the name of Jesus.' Take that precious name with you into your church, your business and your life, and it matters not what the sect may be; where Jesus is, there is salvation. I repeat it, there is nothing in a name, and it matters not whether it be Catholic or Protestant, 'Christ is the beginning and the end of the law to every one that believeth.' There is but one God, one Law Giver, and 'Who-soever will walk in the light, as Christ is in the light, verily he shall be saved.'"

The time wore on and stretched out into weeks and months and each day seemed to bind these two girls more closely together. Different in temperament, different in tastes and different in habits, and even in their social standing, yet like the "fern to be," their life lines ran parallel with each other and each seemed necessary to the other's happiness.

It has been said that "prejudice is the meanest trait of the human character," and it is even so. Prejudice is one of the devil's best agencies to dwarf a human soul. It shuts the door to reason, warps and twists the imagination, makes bigots and fools out of intellects which God has created for His glory and to be a blessing to the world. It has been said that "The worlds do move," and if that be true, and human progress is not a myth, then the time has come when, as exemplified in the lives of Ruth and Marie, there should be a growing together of the Protestant and Catholic Churches and God's people should be united in holy unity and truth.

RUTH AND MARIE.

The millenium day will be dawning
When the saints from near and from far
Are united in holy unity and love,
And cease from vain striving and war.

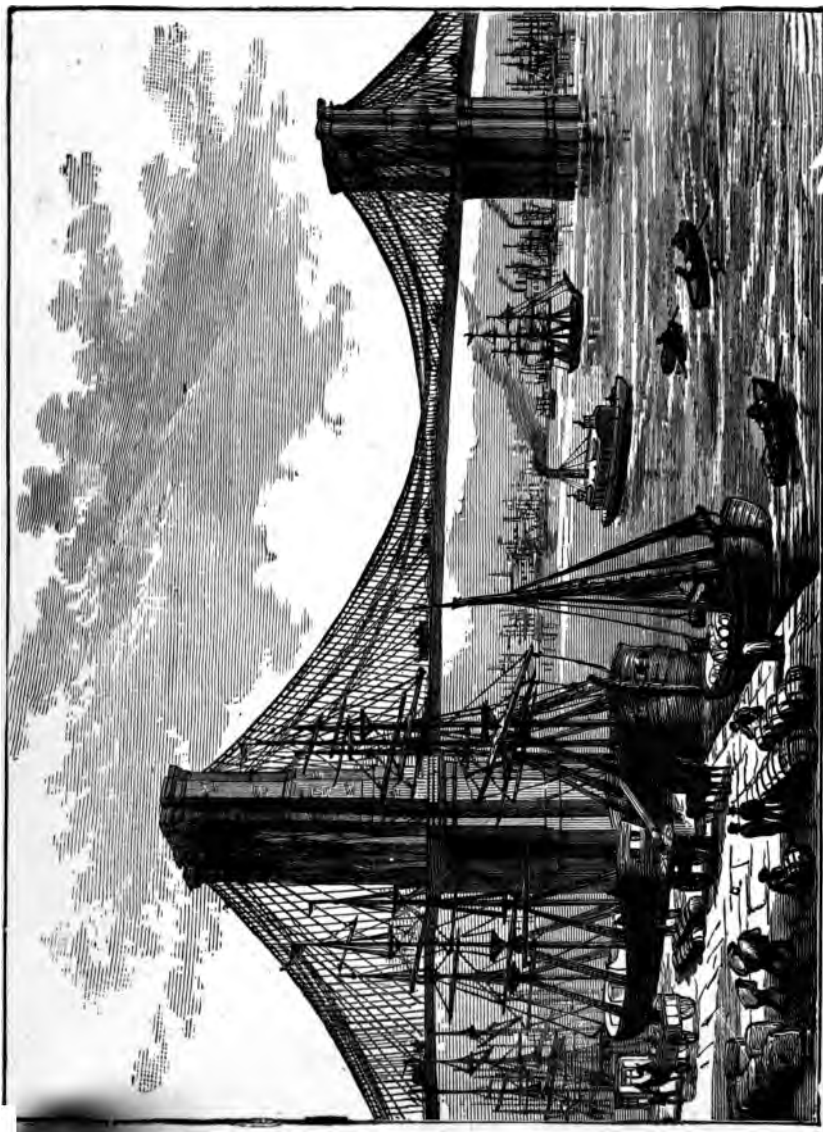
Yes, the millenium day will be dawning,
How sweetly, how gently, it will come!
God hasten the beautiful morning
When Christ and His people are one.

Oh, tell us, kind friend of the Master,
Who came so lowly and meek,
Cradled by Mary in the manger,
And taught by all wisdom to speak.

The truth from the father who sent Him,
The wonderful gospel of God;
Are not the Protestant and Catholic religions
Both built on His excellent word?

How fervently Ruth Mansfield longed to see Marie brought into the kingdom! It mattered not to her under what schism she was baptized only so her feet were planted upon the foundation, "The Rock Christ Jesus, Our Lord."





BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

CHAPTER X.

RUTH'S JUSTIFICATION OF THE PEOPLE.

Time has sped on and one more decade has gone down in the chain of years since Ruth Mansfield first went into service; and wonderful years, too, these have been to her who from first to last has maintained her own individuality and inextinguishable character.

At all times and in all places she has striven to hold Labor on an equality with Capital, and has stood by her principles even as Jonathan stood by David in indissoluble unity.

Now as we return to the scene in our opening chapter, we cast at her more than a passing glance of admiration, for the fame of her has gone abroad and her noble spirit seems towering up like King Saul, head and shoulders above other women of the world.

The bell had rung and the passengers arose to go on shore before Marie again spoke. At length she arose and came and stood by the side of her maid, who continued to be interested in her book, and said to her: "Dear Ruth, since we last spoke, I have been trying to put myself in your place and think about the things in which you are interested, as you think and argue; and I confess to you that I can see that the cause of Labor, in a measure, is a just cause, and I do not wonder at the general uprising on the part of wage earners. But then, you see, I belong to the side of Capital, and were I to agree with your arguments at all times, it would seem foolish, since I can not in any way help the cause."

Ruth arose to her feet and her great dark eyes looked

most pleadingly as she replied: "Oh, yes, you can do something to help on the work of reform. The world is waiting for just such a one as you to come forward and, in the name of a righteous God, so invest your money that the working people may be lifted up instead of being oppressed. Dedicate your millions to the cause of Labor and engage in some enterprise that will give the working men and women a chance with you to earn their share of the profits accruing from the business.

"When the laborer can feel that he is a partner in the enterprise for which he works, we shall not any longer hear him caviling about long hours, over-time, and all this lament about decreased wages will be forever at an end.

"If you could bring yourself to enter into such a compact with the poor, you might become great in the eyes of the people and God would bless such a noble endeavor on your part, and your example would go out over the world like an angel of love and lead other capitalists to do likewise."

While Ruth was thus speaking the two had passed from the boat and were now taking their seats in the elegant carriage that stood in waiting for them, with a liveried coachman in the box. The face of the mistress had been assuming a cold, hard look, which forbade the continuation of this appeal in behalf of the labor reform. While the carriage thus stood in waiting for the multitudinous throng to pass out of the way, Ruth, not willing to let this opportunity go without clinching the argument, bent forward, and taking Marie's hand in her own, said: "I pray you do let me talk to you, Miss Earnestine, for God has given me the thought and I am persuaded that were you to invest your life and money for humanity's sake you would never have cause to regret it; no, not while you live in this world. And in the world to come, you

could look back upon the earth and see countless millions rising up to call you blessed for what you may do for the comfort and elevation of the laboring classes."

Withdrawing her hand from the tender clasp of her maid, she said: "Ruth! Why do you so incessantly harass me with such thoughts? Such fanaticism is almost unbearable! I wish that I had not spoken to you kindly upon the subject. I simply thought to redeem myself for ill temper and make you happy by an apology, but you never do take things like other people." The coachman put his head in for orders, and Marie answered him in tones such as one might use in speaking to a dog: "Home!" she said, "and be quick about it, too, for I am tired of discords and want the seclusion of my own room." The young man caught the grieved expression upon Ruth's face, and he thought, as he mounted the box and gave his whip a crack, what a different spirit hers was and what it would do for the household if she could only change places with the rich Miss Earnestine.

The concomitant relationship of these two young women thus conjoined together was and ever had been, to Ruth, most uncongenial; and at this moment as she looked into the face of her who sat opposite and thought of the irascibility of her nature, and knew that the young lady's conduct was thus provoked by her own tender plea for humanity, she thought her most unlovely and wished that the very Christ, who so immutably helped her to keep in a spirit of gentleness, would come into Marie's heart and make her what she wished to be thought—a gentlewoman, indeed. The two did not again speak until they had driven to their own door. The better spirit having again gotten the mastery in Miss Earnestine's heart, she took Ruth's arm as they mounted the marble steps together, and said: "Forgive me, dear Ruth, for my

seeming rudeness. I am quite ashamed when I think of my hot temper. You have ever shown such gentleness and forbearance with me and I do so oft and repeatedly let you see the worst side of my nature that I feel quite humiliated to-day."

Ruth accepted the apology and gently kissed the lips that were put up to meet her own. But at the same time she had during her ten years' sojourn with this untamed, naughty spirit, learned how to value such words; and they, with many others uttered under similar circumstances, were weighed accordingly. When it comes to the point of touching the gold of capitalists, we find, as Ruth now found, that the tongue often gets sadly out of tune with the heart, for avarice and greed are the ruling powers that hold sway over such a one. "You see," continued Marie, as soon as her wrappings were removed, "since papa's death I am constantly in fear that some one is trying to rob me of my fortune, and my sheer ignorance pertaining to business made me angry with you. The mere suggestion of any one that I make investment of capital is a source of alarm to me; for, with my lack of knowledge pertaining to business, I feel very sure that I would make a failure of whatever I might undertake."

"But, Miss Earnestine, it is your privilege to know. God has endowed you with intelligence and given you opportunity above many of your fellows. What have you been doing with your good chance in the world? Did you not expect to be left some day with the fortune upon your hands? And do you not know that the world is full of ravenous wolves that stand like a pair of hungry jaws to swallow you up with all you have? How can you expect to hold and control that which you are now possessed of unless you are master of the situation? My dear girl, you had better apply yourself to know wisdom

and cultivate a spirit of independence if you ever hope to succeed in life, for gold without knowledge is a snare and a delusion that will only lead you into greater depths of unrest. Very soon I must leave you in pursuit of another calling which I have chosen, and I tremble for your future if you continue in this indolent way in which you have lived ever since I first knew you."

Marie burst into tears, and throwing her arms about her maid, exclaimed: "Oh, Ruth! Do not say such a dreadful thing; you who have ever been so kind to me! How can I do without you upon whom I have so long depended? Promise me, dear, that you will not leave my employ until I am settled in life with a companion who will be better able to counsel me than you have been."

"No, Marie, I can not promise you that, for I feel that God is calling me out into the work of reform and I must go; for unless we can in some way bring about a peaceful arbitration between Capital and Labor, I would not give much for your fortune in a few years from now. The work of ramification, under the direction of strongly organized bodies, has already begun, and these people of our country who are at war with Capital, will not care any more for your interests in a little time than you now care for their comfort and happiness."

"But, Ruth, it is often the profligacy of the lower classes that has brought them to poverty and want, and not the oppression of Capital."

"That is true, Marie, but men, like sheep, have gone astray, and not being willing to be led by our nation's counselors, are preparing, by physical force, to bring about a better adjustment of things, and the wage worker and American can no longer remain oblivious to the fact."

Marie's cheeks blanched at the girl's words so earnest-

ly spoken, and she sank into a chair by her side. At length she said: "Dear Ruth, I had grown to think that your life and mine were inseparable, but somehow your words have in them a foreboding which falls like a weight upon my soul."

Then clasping her hands together, she continued: "May the good God in whom you so fervently trust prevent such a calamity as you suggest to the capitalists of the country, and especially to me—a poor helpless woman!"

A satisfied look rested upon Ruth's face when she heard Marie quote from holy writ: "When thou wast in trouble, thou didst call on me." In her response she said: "Marie, this is the first time in all these ten years that I have been with you that I have ever heard you reverently call upon the name of the Lord. Do you know, that in my soul I desire to see this revolution which is just now beginning to roll over the land come hastening on, for when it is well upon us it will send more capitalists than yourself trembling to investigate the situation. It is the world-wide boast of America that ours is a Christian nation. Why! right here in San Francisco, this boasted city of the Pacific slope, the population is increasing twenty-two times as fast as the church of God, while principalities and powers of darkness reign in the hearts of the unchurched masses.

"Much of this degeneracy on the Pacific Coast can be charged up to Capital, whose spoilation of the poor is perpetuated through the wine industry, and is crowding the masses down and out and raising such a barrier between the people that it were not possible for the poor to find intromission into any circle of wealth. Can you wonder, Marie, that Labor is mad? Will you wonder when you see the uprising of the unchurched masses and suffer their rebellion against the rum power?"

A cynical smile rested upon Marie's countenance as she replied: "I do not see why men should rebel against the power that is enthroned and perpetuated by their own hand. The traffic in ardent spirits could not live were it not supported by the laboring classes! Why should you blame men for being capitalists when they are made so by the free consent of the people?"

"Yes, Marie, I thoroughly understand how monopolies are made and perpetuated; but because Labor, through ignorance, is willing to cast itself in chains, is that any reason why Capital should continue to glut itself upon their strength and for gold to hazard the welfare of a nation and make its people menial? For ten years I have tried to see and argue in all kindness these points of justice to the poor. You have ever repulsed my arguments and steadily held the dividing line in your own hand that has shut me out of the wealthy circles of society; and only just so far as I have been able to minister unto your pleasure and profit, have I been introritted into the higher circles of life. You have, therefore, put me upon the same level socially as those who are menial through the use of strong drink. And just as it has been between yourself and myself, so it is to-day throughout the land between the rich and the poor. And I can tell you, Marie, the only prevenient method that will save society from disaster and bring about a peaceful arbitration between Capital and Labor will be for capitalists to acknowledge the rights of the people and allow purity and intelligence to be crowned as nobility before wealth, instead of debarring us as they now do from our rightful inheritance in the land.

"Money is good and the world has always had its rich men and women; even Deborah of old, who was a mother,

judge and deliverer of her people, was a woman of wealth. A Jacob, a David, a Job and a host of others lived and verily they did God's service with their wealth. And to-day the workingman has no quarrel with Capital from the fact that he is a laborer, but his plea is for justice and equality to all men."

Marie arose and paced up and down the room with a deeper thought than had ever before taken possession of her gay and giddy heart. Finally she paused before her maid and said: "Ruth, I have never heard such arguments as yours, and while I believe you to be speaking in all candor, yet I can not believe that things are half as bad as you paint them."

Ruth arose and stood before the young capitalist, and in a strange, hushed whisper, said: "Marie, don't you hear the low muttering of thunder as it rolls through the political world and reverberates again from ocean to ocean? Can't you see the flashing of lightning in public sentiment? It comes with such blinding force that it nearly extinguishes the reasoning of men. Have you not seen the ramification of political parties? I tell you, Marie, we are just entering into one of the grandest revolutionary storms that has ever swept over the heart of the world. Don't, I pray you, listen to my words, but look out upon our troubled land and believe that God is with his people."

The girl's voice had in it the power of the Spirit, which made deep impression upon the mind of her companion; and as she continued Marie superstitiously glanced over her shoulder and said: "Dear Ruth, your words sound to me like the prophecy of old and you make me afraid. Come, let us change the subject, for I think I am getting hysteria. Take hold of me, dear, and see if I am really

myself. Somehow I feel as if I had caught your spirit of reform and should begin to talk for the labor reform myself."

Ruth laughed joyously and replied: "Well, dear, I trust that the blessed Lord who has so molded my spirit as to make me desire to be a revolutionist, will not only make your tongue to talk but will make you a reformer of public morals as well, and your heart to love, as mine does, for humanity's sake."

Tears glistened in Marie's eyes and her lips trembled with emotion, as she came close to Ruth's side and laid her head upon her shoulder, saying: "Here I am, dear; teach me how to love the people as you love them and half my fortune shall be yours. Noble girl that you are! In all the years that I have known you I have yet to detect one single selfish act. The world is your country and the poor and friendless are the first for whom you think. I would that God had created me with a soul like yours!"

Ruth bowed her head and imprinted a kiss upon Marie's brow. Maid and mistress from that moment stood upon the same social plane together. Love, that had often fallen bleeding at her feet, had at last found the key to Marie Earnestine's proud heart and her face was turned toward humanity and God.



MARIE OUT SHOPPING.

CHAPTER XI.

MARIE'S CONFESSION.

A few days after the conversation recorded in the preceding chapter, Ruth was not a little surprised to have Marie, so changed and beautiful, come into her room and in a spirit of gentleness born of love, lean her head upon her bosom. Gently loving arms were twined about her and Ruth whispered: "What is it, Marie, dear? Can I do anything for you?"

For a moment the mistress of Palace Earnestine stood there with her face buried in the bosom of her maid and then she whispered: "Dear Ruth, I have a secret that I can not tell to any one but you." The gentle pressure of loving arms gave her assurance, and bringing an ottoman, she seated herself at Ruth's knee and for the first time in her life looked up into her face with that confiding trust that a little child will place in a mother, and began: "Ruth, help me. How can I begin to tell you what is upon my heart? Can I trust you?"

Tenderly Ruth took her face between her hands and gently drew her to her bosom. With all Marie's faults, Ruth really had for the girl a most tender affection. Now at this moment, when she had come so humbly suing for sympathy, she felt an overwhelming love stealing into her heart which was almost unexplainable. Winding her arms more tenderly about her, she replied: "Trust me, Marie? Of course you can trust me. Have I not ever and at all times been your friend?"

"Yes, you have been my friend; but it would be easier for me now if you had not, for then I could feel that I

was your equal. Now I know that when you hear my tale that you will in your heart despise one so weak and full of error. I have ever known that you were my superior, both in intellect and in pureness of heart. In my ignorance I thought to humble and keep you down by making you continually to feel the difference in our stations in life. But you know, dear Ruth, that I have loved you, else long ago I would have sent you away from me. You have been so kind not to leave nor forsake me when you could have done so much better in life than to remain here, I now acknowledge all my faults and tell you that I am heartily sorry for them."

The tears were rolling down Ruth's cheeks as she said: "Dear Marie, be assured that you are forgiven for every mistake of your life. It has been my love for you and my tender thought for your welfare that has kept me by your side."

Here Ruth imprinted a kiss upon her cheek, whose blush told of shame and sorrow for past naughtiness. "Tell me, Marie, what is the burden that is weighing upon your mind and what I can do to help you."

For a moment her head was bowed low and then with a trustful look into Ruth's dark eyes she began: "You remember, dear, that when we were abroad I met Earnest Stocklaid. You know him to be an educated and polished gentleman. For him I formed a strong and lasting attachment. He was noble and good. After walking and driving with him I grew to feel that life would be sweeter because of his existence. Our friendship, of course, merited the highest approval of Aunt Langsford, who is anxious that I should be united in marriage to some good man while she was yet alive and with me. It is sufficient for me to say that Earnest sought my hand and was formally accepted. The wedding was to have taken place

shortly after our arrival home in America. But, as you know, papa's sickness hastened our return. This and the disgraceful conduct of Earnest at the farewell banquet in Germany (here Marie's cheeks crimsoned of the remembrance of the occasion of that disgrace) has caused me to put off the time from year to year with the hope that I might yet persuade him to consent to the breaking of our engagement. He is unwilling to give me up, but I have entreated him to stay abroad and not return until I was ready to give myself in wedlock. I set the time for our wedding day and wrote to my betrothed to return to America and that we would be united at once in marriage. Upon his arrival home I have found, to my deep regret, that he is still addicted to the use of ardent spirits and is, in fact, a periodical drunkard.

"When I discovered this I was brave enough to break our engagement and forbade him to come near me again, but, Ruth, he comes here still and will not stay away. I have repeatedly refused to see him, but still he comes and pleads for my hand. He says: 'Just try me, Miss Earnestine, and when we are once married I shall love you so well that I shall never want to taste intoxicants again.' Oh, Ruth, I love him so! What can I do?" Burying her head in Ruth's lap, she murmured, "*Ora pro nobis*," and sobbed most bitterly.

For some moments Ruth did not speak, but tenderly stroked the silken tresses of the weeping girl. At length she said: "Marie, your words are puzzling. What do you wish me to say to you? Surely you do not want me to encourage you to yield to the inclination of your heart and become a drunkard's wife."

"But," sobbed Marie, "you know, dear Ruth, it was my own hand that gave him his first glass! And he says that since he fell by my solicitation, I must have pity upon him

and share his fate. Oh, Ruth! help me, for every day I feel that my power of resistance is less firm and my pity deeper and deeper for Earnest Stocklaid. God help me! What can I do?"

Again Ruth mentally quoted: "When thou wast in trouble, then thou didst call on me." Tenderly winding her arms about the girl, Ruth said: "I do not know, my dear, what I can do to help you, but you have called upon the name of the Lord, and if you ask Him in spirit and in truth, He will surely show you the way. The whole trend of your life since I first knew you, Marie, has but tended to this moment of pain. So oft have I warned you of the wine cup, and the danger to yourself and loved ones. Now in this dire calamity which has befallen you, what can I offer to soothe your pain or ease your aching heart? But, dear girl, I will say this: Do not marry Earnest Stocklaid unless you wish to multiply your sorrows a millionfold. You may love him devotedly, but it is better to remain as you are than to marry a drunkard and give to the world a posterity, such as you would evidently do, from such a union."

"But," sobbed Marie, "it was my hand that pressed the first cup to his lips! And can I turn from him now? How truly the apostle spoke when he said: 'If ye sow to the wind, ye shall reap the whirlwind.'" How often the sayings of the blessed book are verified in the lives of men! Yet how loth are we to believe until we are engulfed in the deepest sorrow and compelled to acknowledge the truths of God's words!

Ruth caressed the suffering girl whose spirit was wrung and twisted by the lightnings of remorse as she struggled between doubt and duty, and said: "God help you, dear, for I do not know how to advise, and none but God alone can lead you into the way that is right."

For a long time Marie sat with her face buried in her hands sobbing upon Ruth's knee. At last she lifted her head and murmured: "Oh, if I had only listened to your warning, how happy I would be! I have ever known that you were right, but the promptings of my heart would not let me yield to your entreaties. Now I feel I must accept the inevitable and become the wife of a drunkard. I may have been ignorant and willful, but I will not be absolutely wicked. Earnest Stocklaid is noble enough. I will cover his weakness with my love."

It was now Ruth's turn to weep. "Marie," she said, "I am sorry for your sin and sorry for the disconsolate young man, but, dear girl, as you prize your own happiness and that of your children yet unborn, do not this thing that will make you miserable all the years of your life!"

Marie arose, and one could see by the firm lines about her mouth that her resolution was made and that she was prepared to meet her fate, whatever it might be. Ere she passed out she turned and took the hand of Ruth and said: "Fear not for me, gentle Ruth, for if I bring shame and disgrace upon my own head and fill my own heart with misery, then know, you dear one, that you are free from the sin, for your warnings are imprinted on every fiber of my heart, while over against each one is written the one word, unheeded!"

She finished the sentence with quivering lip, then passed out from Ruth's presence with her proud head bowed low and the aristocratic spirit more subdued than at any previous time in her life.

We have seen Marie Earnestine as a proud, arrogant child, with apparently but little sympathy in her nature. We now see depth to her character and a finer womanhood than one could suppose. Coming, as she had, from a

proud, aristocratic race, she had a heritage hard to overcome. Nothing but the refiner's fire and a chisel in the hand of the Lord could ever have molded a heart like hers. The will that can neither bend nor break must wear away; and the continual hammering of God's love upon the heart will shiver an adamant rock. Hers must break, for Marie Earnestine in a new and bitter sphere will some day bless the world with good.

Ruth had undertaken a herculean task to argue the ways of righteousness with this stubborn will, but at last she could begin to see that her efforts had not been in vain.





WHERE IS OUR PAPA TO-NIGHT?

CHAPTER XII.

THE GREAT PROBLEM.

The great Northwest was calling for a leader in the work of reform. Some one was needed with a clear head and a well-defined purpose who would go forth in the name of humanity and labor for the education of the industrial classes.

The name of Ruth Mansfield had been mentioned to the agitators of the movement. Great efforts were also being put forth to discover the one who was wielding the pen so mightily in the interests of labor. While this inquiry was going on, and the leaders of the reform were making diligent search to discover the whereabouts of the one whose pen was turning the world upside down, Ruth sat behind the scenes and calmly smiled as she continued to send forth her white-winged messengers to breathe harmony into the aggrieved spirits of the industrial world. She now felt that the time had come when she could no longer remain in seclusion, and yet she had many grave thoughts about this publicity, this undertaking. The world, it seemed to her, was in a state of fermentation; hearts were being tried as at no previous time in the world's history; and she could see, as her master spirit towered up above the nations of the world and looked down upon the aggressive movements, that the time had come for a general round-up—a time when the working people of all lands should arise in the dignity of freedom and maintain their equality with Capital. She saw that the time had come when the American people should

cease to worship gold, and true honor should be given to right royal labor.

Should she heed the call? The question was growing to be one of momentous interest to her. Could she go forth in the name of the great Author and Leader of the nations and with the undaunted courage of womanhood, hope to effect good in the world? She paused, waited and listened for the voice of the spirit whose counsel is sure and never erring. At last a spirit of help luminates her soul and she can hear from the watch tower the rustling of wings as the unseen hosts of heaven come sweeping earthward to give strength in her weakness and nerve to her purpose in life. Yes, she would prepare to accept the call and in her weakness do what she could.

But how to begin she could not tell; for as she arose to contemplate the calling and to begin the work of marshaling the hosts, she could hear the discordant swell of multitudinous voices that were out of harmony with the good God who has sent His hosts from the glory world to intercede for the oppressed, to labor for the people and the best interests of their country. Out of harmony with Him whose hand is stretched forth to bless "both the just and the unjust alike." It seemed to her in this moment of contemplation that the Americans with their hollow and vaunted show on the side of aristocracy, and the working people on the other, could be likened to a harmonium of human souls which the divine spirit of the heavens was sweeping over the keys, blending together in melody cries of woe and exultation and joy as He was ushering in the morning dawn of the new dispensation. Ruth Mansfield felt that she was but one key in this great human instrument, and that under His divine touch she must not give forth one uncertain sound. She is now about to launch forth upon the world, a leader in the great

reforms of her day. She means that her generalship shall be felt upon all classes of society, and that her mission shall be to breathe harmony into the world.

Would her efforts prove vain? She could not tell; but with a great purpose in view she mounted upon her milk-white steed of human love and came forth from her hiding place, announcing herself ready to enter the field in the interests of Labor.

Electrifying the masses, she encompassed the city round about, scattering her thoughts like rain-drops and leaving the imprint of her touch upon the hand of every wage worker by the way. She had begun her work without any decisory plan, and now felt that her first duty must be to investigate the spirit of the clans and to look up the interests involved in such organizations. With the zeal of ten thousand spirits, she began her work with a faith, feeling sure that within the rough and uncultured spirits of men she should find a courage, undaunted and true. With a comprehension of existing evils and of national difficulties which seemed far beyond her years, she first began her work upon the streets of San Francisco. Encompassing the city round about, looking into the jaws of the lion "who hath the cheek teeth of a great lion," in the form of half a thousand drinking saloons, dives and gambling dens, and understanding that the greatest supporters of these places of iniquity were the very men for whom she was called to labor, she cried mightily unto the Lord for strength and wisdom to reach and teach the people.

She sallied forth upon the streets, following the plan of the meek and lowly Nazarene, who left his Father in Heaven and came down to preach and to teach to fallen men.

As her translucent spirit shed its light upon the hearts

and lives of the gregarious multitude who flocked together like herds upon the street, hungry, half clothed, and shivering with cold, she began her work of infusing into their minds a spirit of enlightenment pertaining to their oppressed condition, and a desire for higher and better religious, social and educational attainments. Her arguments were burdened with the saying "In union there is strength," and noting the clans, she cried: "Come, my people, let us bind into one concrete body the various coalescent bodies and through a united effort begin the declaration of political power; and thereby break down the whisky monopoly, that is grinding the face of the poor and perpetuating the saloon, which is our country's greatest enemy."

Great was her rejoicing when she beheld the forces and saw them welded together. This reform party had an object so noble and a purpose so true that even angels looked down and added their benediction as they saw the work of ramification and corrupt politicians trembling before the young and aggressive men of the land. Now and again she was able to catch the ear of some monopolist and by much ingenuity lead him to see the advancing army, the superstructure of political reform built upon the solid foundation.

Yes, Ruth Mansfield had heard the call, and with a burning desire in her soul to see a proper adjustment of national affairs when Labor shall be crowned with wisdom, she had cried: "Aux armes!" and rushed forth at duty's call, fighting with woman's strongest weapon in warfare—love.

Coming into Marie's dormitory a few mornings after the incidents recorded in the preceding chapter wherein the proud mistress of Palace Earnestine had laid her heart bare before Ruth, she said: "My dear Marie, I have at

last made up my mind to leave your employ, and in a few days shall go out in the interests of our nation's work to lecture." Marie's face expressed sorrow at the thought of giving up such a valuable friend as Ruth; for she had grown to feel not only her dependence upon but real, true love for the girl. Her irrepressible spirit had shown her herself as she was and many things pertaining to true womanhood which without her she would probably have never known. Marie made a strong remonstrance against her chosen vocation, at which the girl smiled as she replied: "You will not always feel as you do now, Marie; and in the time to come when you are changed, you will come and stand by my side in this great and good work for God and country."

The proud young dame shook her head incredulously at the girl and replied: "That may be true, Ruth, but it is my opinion that your hair and mine will both turn gray long before Marie Earnestine ever becomes a public reformer."

"Don't be sure of that," said Ruth. "Why, dear! I can almost see you with me now." And interrogatively she continued: "Who shall say that your splendid fortune shall not some day be dedicated to this blessed work for humanity?"

Again Marie's face darkened, but in remembrance of that other time when she failed to conquer her anger, thought well before she answered: "No, Ruth, my money will never be used for any such purpose. Think you that I could do so foolishly as to support or strengthen the very enemy that is fighting against me? Why, only yesterday, Mr. Jack Halstead, my business agent, brought me tidings and came for counsel, saying that all the men in my manufacturing establishment had gone on a strike demanding shorter hours and an increase in wages. No,

indeed! I shall never do any such a thing, nor in any way strive to bring such rapacious wretches up to an equality with myself."

Ruth's laugh had in it an ominous ring. "Well, dear, you may count yourself happy now that they only want an increase in the wage; ere long they will ask you for their share of the increase of the capital. Yea, and they will demand it, too!"

"But, Ruth, they are in the wrong."

"That is very true, Marie, but when men are mad and ignorant there is no limit to their demands; and if Capital is wise it will strive by some means to arbitrate with Labor and come to a better understanding of wherein the wrong lies."

And then in a milder tone she continued: "In what way, Marie, are these brave, brawny workingmen who are spending their lives at hard labor for the purpose of increasing your capital and for the mere pittance that they receive from you, inferior to yourself? Answer me if you can. You are a free-born American and so are they! In this land where nothing can elevate one person above another but intelligence and purity of heart, how is it that you draw a line between yourself and your employes and put Marie Earnestine at the top? You have gold, but that does not make you better than your fellows, neither can it bless you, for only as you pay it out to your employes can it be made to serve you. Gold can neither sow nor spin, and this unwieldy mass of wealth you possess could not put a crumb into your mouth nor a cup of water to your parched lips. No! not if you were dying of thirst. No, Marie, it is men that make you rich! Men! Not gold! Without these men you call wretches, my dear, you would be poorer than they, for their hands are skilled in labor, while a work stain

never yet has soiled your own. You may have a knowledge of books, may have mastered languages and acquired a degree of literature, but if the galaxy of servants from the mansion were to leave you to-day, just think how helpless you would be! You can not cook nor sew; your mind has never yet grasped the first rudiment of business. A poor, helpless woman you are, entirely at the mercy of Labor. The farmer gathers his corn from the shocks of golden husks; it is loaded upon the wagon and drawn to the market place. For want of care and consideration on the part of the husbandman, one ear falls to the roadside and is crushed by the foot of man and beast; the other is sold in the market place, is ground into meal and is made into bread for rosy-cheeked children. Can you say that both have fulfilled their mission? Had not the hapless one that fell by the wayside the same right to care and protection as the one that was ground by pearly teeth? Shall we call a man a rapacious wretch because he clamors for his right to care and protection? We tell you, no! God forbid that these things should be! And He has forbidden it. God, who is the warm friend of the cause of Labor, is saying to Capital in most biting words (James 5:i): 'Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl, for your miseries that shall come upon you. Your riches are corrupted, and your garments moth-eaten. Your gold and silver is cankered and the rust of them shall be a witness against you and shall eat your flesh as it were fire. Ye have heaped treasures together for the last days. Behold, the hire of the laborers who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth; and the cries of them which have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabbath. Ye have lived in pleasure on the earth and been wanton. Ye have nourished your hearts as in the days of slaughter. Ye

have condemned and killed the just and he doth not resist you.' And again He says (Heb. 12:iv) in speaking to the oppressed: 'Ye have not yet resisted unto blood striving against sin.' Thus signifying that the spirit of resistance must yet come and be manifest in the earth ere the oppressors of the poor shall come to their reward, well deserved and richly merited, by the hand of the Lord."

"Ruth," said Marie, "you argue well, but you fail to make clear to me just what you would have Capital do. Would you have me lay my millions down at the feet of the poor?"

"No, indeed!" replied the girl; "we do not want your gold. We would have you lay down the lines that are drawn between Labor and Capital and cease to rob us of our inheritance—for we are free born. We would have you recognize the fact that Labor is Capital, and give us our share of wealth accruing from the labor of our hands; for this rapid centralization of capital in the hands of a few is a menace to our country and a leaden weight upon the very name of Freedom. Of what value would the gold of capitalists be were it not coupled with labor? Our country is not so rich in gold as it is in labor. Then, we ask, why depreciate that labor and make gold king, since gold without labor would be as a chained slave with no more value in it than the pebbles upon the sea shore. Labor is the people's God-given inheritance! Labor is our capital! And if you will let your better judgment prevail, you will see the axiom and understand that co-ordinately Labor and Capital are indivisible. Therefore, America's boast should be in Labor and not in gold; and the highest aim of American workmen should be in their individual callings to outdo the world in skill. America should wear the crown as first in art. Our country, under the beneficent hand of God, has

grown rich. Her citizens point with pride to the rapid increase of her treasuries; but, Marie, increase of wealth is not evidence of a nation's prosperity unless it be properly distributed among her people. And all that Labor demands on that score is its share of the increase of Capital; hence, the demand for a better wage."

"According to your estimations, dear Ruth, gold has a very infinitesimal valuation as it stands alone, but when coupled with labor assumes most gigantic proportions. I think I can see your position, but to put into practice this indivisible unity of Capital and Labor will require a better wisdom than I know, and that is the question that you have left unsolved."

Ruth smiled pleasantly and said: "Drop the lines, dear, that now divide Capital from Labor and very soon we shall be atonement. Find a heart in Capital and Labor will furnish the hands that will take the indivisible body in embrace, and a holy bond will be established between the two, while Heaven's hosts will smile down upon the union. And in that day we shall not be obliged to look upon such pictures of woe as we now do, for homes will be made bright; just in proportion as want and sin have disappeared, joy and gladness will come stalking in, irradiated with smiles such as God revealed when He promised that He would not again destroy the world by flood. In that time Capital will be so magnanimous with Labor that it will scorn to dole out a mere pittance as a daily wage; but will, in all honor, give to the workingman his share of the increase of Capital accruing from the labor of his hands."

Dear reader, can you enter into an appreciation of the joy that day will bring forth? Think of the happy homes where the countenance of wives and mothers have been made to beam with joy and gladness, and the pinched,

starved faces of little children shall be rounded into the bloom of perfect health. May God hasten the day when our dream shall be realized and the nation, over which floats the stripes and stars, shall have its boast in the freedom that makes free!







AN OUTING TRIP.

CHAPTER XIII.

FOLLOWING AFTER FATE.

Some weeks after Ruth's departure from the Earnestine mansion she received the following letter from Marie:

"Palace Earnestine, March 17, 18—.

"My Dear Ruth:

"It is done, and I am to become the wife of Earnest Stocklaid. Our wedding day is set for the 27th and I am resting in the happy anticipation of a joyous and prosperous future. Earnest has promised me that he will never, never put the cup to his lips again and I feel sure that I can trust him. Aunt Langsford has laughed at my fears, for she says that all men drink to excess more or less, and that my prospect of a happy life with Earnest excels that of almost any other girl; and that even if he should turn to drink again, the rich are never so much disgraced as the poor, and I can shield his faults if I will. Come to me, my dear Ruth, for I long to tell you all about it and to have your blessing and assurance before I enter into the state of matrimony.

"Most lovingly yours, MARIE."

Ruth read and re-read the letter and then carefully folded it before she spoke. At length, brushing a tear from her eye, she murmured: "Poor Marie, would to God she had heeded my warnings in times past, for had she done this now her joy would be complete! Oh, what assurance can I give her that Earnest Stocklaid will not again

fall and become abandoned to drink? I am afraid in this case that Marie's blessings will be a multiplicity of sorrows. However, I will go to her, for I may be able to do her some good."

Ruth's spirit was much oppressed on account of her friend; but she finally shook off the burden, saying: "Ah, well! it may, after all, work for her a crown of glory."

The morning Miss Mansfield arrived was one of those perfect days that is seldom seen in San Francisco. She slowly came up the walk at the Palace Earnestine and remembered she had gone in and out many times in the days gone by. But there were not many pleasant memories to her around the place, and she had no regret at leaving save the one that she could not have been instrumental in bringing the household—one and all—to that blessed Christ for whom old Jerry so reverently testified ere she went abroad, and who, true to his prophecy, had been laid away at Lone Mountain long before her return from Europe. She bore a tender regard for Marie, whom she had served long and well. She was now returning to her for a final season, at the close of which Marie was to enter into marriage compact with a man whom she knew had gone to the bottom as the result of drink. She could not help the feeling of sadness that crept over her and wishing that she could in some way save her from such a fate. Her thoughts were suddenly interrupted by the girl herself, for long before she put her foot upon the steps, Marie stood with outstretched arms waiting to receive and bid her welcome.

It was easy to detect that a wonderful change had taken place in the heart of Marie Earnestine since they had last met. That old haughty, aristocratic spirit had gone and been supplanted by a gentle womanhood sweet to behold, and the servants, one and all, were beginning to



note the change and wondering why it was; whether it was the result of her new love and approaching marriage, or the gentle spirit of Christ in the girl's heart. Ruth could not tell, but it gave her genuine satisfaction to know that the old harsh way of speaking was a thing of the past and a courteous and kindly spirit had taken its place. Taking Ruth by the hand, she affectionately kissed her rosy cheek and led her away to her own boudoir, and in the trustfulness of an affectionate sister began to unfold to her her hopes and fears concerning the future. Coming close, she laid her head upon Ruth's shoulder and whispered: "What shall I do, dear, if after we are married Earnest should fall again and become a drunkard?"

A silence fell upon them as she uttered these words and both for a moment were wrapped in thought. Ruth wound her arms tenderly about Marie, but it seemed for a moment that she could not speak.

Again she repeated: "Tell me, Ruth, what could I do? Do you think he will again become abandoned to drink? And if so, would I be afraid of him? Other men who are drunkards often become insane; would he also, do you think? Is this my fate, or will it work out for my own good and the good of the man whom I shall marry?"

Ruth gently pressed the girl to her bosom and murmured: "No one but God can tell you, dear, but we will pray that it may be for both your good and his. Let it pass now, but remember, Marie, if, in the years to come, your life should be brought to grief and you need a friend come to me and I will help you if I can."

Marie gave a little shudder and one could see, as a shadow flitted over her countenance, that Ruth's words had grated harshly upon her spirit. Replying she said: "I may oftentimes want your sympathy, Ruth, but I shall never need your help."

She then assumed a smile, but her voice had in it a tinge of sarcasm as she continued: "You can save that for the poor, in whom you are so much interested. My good father, in his will, made ample provision for all my earthly needs before he took his departure into another world."

Ruth smiled at the girl's words, for it was, after all, only innocence, but a look of foreboding rested upon her countenance, as she said: "You know, Marie, that time often takes wealth upon his wings and flies away. Our to-day can never tell what our to-morrow may bring forth. You, too, may be poor some day, notwithstanding the money you now have."

"If I were dependent," said Marie, "upon an emolument from Labor, your words might have in them some meaning; but with this vast estate it is not at all likely that I shall ever come to want. You may put your trust in God, who is so very real to you, but give me gold, and I will trust in it for the temporal things of life!"

It is a sad thought to Ruth, as she paused to think about it, that a single human soul whom God has made can put his trust so implicitly in money as Marie Earnestine did. She knew that in the great convolution of things to come, poor Marie had yet to learn that gold vanishes like the days of life and is often as illusive as our own heart. She knew that chance and change would roll the scales from her eyes, and while she was unconsciously selfish now she would then let her spirit flow out into a broader field of usefulness than she had ever yet dreamed she could.

During the years of service in which Ruth had attended Marie she had ever striven to keep their two lives, so different from each other, in perfect equipoise. She felt this was the only good way of keeping in touch with the

things that concerned both spheres of life. In doing this she had enlarged her own opportunity and greatly enhanced the moral character of Marie Earnestine. Ruth had done the best she could; she felt that her whole duty had been discharged.

She could almost see with the visible eye the work of desolation that was soon to begin. She reviewed the past ten years, then murmured: "One could not expect much more. As they sow so they reap, but God will never let her spend her life without finding the way to the cross."

The relations of these two were now about to be severed. They had been bound by strong cords of love that had grown with the years. As they sat together that day they were in a silent way looking back over the past and summing up what life had been to each. One reckoned the worth by gold; the other by knowledge. One thought of the experience with regret; while the other had joy in knowing she had done her best. Ruth pressed the hand of Marie at parting and thought not for all her gold would she change places with the rich and much-sought-after woman of society, Marie Earnestine.





AT THE WEDDING.

CHAPTER XIV.

AT THE WEDDING.

The Earnestine mansion was a blaze of light and beauty. The grounds, so exquisitely arranged, reflected from the many colored lights all the colors of the rainbow. Happy guests were flitting about in joyous expectation of witnessing the nuptial vows of the rich Miss Earnestine and the man of her choice. The air was laden with the perfume of rare flowers. Low strains of music filled the house with sweet vibrations. Deft fingers now played the wedding march. Marie Earnestine, with her full complement of attendants, entered the room leaning upon the arm of her affianced husband, Earnest Stocklaid.

A tremor of awe swept over the countenances of the company as the bridal party appeared. All beheld the effulgent beauty of the bride and noted her proud look and happy smile. Many admiring glances were cast at the noble face of Earnest Stocklaid. But who was the tall and beautiful young woman who, with queenly grace, was acting as first bridesmaid? Apparently she was a stranger to all present. As the party took their position under the arch wreathed with smilax and white syringas the bell above their heads pealed out in silvery tones the hour for the ceremony to begin. Many guests now detected the smile, and pronounced the name of Ruth Mansfield, the waiting maid of the bride. A wave of haughty contempt swept over the countenances of the assembly. Immediately after the ceremony a hurried buzz of voices could have been heard and occasionally the blood would tingle in Ruth's cheek as she heard her own name whispered across the room.

It was true Marie Earnestine had made a great departure and her guests did not know whether to be shocked or pleased.

Soon congratulations were over and the company seated to partake of the bountiful feast which is characteristic of California life. Here another surprise awaited the guests. Wine was not served! Think you San Francisco society was not shocked! Harry Rumsford, as he sat opposite his fair cousin, betrayed his utmost disgust.

Poor fellow! Ten years had not added to his physical attraction. He sits to-night with bloated cheeks and looks more like a full-grown porpoise than a human being.

No wine, but healthful and nutritious drinks of all kinds were served to the guests, and everybody seemed happy in the new departure except Harry Rumsford, who had so degraded his manhood as to order the waitress to bring him a glass of champagne. The stamp of Marie's foot was heard from beneath the table and an emphatic "No!" was distinctly audible. Minetta's, the colored servant, face shone with indignation as she exchanged glances with Ruth, who, like herself, well remembered another time when that same foot had just as emphatically stamped a "Yes!" to the wine cup.

"Surely," said the black woman to herself, as she thought how the chains of a slave once clanked at her own heels, "the evolution of time will right all wrongs, and who shall say that the white slaves to the wine cup shall not be liberated as well?"

Arising from the table, the guests followed their hostess into the drawing room, a truly happy and beautiful company.

Ruth took her seat at the piano, and sweeping her hands over the keys, accompanied her own exquisite voice, which



RUTH AT THE PIANO.

rose and fell in such waves of melody that every ear was entranced and the assembly spellbound in the presence of the storm.

When the last sound had died away she was caught to Marie's bosom, while a shower of kisses fell upon her lips and brow as she exclaimed: "Dear Ruth, I did not know you could sing. Why have you never let me hear your voice before? Do tell me, who has so wondrously taught you?"

The girl pressed the jeweled fingers of the bride to her lips and replied: "In Germany, Marie; while you were enjoying your afternoon nap I was engaged with Professor Von Chuberg."

This was a moment of triumph to Ruth, who had spent many weary, tedious hours trying to coax Marie to practice her music. To appease Aunt Langsford, Marie often gave Ruth one dollar an hour to keep drumming the piano while she was lost in the depths of some love story. This hour was well improved by the maid, who was working with the zeal of ten thousand angels to acquire a knowledge of books and music.

Ruth's achievements were often mistaken for Marie's attainments by Aunt Langsford, who so often said: "It doesn't matter much if Marie is not proficient in learning her money will carry her through. When she is done it will be all the same as though I had worried myself to death trying to persuade her to apply herself to books and music."

One by one the guests began to depart, and as the bridesmaids gathered around Marie to assist in the farewell greeting, Ruth was a central figure in the midst of those whom she had brought to see that labor was nobler in poverty than indolence in wealth.

When she reflected over the banished wine cup from





SOME OF THE GUESTS.

such an occasion and the broken cast, and meditated that her own strong spirit had effected much, a sweet glow of pleasure swept over her soul and she wished that every working girl in all Christendom would, even as she had done, maintain a spirit of independence instead of yielding to what seemed like oppressions of the aristocratic world.

Kissing Marie's cheek, which had in this exciting hour stolen some of her own rosaceous bloom, she stepped into the carriage and was driven away to her new-found home.

Thus closed the wedding fete of Marie Earnestine, the rich and envied young heiress, who had taken upon herself the troth of wifehood and plighted her vows to a man whom she knew to be addicted to the use of ardent spirits. Her first hour of married life had been a flood of glory; will the last hour be hallowed with the same? We shall see as she passes on from the altar to the tomb.





MARIE'S BREAKFAST ROOM.

CHAPTER XV.

IN LEGAL FETTERS.

Leaving Ruth for the present in the pursuit of her philanthropic work for humanity, we will tarry for awhile at the Palace Earnestine to note the many and rapid changes that are now taking place there.

A few mornings after the wedding we find the bride seated in her own elegant dining room, presiding with great dignity over the breakfast, pouring the rich, golden coffee for her husband, who is looking tenderly into her blue eyes and saying: "How does it happen, Marie, that I never met your cousin, Harry Rumsford, until our wedding night? By the way, he seems to be a jolly sort of a fellow, and I like him well."

The wife's cheeks blanched a little as she thought of the profligate habits of her cousin Harry, and she wished within her soul that he had not turned up at this juncture, but she merely replied: "Oh, Mr. Rumsford, I believe, has been away in South America in the interests of some business pursuit and has just now returned. I sincerely hoped he would marry ere this and settle down from his wild and excessive habits, for he really is a source of much mortification to me. Had I known that he would return so soon, I certainly should have consented to go east to spend our honeymoon."

Earnest Stocklaid patted his wife's cheek and said: "You speak very disparagingly of your cousin, Marie, whom I believe to be a well-meaning fellow. By the way, I have promised to lunch with him to-day at the Baldwin."

Marie bowed her head for a moment and bit her lip

in remorseful silence. At length she said: "Earnest, Harry Rumsford uses wine and ardent spirits to excess. He will be a source of great temptation to you. I would rather that you break your engagement and incur his displeasure than to think of you away from my side and in his company even for one brief hour. Promise me, husband, that you will not go."

At that moment Harry Rumsford himself came stalking into the breakfast room, and in his old familiar way interrupted their *tete-a-tete*, exclaiming as he entered: "Good-morning, Sir Earnest and Madam Stocklaid! Glad to find you so agreeably engaged." Helping himself to a chair, he continued: "I will take a cup of coffee with you, if you please."

And then as though a thought had struck him that must be expressed immediately, he said: "I say, Marie, you must be getting addle-brained or lunatic to make the startling departure that you did the other night. Fancy, if you can, what my revered uncle would say to a marriage feast at Palace Earnestine without wine. Yes, imagine if you can what he would say to a plebeian working girl as bridesmaid to his daughter. By Jove! I believe you are losing your senses and will have to have a guardian appointed before your next public fete."

Marie reservedly held her tongue and made no answer to this tirade of abuse which, although clothed in a jocose spirit, was meant to wound her. But when she so composedly held her peace, he, with a thought to provoke a reply, further continued: "I say, Coz, I will go out on the street and pick up some skipjack and dress him up as a gentleman and set him up for my best man. Eh, how will that suit you?"

"That will meet my approval," replied Mrs. Stocklaid, "providing he has as much brains and gentleness of heart

as Ruth Mansfield has." And then looking him full in the face, she continued: "Ten years in the constant companionship of one so true and pure as my excellent maid has made me a woman of more sterling worth than I otherwise should have been, and a tenderer pity has been born in my heart for the poor than I ever knew I could possess. I would that you, Cousin Harry, could have profited by her wise counsel and good teaching, even as I have done."

"Humph!" ejaculated the man. "You need not preach up that jade to me; had enough of her preaching some years ago."

The service being removed, they still tarried in the breakfast room, Marie wishing every moment that her obnoxious visitor would take his departure and leave her alone with her husband, for whom she had such tender affection.

At length he arose and taking young Stocklaid by the arm, said: "Come on, come on, Sir Earnest, we'll drive out to the races and see who wins the purse to-day and will return in time for our lunch at the Baldwin."

Marie remonstrated, but her cousin jocosely said: "Ay, the honeymoon! You'll soon get over that and wish him downtown all the time." Before she could gather force enough to make her request felt he had hurried Earnest away, while the wife with mingled tenderness and fear stood gazing after them as they descended the hill and wished that she had the power in her own feeble hand to destroy every drop of alcoholic drink from the face of the earth.

Until this moment, and during all the months of her abstinence for Earnest's sake, she had never once thought of her own vineyard and the many thousand gallons of wine and brandy that were being manufactured there

every year. But now as the thought comes to her, she stands almost appaled and wonders what she can do to stop the evil and in its place produce some harmless thing that would be a blessing to the world instead of a blighting curse. For a moment her hands were clasped together as if some agonizing thought were tearing her heart, and then like one having gotten the victory in prayer, she exclaimed in an audible voice: "I will do it! For his sake I would sacrifice my life! Why not my money?"

Not waiting to ring for a servant, she rushed down and out of the house and ordered her carriage to be brought around immediately. She had not a well-defined purpose of what she was going to do, but her first thought was to exterminate the wine grape and empty the winery of its store. Yes, she would do it if she were beggared by the sacrifice.

Driving directly to the office of her agent, she startled that profound business man by ordering the whole wine business upon the Ranch Earnestine exterminated—root and branch. That shrewd financier looked the young woman full in the face and gave a low, shrill whistle, expressive of his surprise, and said: "You startle me, Mrs. Stocklaid. I do not well comprehend your meaning. Are you losing your mind, or has some evil genius been putting temperance notions in your head?"

"Neither, Jack Halstead! I am quite sane and am sure no evil spirit has been near me, greater than the spirit alcohol. I have been looking out upon the world with earnest thought and have come to the conclusion that the greatest agency for the promotion of human misery and wretchedness in the world is the wine business. On this account I have made up my mind I will not, for the sake of my own personal greed, perpetuate the industry longer, and therefore the wine business on my ranch must be dis-



I WILL WAIT UPON YOU TO-MORROW, MADAM.



continued. All you have to do, sir, is to order the vines taken up—root and branch—and burned. Whatever there is in store in the winery you have carried out and poured into the sea.”

“Mrs. Stocklaid,” exclaimed the man, “you have certainly lost your mind! Why, madam, there is fifty thousand dollars’ worth of wine and brandy stored in the vault at this moment, and would you lose it all?”

“Yes,” replied the young woman. “What can I do with it but to destroy it? If I give it away, it will be drunk to some one’s woe and will make some woman’s heart ache. Empty it into the sea, Mr. Halstead, empty it into the sea! And we will quit the business of perpetuating poverty and heartaches in the world. We will instead from that beautiful ranch send out to the people something that will promote joy instead of misery.”

Mr. Halstead bowed his head upon his hand in perplexity, then looked up into the face of the woman upon whose countenance he had never before seen a look so resolute, and said: “I will wait upon you to-morrow, madam. I can not comply with your wishes without further advice from some one older than yourself.”

Arising, he politely opened the door for her to pass out, but he soon saw that the resolute woman that had perpetually slept in Marie Earnestine had awakened in Marie Stocklaid and the man found he was no longer dealing with a child. Motioning him to be seated again, she looked him steadfastly in the face, and asked: “What further advice would you have, sir? Is not my own wish concerning my own property the law that must govern your actions in regard to my business? It seems to me, sir, that the one thing for you to do is to obey my orders or resign your position in favor of some one who will fully comply with my wishes.”

Jack Halstead stood upon his feet and made a few rapid strides up and down the room. At length he paused before the imperious woman and replied: "You see, madam, as Marie Earnestine your will was my law, so far as this matter of business is concerned, and I certainly should have had to obey your command; but as Marie Stocklaid, you will find that your husband must be consulted in all such business transactions. Besides, madam, this is a most insane request."

Marie bit her lip and all the fierceness of her irate spirit burned within her. "Was it indeed true? Must she consult Earnest about the matter? And if she did, would he consent to the destruction of a thing of so much money value?"

She felt at this moment strangely perplexed, and the expression of her face revealed her ignorance concerning business matters.

Just how to proceed she could not tell, but conceding the point her agent had made, she understood that she must wait. Yet her mind was made up and she was determined that the wine business belonging to the Earnestine estate must go forever. Marie had arisen to her feet and the two stood and gazed at each other. Mr. Halstead, who had seen in the woman's face something of the motive of her heart, motioned her to be seated again and out of consideration to the daughter of the man in whose employ he had been for so many years, came, and in a brotherly way, took her hand in his own strong grasp and asked: "Marie, what has been at work upon your mind so as to make you wish to do such an irrational thing as you have here proposed? Surely this is no ordinary matter, and something of a very undue nature must have been brought to bear upon you to make you reason so abstractly?"

For a moment Mrs. Stocklaid was tempted to give her reason and tell this sympathizing, brotherly fellow who had so long been true to her father and her own best interests, all about the doubts and fears that were tugging so heavily at her heart. With a second thought though her proud spirit asserted itself and with a haughty gesture she withdrew her hand, and replied as she did so: "Mr. Halstead, did I not tell you that I had been taking notes from the world and find that this industry is a promoter of crime and misery? Besides, I have been studying the toxicological properties of ardent spirits and am persuaded that the use of wine and liquors of any sort are hurtful to mankind. On this account in all honor to my womanhood, I must urge its discontinuance."

"Well," said the man, "I am at the service of yourself and Mr. Stocklaid; and if you both so desire, then I will most surely carry out your orders, but until such a time and until I am persuaded that this is not your own fancied delusion, I am powerless to obey your command."

Marie arose and stepped to the door. As she moved away, she felt as though shackles were upon her, and that the fetters which bound and prevented her from carrying out her own will with her own property was almost unbearable. Until to-day it had never been intimated to her that a married woman had lost her individuality in that of her husband, and for the time being she felt humiliated as though she were a galley slave sentenced to menial servitude.

Poor Marie! She has many things to learn in wedded life and among the rest she will find that the laws often tenderly protect the man, but not always the woman.

Stepping into the carriage, she was driven slowly down the street, her mind in greater perplexity than it had ever been before. Catching a glimpse of Ruth just as she was

vanishing round the corner at the Occidental, she bade her coachman pause, and alighting, ran up the avenue, then turned the corner at Pacific street, and by accident came face to face with the most pitiful object she had ever beheld. Just coming up out of a low, dark dive was a young girl scarcely more than sixteen years of age. Her face looked as though it had seen sixty years of sin. She was leaning upon the arm of a black man, who, was cursing her as with unsteady step she leaned upon him for support. In her arms she carried a little white rabbit which undoubtedly was the only pure thing she had in all the world to love. The sight was almost appalling to this well-bred woman, who never in all her life had seen a sight so shocking.

Shuddering, she rushed on in pursuit of Ruth, who had disappeared out of sight. To her surprise she had run further than she supposed and was now in the borders of the dark, wicked neighborhood of "Barbary Coast." A horrible fear crept over her, for even though she had lived from infancy in San Francisco, she had never before invaded this region that had through the years made such records of barbarity. Fright made her limbs tremble beneath her. She could not run and it was with great difficulty that she could walk at all. On either side of the street, "Saloon" was written over every door and her ear caught the sound of revelry within. She recalled Ruth's words as she quoted from Isaiah: "And the harp and the viol and the taboret and pipe and wine are in their feasts; but they regard not the work of the Lord, neither consider the operation of his hands." For the first time she realized the meaning of that prophecy which had so often been quoted in her hearing and wondering if it had been necessary for her to come here to know that it was fulfilled. Here and there she saw a woman with bleared

eyes and unsteady step leering at and calling after her in drunken stupidity. Groups of men were huddled together in coarse debate or in angry dispute, and then bang went the crack of a pistol and she saw a blue-coat running with club upraised to drive back the eager mob that were rushing to see who had fallen victim to the shot. It seemed an age to her when she at last came out onto Montgomery avenue and motioned to her coachman that she was ready. Seating herself she pressed her hand hard against her heart and breathed a sigh of relief. Then she leaned back on the elegant cushions and began to think: "Was all this wretchedness which she had just now beheld the fruit of the wine industry and of ardent spirits?" Her mind seemed dazed and for a time she could not grasp the magnitude of the evil. At length she raised herself and sat upright and gazed out upon the buildings. Saloon after saloon, at regular and irregular intervals, along the street; and even the corner groceries had their bar. The thoughts that stormed the citadel of reason, as the woman's conscience began to awaken, were very great. The sights she was beholding with her newly opened eyes were appalling.

Then and there in her carriage, with none but God to hear the vow, she resolved that just so long as she lived would she lend her influence on the side of temperance. She would encourage the zealous reformers of her day by giving largely of her means for the support of their work. But what about her own interest in the liquor business? The thought occurred to her as she now stood before the world, she was as guilty in the sight of God as any one of those dreadful men who had in bold relief above the door of their business places, the insignia, "Saloon." She bowed her head in her hand and thought intently; and so utterly lost in thought was she that her carriage had

stood at her own door for many minutes before she realized that she was home. Her good-natured coachman put his head in at the door and said: "Shall I assist you to alight, my lady?" She started with surprise and exclaimed: "Why, Dan, I did not know that we were home."

Going to her room, her maid assisted her to dress for dinner. The excitement of the day and the new-born spirit in the woman had made her cheeks flush and her eyes sparkle as they had done but a few times in her life. At this moment Marie Stocklaid was positively beautiful.

Entering the drawing room, she found that her husband had preceded her and was now waiting her arrival. Advancing to his side she looked with tenderness upon him, and clasping his face between her jeweled hands, bent down and placed a kiss upon his lips. Immediately she withdrew. The peachy bloom faded from her cheek and the tears welled up in her eyes and came rolling down upon his hand. Earnest caught her to his bosom, and exclaimed: "My precious wife! What is the matter? Come, lay your head on my breast and tell me all about it, won't you, darling?" But Marie hesitated. At length she tenderly put her hand under his chin and bringing his liquid brown eyes into range with her own, said: "Earnest, you promised that you would never drink intoxicants again; and now, husband, your breath is foul with the fumes of alcohol."

Earnest Stocklaid's face for a moment assumed a dark expression and a willful spirit flitted over it. Then with a cynical laugh which jarred harshly upon her nerves, he replied: "But I am not intoxicated, Marie, and you should not allow your precious tears to flow for a sober man, should you?"

For a moment she was tempted to believe him, but the

conversation continued and Earnest's desultory manner of speaking betrayed him. Marie began to know that her tears had not been shed for a sober man, but for one well under the influence of strong drink. From his remarks and the incongruous way in which he conducted himself at the dinner table, she inferred that his day with Harry Rumsford had been one of reckless indifference to his pledge and his love for her.

Ah, dear girls! If you would from this tale but gather the thought that to marry a man to redeem him from rum is but to take upon your hands a task that but few women on earth have ever accomplished, you would pause ere you take such a step. If you could only learn that the reclamation of a drunkard is only wrought through the power of prayer to God through Christ, who alone can take the appetite away and put higher and holier aspirations into a soul than those born of earth, then you would be more careful upon whom you bestow your love. For until you are well convinced that the object of your affection has his feet stayed upon the everlasting rock, you are safer to live in single blessedness.

. A man whose proclivities tend to drink or sporting in any sort of vice can never make the life of a pure and gentle woman a happy one. In this case, Marie felt the power of her own sin, and knew that she could but reap as she had sown.

This night as she wandered about her palatial home, which seemed empty and barren of comfort, she hugged the fear of her uncertain future to her bosom, and wished that she might awaken and find that all was a troubled dream. But she was not asleep! Ah, no! Her life was a wideawake, living reality, and she must embrace stern fate and do the best she could.



I TRUST THAT YOU HAVE HAD A PLEASANT EVENING.

CHAPTER XVI.

PLAYING A DOUBLE PART.

Marie Stocklaid embraced the temperance cause. It seemed to her business agent, as it did to her many society friends, like one of the seven wonders of the world. When she had left Mr. Halstead's office, he snatched up his hat and went out in search of Harry Rumsford, whom he knew was familiar with the Earnestine estate. He laid the matter before him in exactly the same language as Marie had presented it to him and wound up by putting great stress upon the heavy financial loss that it would be to the estate, he said: "The lady is certainly beside herself, Rumsford, and we must prevent her, if possible, from doing such a foolhardy thing."

Harry Rumsford was provoked and his temper asserted itself. Like Halstead his face took upon it an expression of contempt, for he regarded his young cousin's command to her agent as nothing short of insanity. He was well under the influence of rum, and paced up and down his apartments, literally raging in a fit of temper. At length he paused before the man and a gleeful look diffused his countenance as he said: "Why, see here, Halstead! What can the woman do without the consent of her husband? Ha! ha!" laughed he. "Let the little tigress rage if she wants to; I can manage Earnest Stocklaid. He is not a fellow, I assure you, who will willingly submit to this, noble fellow that he is. I will see him to-day and have this hash settled at once."

Jack Halstead looked at the man as he was talking and a feeling akin to disgust crept over him as he noted how

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his body was becoming distorted from the use of drink, and how the mind, once so bright and intellectual, was dimmed and bleared from vice. He did not wonder that Mrs. Stocklaid was disgusted and at variance with the drink traffic. He was now playing in defense of the wine industry, but it was not in any wise occasioned from the fact that he was a user of the beverage, as such was not the case, for Jack Halstead was a total abstainer. But a sacrifice of so much money as the extermination of the wine plant at Ranch Earnestine seemed to him to be nothing short of insanity.

He had not given the temperance reform any consideration, and thought this departure on the part of the heiress of the estate quite out of harmony with the spirit of the times.

Harry Rumsford snatched up his hat and sallied forth in the direction of Nob Hill (or rather, shambled forth, for his figure so interfered with his natural gait that he could not be said to walk) and familiarly took himself to the Palace Earnestine. Finding the family just seated at dinner, he took a seat at the table and began in a lofty way to talk of the wine industry of California and its future outlook. Utterly ignoring Marie, he talked to young Stocklaid as though the entire estate of the late Judge Earnestine, her father, belonged solely to her husband instead of to herself, and closed his remarks with the following sentence: "My word for it, Stocklaid, you have the finest wines in your vault of any wine grower in the state." Earnest's face lit up with pride, for he evidently had not, until this moment, felt himself anything but an incumbent upon the estate; but now to be addressed as its sole possessor, he felt the momentousness of his position to be greatly enhanced.

Just at this juncture, Rumsford turned to Marie and

said: "What has induced you to banish the cup from the table, my pretty Coz? Come, now, let us have some of that fine brand of which my uncle used to boast so highly; and be jolly once more." Until this moment, Marie had forgotten the wine closet in the mansion and what a dangerous enemy to her home and happiness was slumbering there beneath her roof.

The firm lines could be seen to set in her mobile features, and such a determined look in her face as one, a few years ago, could scarcely have believed would ever have rested there. As she replied to her tormentor, there was a new ring in her voice which told of a deeper, truer purpose in life than had ever been found in her before. "The custom of wine drinking, Cousin Harry, is becoming obsolete; and I, for one, am a happy convert to the new custom of total abstinence, and never again so long as I am mistress of my own home shall the decanter be placed upon my board or my guests be tempted by that enemy of the home, rum! Furthermore, I declare to you to-day that I shall wash my hands of the business and stop the manufacture of the stuff at the Ranch Earnestine."

"Tut! tut! tut!" exclaimed the vociferous fellow as he gave Stocklaid a sly wink. "What do you women folks know about the good things of the world, or what is to your best interests? Why, my lady, your father often told me that the wine product yielded him the best income of any industry of the estate. And now would you be so foolhardy as to cut off that revenue and impoverish your fortune?" "Yes," answered Marie; "if my fortune depends upon the manufacture of ardent spirits which are impoverishing the poor and disrupting our nation, then I say farewell to wealth and I will be one of the people of the land."

Rumsford's face assumed a most contemptuous frown

as he saw this strong-minded cousin suddenly lifted from a weakling of society into the bold spirit of a reformer, and he turned away to address his remarks to her husband.

The great clock in the hall chimed out the hour of eight as the family arose from the table. Harry Rumsford and her husband repaired to the drawing room, while Marie, excusing herself from their presence, went in quest of the butler. Since her father's death, the butler had been given other employment in the house. The two secretly repaired to the wine closet and there she poured out and destroyed the store that had been set for more than twenty years. The man stood back and looked on as his mistress smashed the bottles one by one and turned the faucets, making an entire clearance of the whole store. At length he ventured to say: "Mrs. Stocklaid, your father, Judge Earnestine, took great delight in this store. What think you he would say if he were here to-night?" Mrs. Stocklaid paused for a moment out of respect to her father's name and then replied: "Ah, poor papa! If he had had the enlightenment in his day that has come to me through experience, this wine would never have been saved. I would that he could witness my deed from the other world, for I feel sure I would have his approval and benediction." The man shuddered and suspiciously looked over his shoulder as if expecting to see the wrathful spirit of Judge Earnestine coming with a rebuke instead of a blessing, while he said: "Oh, my lady, you may be sure he is well aware of what you are doing, for the spirit of man does not go away from the earth; and if he is still as he was while here, you may be sure that his wrath instead of his benediction would fall upon you to-night. Come! Let us go out of this dark place before we see his avenging spirit." Marie laughed at the man's superstitious fears and turned away from her work of destruction. As she did so, she

once more wished that her hand might as easily destroy every drop of wine from the face of the earth.

Coming noiselessly into the drawing room, her ear caught the words of Rumsford as he was revealing to Earnest the startling news which had been brought to him from her agent, Jack Halstead. He was saying: "I know that woman better than you, Stocklaid, and that look upon her face at the dinner table means business. So far as she is concerned, the wine industry will have to cease. Now, I'll tell you, old boy, what you had better do. Sell me that ranch with all its stock in store. Rather than have that young vixen carry out her plan of destruction, you can afford to let it go at a greatly reduced rate."

This special ranch had come to Marie from her mother, and she had always felt that whatever she did with it her mother's dying bequest must be cherished. When she heard this villainous conspiracy on the part of her cousin, it made the hot Earnestine blood surge through her veins. Rebellion against this interference flamed up in her heart, giving her more strength in purpose than she was aware she had hitherto possessed. Marie was ignorant concerning the laws of her state; but of one thing she felt certain, that her husband could not make a sale of her property without her consent; therefore, after listening to their plans to undermine her object, she quietly stepped away unobserved to the music room. She smiled as she pictured his surprise, for she felt certain she would thwart his plans. She very resolutely repeated: "That wine business must go!" Taking up her guitar, her low sweet voice was heard throughout the house as she sang to its accompaniment.

Ere long, Rumsford took his departure and her husband sought her side looking, as he came to her, like a guilty child. Smiling, she looked pleasantly up as he

entered the room, and said: "I trust that you and my scapegrace cousin have had a pleasant evening together, and that he has not led your feet into any trap that will cause your downfall."

Earnest did not reply, but brought his chair close by her side, and tenderly drew her head down upon his bosom. He placed a kiss upon her lips, saying as he did so: "Marie, dear, your cousin has proposed to buy your ranch with all the wine you have in store; and I think it a good plan, since you are so strongly opposed to the industry. Had you not better let it go now that you have the opportunity? Do, dear, let me consummate the bargain and save you further worry. Marie lifted her head from his bosom and looked straight into his eyes. He dropped his head as his wife exclaimed: "I sell wine? No, indeed, my husband! Did you not hear me say at the dinner hour that the whole business must be discontinued? Yes, exterminated, root and branch! If it is wrong to drink it, and you know it is, then it is wrong to sell it. I have awakened from my awful ignorance pertaining to the evil, and I declare to you that the stain of blood shall never rest upon my hands. No! All the wine that belongs to me shall be emptied into the sea instead of being drunk by men. So far as the ranch itself is concerned, Mr. Stocklaid, that was the gift of my dying mother and I shall never part with it."

Earnest's face that had been growing dark and crimson, assumed a stolid expression. He was not inclined to argue the point with his wife, so said: "I think, Marie, it is time to retire." Marie arose, and replacing her music, rang for her maid and prepared to go to her room. In these last days she had begun to realize that she was naught but an actor in the drama of life. Having had a great admiration for the stage, she said to herself: "Now

is my time to act the double part," and at once began to play the role. Twining her pretty arms about the neck of her husband, she laid her head sweetly on his shoulder and the two ascended the stairs that led to her room. The young wife did not sleep but thought earnestly. She saw the trend of their life and to what point it was leading. Ruth's words were already coming to her, and as the uncertain future stretched out before her, she could see but little sunshine diffused along the way. She thought, "There is one thing in which I may take comfort, and that will be in giving my encouragement and support to those who are working in the temperance reform. If I can not work myself, or avert disaster to my own life, then I may in some measure be the means of saving others." Again she began to think of that enormous wine vault of which she was the sole possessor. What could she do with it, or how could she have her wishes carried out concerning it and its extermination when she was met from all sides with such rapid opposition?

Shortly she said to herself: "I will take the matter to Ruth, and out of her wise brain must come the plan of work. Through her generalship we can take the enemy unawares and capture him."

Soon her eyes were closed in slumber, and in the morning she awoke with the lark that sang beneath her bedroom window. Soon as breakfast was over and Earnest gone a messenger was dispatched to bring Ruth, who gladly responded by coming at once. Marie bravely opened her heart and revealed her experiences and all her resolves and purposes in the temperance work. Ruth's eyes were full of compassionate love for her friend and she looked her admiration, for she knew that the step Marie was now taking was a departure that would not only startle the social world, but prove a blow upon the liquor

traffic, and she hailed the announcement with joy. Marie looked up into the face of her long-tried and cherished friend and said: "But tell me, Ruth, what about the wine at the Ranch Earnestine? How can I dispose of it and do mankind no harm? Surely your wise head must solve the problem. We two can work together, for I have firmly resolved that blood stain from this time forth shall never rest upon my hand from the sale of rum."

Ruth's joy was complete, and for some moments she sat with bowed head, lost in thought. At length she asked: "Marie, will you leave the whole plan to me?"

"Yes, dear, I shall only be too glad to do so; only let me have a hand in the spilling of it; won't you?"

Then she told how she had invaded the wine closet at the palace and of the joy she felt in the destruction of its contents. She gave a vivid portrayal of the butler's superstitions, at which they both laughed heartily, and she finished her remarks by saying: "My delight when I saw the stuff running to waste was only a little foretaste of what I expect to enjoy in helping to stop the infernal traffic."

Ruth patted her head and quoted David, where he said: "Blessed be the Lord, my strength, who teacheth my hands to war and my fingers to fight."

"You would make a good soldier in the army of the Lord, Marie, and I am getting in a hurry to see you one."

"Oh," replied Mrs. Stocklaid, "that is done already, dear Ruth, and I am happily enrolled with God's people. You see, I took your advice and reverently listened to the teachings of those good Sisters of Charity who so kindly sought me while sorrowing over papa's death, and long ago I knelt at the feet of our Father Confessor and told him all my life and received absolution from my sins."

Real surprise was depicted upon Ruth's countenance,

and after recovering from her astonishment, she said: "My dear Marie, is this indeed true? Why have you never told me before? I should have been so glad to know."

A little crimson wave swept over Marie's cheek and hesitatingly she replied: "Because, dear Ruth, you are such a practical Christian and seem to have a something in your experience that I have never yet attained in mine. I have been waiting and trusting I would come to know your joy before I revealed to you my relation with the church."

Ruth Mansfield took the girl's face between her hands and looked into the depths of her liquid blue eyes, and seeing nothing written there but open truth and frankness, she kissed the ruby lips and said: "Keep seeking, dear one, and God will yet give you an experience as rich as any one of earth has ever enjoyed. You know, my precious sister, that I began in this Christian course so many years before you, you need not wonder that I am further on the way." And then, pausing for a moment, she continued: "But I am told by many who have experienced perfect love that God is just as able to give in a moment of time—yea, in a twinkling of an eye—all that I have been for so many years in attaining. I will pray that you may receive a better and a higher blessing than you have yet known or enjoyed."

Ruth Mansfield was beginning to know, through the experiences of her life, the truthfulness of that old-time poet's expression where he says:

"God walks in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform."

As she bade the mistress of the Palace Earnestine good-bye and returned to her own little home, she meditated

upon the silent workings of the Spirit and wondered why things were so. She was indeed surprised at Marie's announcement of faith and holding fellowship with the church, and somewhat of pleasure thrilled her own heart to know that she was indeed enrolled with God's people. But yet she had an inexpressible longing in her soul for that dear one to come up higher and get into the holy of holies, where the Blessed Spirit could have all its own way in her heart. And so she prayed again, as ever, that God in His infinite fullness would come into the heart of Marie Stocklaid and make her a great light in her own church to lead many to a higher and nobler life and work.







A PRETTY GROUP.

CHAPTER XVII.

SPILLING THE WINE AT RANCH EARNESTINE.

Some days after the conversation recorded in the preceding chapter, two women, Ruth Mansfield and Marie Stocklaid, could have been seen driving about the beautiful grounds at Ranch Earnestine. Their appearance at this time and their peculiar movements carried with them somewhat of mystery, exciting some curiosity on the part of the villagers. It was in the loveliest season of the year and hundreds of acres stretched out before them, all under the cultivation of the wine grape. Back a little lay the undulating hills, and farther on could be seen the restless blue sea as it surged and foamed and beat upon the rocks of the shore. Here and there were white cottages that looked inviting enough to a weary pedestrian and told something of peaceful repose within. But as Marie and Ruth paused at each door and held a whispered consultation with the wives of the workingmen, one could see by the tears that would unbidden run down their cheeks during the course of conversation that peace and joy did not flow from all their cups. A close observer could have detected that there was something in the air that had not heretofore been wafted on the breezes to fire the zeal of women. By and by they drew up before a cottage that had a cleaner and happier aspect than any they had yet visited. Here beautiful flowers were blooming, and although the building was the exact counterpart of others, yet a different spirit seemed to pervade the atmosphere, which told of culture and a better civilization. Quietly sitting in the carriage, waiting for the inmates to appear,

Ruth is heard to say: "You see, dear, what a different air there is about a temperance home."

"Yes," said Marie, "and ere long we will bring all the others to look like this one."

At length a stalwart German with his good wife Gretchen is seen to come out of the house with a look of expectancy. On reaching his hand up to Marie, he is heard to say: "Vell den?"

"It is done," said Marie, "and a host of good women will be here with us at seven o'clock this evening. Get everything in readiness and I think our method will work. We will put an end to this unholy business."

Looking into Ruth's face, his old-time work-fellow, he exclaimed: "Praise de Lord, Mees Mansfield! All ve need is to steer up des vimins mit zeal an de ting must go!"

A few words more spoken to the good man and his spouse and the two ladies drove away and put up at the house of the overseer of the ranch. That evening at exactly seven o'clock twenty ladies were assembled in the sitting room at the German home. Gretchen, their hostess, with her hair combed smoothly down behind her ears, and twisted into a close coil at the back of her head and a snowy white apron tied before, was just bubbling over with good fellowship and doing her best to make memorable the occasion of their coming together. When they were seated Ruth struck the chord and they sang: "How Firm a Foundation, Ye Saints of the Lord."

Gretchen knelt and in broken accents prayed that God would bless their coming together and make every woman, even as Mrs. Stocklaid, strong in purpose to do right for His name's sake. When the woman arose from her knees Marie was seen to brush a tear from her eye.

Ruth, in her easy way, said to the company assembled:

"Dear sisters, Mrs. Stocklaid, your benefactress and employer of your husbands, has met with a strong conviction. That she may make her thoughts known to you we have called this meeting. She will now speak and make her purpose known in her own way."

Marie arose, and with gentle dignity began by saying: "My dear sisters," and then paused for the manner of address sounded quaint, "I have found in our private consultations to-day that the heart of every woman before me has been pained by the traffic in rum. And now, dear women, I want to confess to you that I am sorry for my part of the business, and have fully decided to exterminate it, root and plant, from the Ranch Earnestine. It has been the spirit of a strong conviction that has brought me here to take counsel with you in regard to this unholy business and to entreat your help in my scheme to exterminate it. I have been looking out upon the world and noting the ravages which this rum traffic is making in the hearts of wives and mothers. I have seen how it is disrupting the home and the nation. The innate womanhood within me and the love I bear to my husband has made me willing to sacrifice its money value and put it away forever. How many of you present with your husbands and sons will lend a hand and help us empty the wine and brandy now in the vault and let it flow into the sea?"

Each woman present signified her willingness to do what she could and Ruth exclaimed: "Blessed be the Lord who giveth us the victory!" Gretchen shouted and Marie wept. Heroism settled upon the company and made them glad to wage a war with casks and kegs and help banish from the Ranch Earnestine that enemy to their homes, the winery. "Well then," said Marie, pre-

senting the keys to the vault, "everything is in readiness and we will proceed at once to the scene of action."

Gretchen's husband was sent out in quest of the good men whom the ladies knew would stand by them, while she herself invited the company to step into the carry-all that stood in waiting at the door. They were now en route for the winery down by the sea.

The evening was dark. Twenty women silently held their tongues for the space of half an hour, or until they were well out of hearing of the villagers. Shortly after their departure from Gretchen's home one might have heard the unaccustomed blows upon the heads of wine and brandy casks as, one after another, they were dispatched and sent on their way down into the blue waters of the Pacific. Ere long the little company of women were reinforced by a band of strong and sturdy men, led on by their German friend, who worked like heroes in helping the women slaughter the barrels and casks. No warriors ever fought more bravely than this company of men and women. With every gallon of the liquid curse that was spilled silent prayers of thankfulness to God went up from the hearts of those men and women. At length the battle was won; such a shout of victory as went up from that company of people is worthy to be repeated.

That night the victory was telegraphed over the nation. The "League of Freedom," the most popular club, was very indignant when they learned what had taken place at Ranch Earnestine.

Ruth said: "Let the heathen rage and the people imagine vain things, but God, who is the author of the temperance work, is able to stay their wrath, and the end is not yet."

Ruth ordered every vine on the place taken up, root and branch. The land, she said, was to be used for

various kinds of fruit, such as the raisin grape, apricots, etc. When this was done the two women, triumphant in good works, found their way back to the city, having been absent but three days. The commonwealth was rife with gossip, and there were many grave conjectures about the sanity of the rich young woman who had made such a sacrifice of property for conscience's sake. There was great wonderment as to the cause of her strange way of ridding herself of the curse. The people though had not long to wait, for as the months flew by it became an established fact that Earnest Stocklaid was fond of the cup and given to many profligate habits. This publicity was a source of grief to Marie, who loved him well and tenderly. She had fondly hoped that he would not drink to excess, and that she could cover his sin with her wealth, but alas for hopes that have been set upon a victim to rum! She now had but little of Earnest's company. She sat from day to day and wept as she felt the little heart beat beneath her own. She groaned beneath the heavy load, which was indeed hard for her to bear. If she could have laid the blame at any other door than her own she would have found some sense of comfort in it, but upon reflection she was only brought face to face with her own sin and the sore seemed to grow deeper every hour. The sight of Earnest as he came home to her from day to day, staggering under the influence of drink, the loathing she felt in her soul for his rum-soaked person, his polluted breath and bleared eyes, were to this young and sensitive creature a thing horrible in the extreme. Marie had for some months ceased to mingle in society and had cut down the list of friends to a few trusted and tried who had known her from childhood.

Up to this time she had not mentioned her grief to a soul save Ruth, whom she saw but seldom. One day

Marie looked unusually handsome. Arrayed in a pink tea gown, elaborately trimmed with lace, she sat leaning over a chest of drawers handling the dainty things which she expected ere long would be brought into use. She said to Aunt Langsford: "Oh, if I could know that my child would be all right, perfectly formed in mind and body, I would take some comfort in these pretty things, but with such a heritage I can not expect to give to the world a child superior to the common children of the street."

Aunt Langsford was shocked at this announcement and laughed scornfully at the foreboding of her niece. She said: "My dear Marie, how you do depreciate your own blood! Imagine, if you can, how, with a drop of Earnestine blood in its veins, the child can be anything but noble. Why, my dear, I expect that some day your posterity will accept the highest seat in the nations and be known and loved by all people."

"You are very sanguine, Aunt Emile, but to what eminence can a child whose father is a drunkard ever hope to attain?"

Arising to her feet, she paced up and down the room, and as the rich folds of her elaborate garment trailed out behind her, there was something of tragedy written upon her being. One could see that fear and dread were her constant thought. Just then the door to her apartments was thrown open with a bang and Earnest Stocklaid staggered into her presence with a terrible oath ringing from his lips and the blood streaming from a wicked gash cut just above the ear. With horrible fright Marie buried her face in her hands and fell in a dead swoon upon the floor.

Even Aunt Langsford was thrown out of equipoise, feeling uncertain just what to do. To call the servants to

witness this awful scene would but reveal the inner state of affairs to the world and give idle tongues an opportunity to wag at Marie's expense. She stood a moment in a quandary, ringing her hands in mortal fear, when Ruth Mansfield, unannounced, walked into their presence. Taking in the situation at a glance, she exclaimed: "Good gracious, Stocklaid, what do you mean?"

Grasping the arm of the intoxicated man in her strong right hand, she hurried him into a closet at the end of the room and turning a key upon him, said: "Don't you dare to speak until I return to you." She reached some water and, bending over the form of Marie, bathed her face and temples. Ere long the blue eyes opened once more. She was then assisted to her chair, when she glanced nervously around the room, and seeing nothing of Earnest, asked: "Ruth, was it a dream?" Then at the memory of the scene she covered her face and a visible tremor shook her frame, while a deep sob burst from her lips and she wept aloud. "No, Marie, it was not a dream, but a stern reality which you must face as bravely as you can."

Pointing to the closet she said: "Earnest is there under lock and key. Will you not go into another room for a little time and leave the poor wretched man to me?"

Marie arose and feebly moved toward the door, but something was wrong with her knee and she could not walk alone. Leaning upon Aunt Langsford's arm, she was assisted to her bedroom and a servant speedily dispatched for the family physician. Ruth turned the key to the closet and looked in. There, stretched full length upon the floor, lay the unhappy man in a drunken sleep, while the blood oozed steadily from the wound in his face. Allowing him to lie in the same position until the

arrival of the doctor, she prepared the necessary things for dressing the wound, and then sat down to wait. Soon she heard a step upon the stair. She went out, and taking the professional man by the hand, said: "Doctor, I am not going to show you a 'skeleton in the closet,' but a living reality. If you attend to this case first you can give a better diagnosis of poor Mrs. Stocklaid's affliction." She opened the door and looked up into the doctor's face just as his eyes fell upon the hapless man in the closet. His countenance assumed an expression of horror as he looked upon the drunken creature, whose face and linen were smeared with blood, his features swollen and livid with the heat of rum. Wiping the beads of perspiration from his brow, the doctor paused a moment and reflected. At last he spoke.

"Miss Mansfield, how long has this thing been going on?"

"Ever since their marriage day, I believe, doctor; but of late the case is getting to be a desperate one. What can I do to help you, sir?"

"Bring me a bowl of water and a sponge."

Ruth hastened away, and upon returning found the patient seated in an arm chair, while the doctor was removing his outer garments. Dressing the wound, he gave the unhappy man a potion of medicine to cool his blood and commanded his valet to keep him in the house until his return. The fatherly old man had waited at the bedside of Marie's mother when her baby eyes first opened on the world. He went to Marie's room and bent above her. Sincere pity was written upon his kind old face when he said: "Be assured, Mrs. Stocklaid, that you have my sympathy in your sore trouble, and anything I can do for you I will. Remember that I am your friend, as I was your mother's friend before you were born."

Marie's tears flowed afresh at the expression of pity. She allowed her face to lie in his fatherly palm for a moment and thought how good it would seem to roll the burden off and let the generous old man carry it all for her. Poor child! If she had just gone one step higher and thought to lay her burden down as Jesus' feet what a sense of consolation she might have found in this hour of pain! She was started on a long, weary journey to the cross, but she will get there by and by. After awhile she dried her tears and said: "Doctor, if you can only give me the assurance that my precious baby will be all right it would relieve me of the heaviest load I have to bear." Pausing a moment, she continued: "I do not deserve the pity or sympathy of friends, for it has been my own wickedness and disobedience that has brought me into this day of regret. Oft and repeatedly did Ruth warn me against the cup, but I would not hear. The time has come when it is too late."

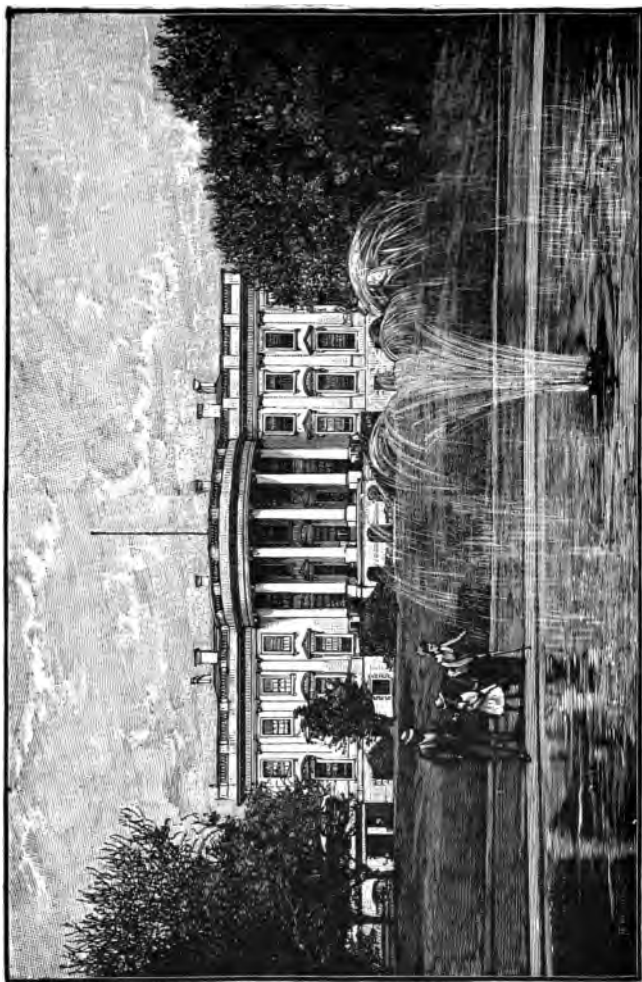
For some days the house was darkened and the nurse moved about the room with careful tread. Marie had a lingering attack and it required the doctor's utmost skill to prevent her from a most serious illness. At last she began to mend and the physician gave his permission for her to drive out and take the ocean breeze that came sweeping in through the Golden Gate.

Earnest Stocklaid had time to think of his downfall and to what point of destruction he was tending. For a time it made him a better man, but try as she would, Marie could not induce him to take the pledge of total abstinence, nor promise that he would refrain from playing games of chance. It began to look as though this respite was only the gathering of the mists that would by and by burst in a fiercer storm upon Marie's defenseless head.

When we pause to think of the many victims of the drink traffic, the many unhappy homes, the many aching hearts that are bewailing this curse in the land, one feels that Uncle Sam should have pity on the defenseless women and children and strike rum from the land. But, alas! when Christian voters have steeled their hearts against pity and turned a deaf ear to humanity's wail! Poor Marie! Fate's hand rests heavily upon her. Her lot is but one of the many, for just below, in the street in San Francisco, are thousands whose sufferings are more intense than hers, for in addition to the hurt of the rum fiend, they also have the sting of poverty. We ask, how long will this accursed traffic be suffered to live and work evil in the land?







WHITE HOUSE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MARIE'S VOW TO HEAVEN.

The days of maternity were ended. Marie lay upon her bed white and still after a long struggle at the verge of the grave. The nurse sat near the bedside, holding in her arms a wee speck of humanity that God had just given to earth. The mother's wistful eyes looked askance at the good woman, but no word was spoken. At length the doctor came and bowed his head to catch her feeble words. She was saying: "May I not see my baby?"

"After a while, Marie; wait until you are a little stronger. Take this potion now and close your eyes for a little time."

Soon Marie was sleeping. Gently, almost as thought, the nurse came and slipped the babe into the bed beside the mother, then vanished from the room. After a moment—was it motherly instinct, or was she dreaming?—she became conscious of its presence. Yes, there it was; the tiny thing that her eyes had yearned to see. Now it lay at her side; she could feel the little soft hand as it lay nestled in her own and she could distinguish the flutter of the little heart and realized that it was her own, own baby. The o'ermastering love of motherhood came grandly into her soul, and for a moment her life was freighted with the most perfect joy that ever comes flooding into a woman's life. Her eyes longed to look upon the child that was all her own. What was it like? She tried to raise her head that she might see its face, but somehow her eyes were dim and she waited to gather strength. At last, with an effort, she rolled the blanket

away and gazed with tenderness upon the little one as it lay snuggled closely upon her arm. Oh, what joy! to behold such perfectly molded features! But she wanted to see it all. Gently turning the little face, she drew it upon her breast and then, one look, and she fell back on her pillow, while an agonized expression of pain swept over her countenance; her brain reeled and she forgot this world as she lay there with her child upon her bosom. The nurse came, then with rapid step hastened into the next room for the doctor. Restoratives were applied. After a great while the white lids fluttered and the blue eyes opened once more. Pleadingly she looked up into the good man's face and said: "Doctor, must it be so? Can't you do something to help it?"

"Nothing, Mrs. Stocklaid, only to ask you to be strong and bear it bravely."

"Lift him up, doctor, that I may look at him again."

The good man lifted the infant in his gentle arms and brought the little face fully in view of the mother. There, just in front of the ear on the child's face, were marks put there to stay for life—an impression photographed by the mother upon the child the very day the father had come in upon her in a state of intoxication. Marie closed her eyes, and a deep groan issued from her lips. After a while in agony she struggled to break the spell, and once more thought of the world. At length she said: "Doctor, aside from this is the body perfect?" The good man hesitated for a moment as though he would spare her feelings, and then answered: "No, dear Marie, one knee is deformed, but it is possible that it can be helped."

The mother lay in an agony of grief and then said: "Lay him upon my breast, doctor, that I may feel his heart beat against my own." After complying with her request

he was about to turn away, when she clung to him with one feeble hand, and then lifting the other to heaven, said: "Oh, God, hear and record my vow this day: As long as I live I will fight the demon drink that has wrought this awful curse upon my child."

The nurse came and was about to take the little one from her when Marie continued: "Doctor, will you take him in your arms once more?" Lifting the little one up, the good old doctor smiled as she said: "I have often been told that I was named while lying on your hands, and now in like manner I wish to name my son before you leave my bedside that you may present him to his father ere you go." The nurse raised her on the pillow. She took the hand of her child, whose fingers closed around her own, and said: "I name him Earnest Earnestine Stocklaid. I give you, my child, with your heritage to your father, Earnest Stocklaid."

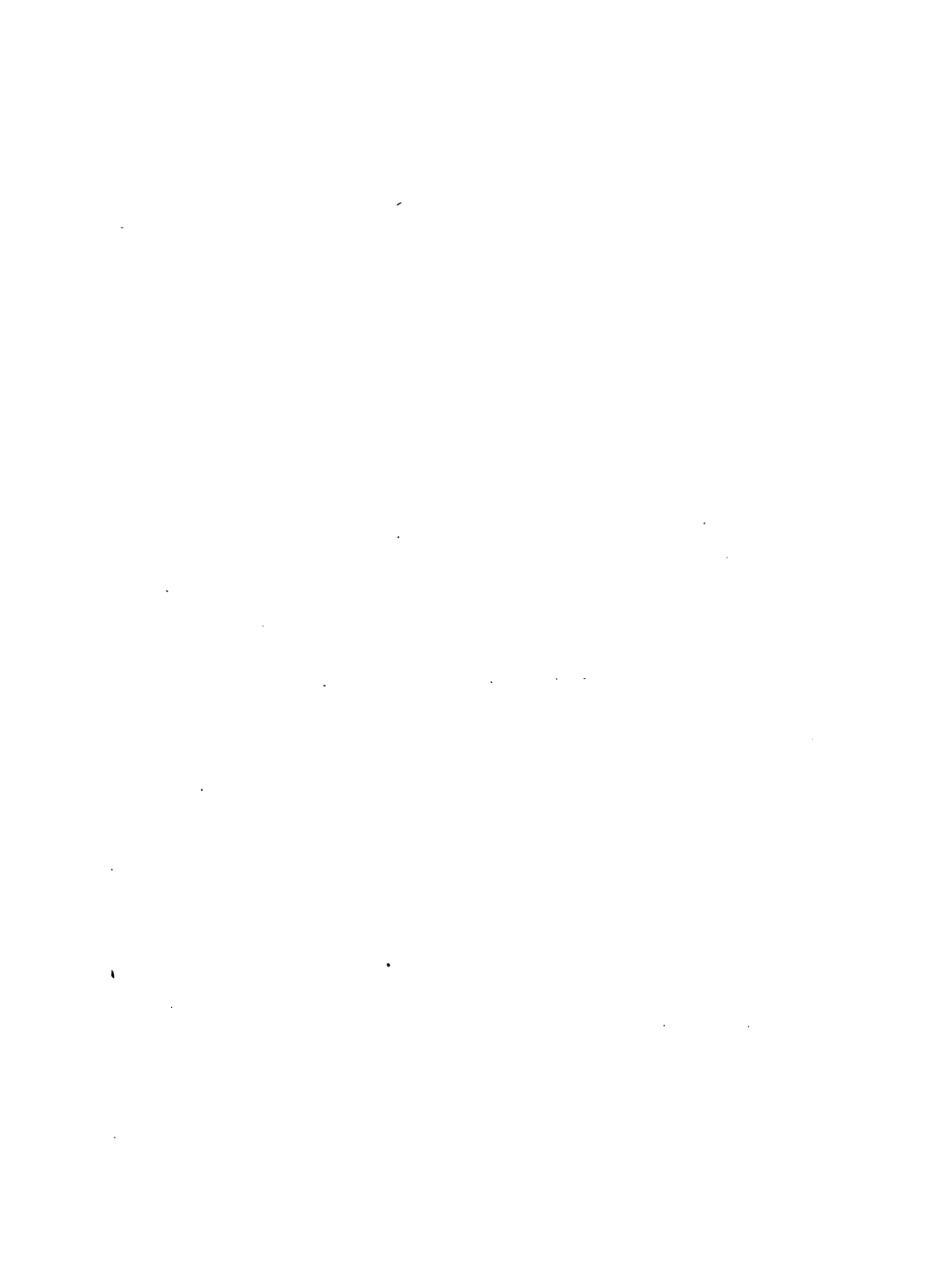
The father arose from his chair, and with an unsteady step came and stood by the bedside of his wife, whom he could have loved tenderly but for rum. He received, as the doctor laid him in his arms, the child that was born with the heritage of a drunkard—his own son.

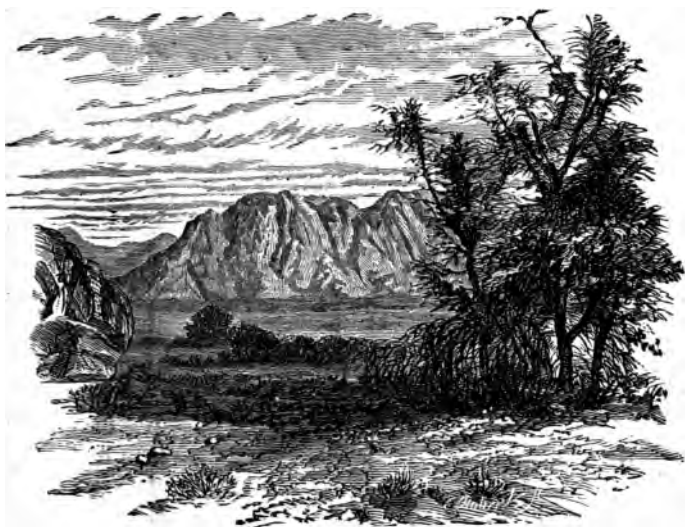
Marie looked up into the father's face and said, oh so tenderly: "Earnest, husband, won't you take the pledge to-day for Earnie's sake?"

The miserable father regarded the boy for a moment while tears welled up in his eyes, and then laying him back in his mother's bosom, he left the room without a word. Ah, you dear father, whose eyes are resting upon this page, have you ever stood where Earnest Stocklaid stood that day and discovered that your love for rum was stronger than your love for wife and child? If so, may God have pity on your poor soul and help you to feel the responsibility of fatherhood.

When a man takes to his heart a pure and trusting woman, promising to be her husband, friend and protector, in that moment he makes himself not only responsible to his wife, but responsible to his God, whether he fulfill that holy mission or not. Earnest Stocklaid had failed in his mission to both his wife and child. Are you amenable to the judgment of God as well as he? God pity that man who is not able to love his wife as his own soul or better than he loves rum, for he doth not know, neither can he enter into the perfect joy of man.







OLD OCEAN.

CHAPTER XIX.

DOINGS AT THE MANSION.

Of late Earnest Stocklaid and Harry Rumsford had been dealing in stocks, and rumor said they had lost heavily. Whether this were true or not, Marie could not tell. But one thing she knew, her bank account had grown suddenly less; and when she investigated the matter found, to her regret that her own name had been forged by her husband for immense sums of money.

What could she do about it? To make any stir or outcry would be but to engender strife and lay her sorrows open to the world. If it had been any other than her husband she would have protected herself by the law. But open disgrace for him in a criminal court meant open disgrace for herself and child, and she felt that she could not face the scandal. She therefore said: "I will forego this offense and warn my agents to be on their guard and protect me from further wrong."

She now saw the necessity of economizing, and thought by cutting down expenses she might in some way repair the loss. She tried her best, but could not get the domestic and business machinery to run smoothly without money. Many enormous bills were sent for her to meet—things for which she could give no earthly account.

Her business agent was perplexed and upbraided her sharply for the destruction of the wine revenue. Marie had no knowledge of business and could not tell about the legality of many things. Somehow her fortune seemed to be vanishing like mist before the wind and she could

not understand why so many long written documents were presented for her to sign.

Once she refused to put her name to a certain paper until she had a better understanding of them, but her husband flew into a rage, and to bring peace she signed her name, hoping to settle the matter.

Her sorrows were many and great. Standing, as she did, high in social life, she was loath to tell her troubles lest "Mother Grundy" make her a subject of gossip. She now saw little of her husband, who was seldom sober, and who was always happier out of her presence. His love for her seemed to have faded, and for little Earnie he had an especial aversion.

This last was a deep sorrow to Marie, who had taught the child to say "Papa" as soon as he could speak. As he grew the little fellow continued lame and was always found resting upon his crutch waiting at the front gate in happy anticipation of a walk to the house with his papa, whom he fondly loved—never dreaming that his affection was not warmly reciprocated.

Even though blighted, Earnest Earnestine was a source of comfort to his mother. She had invested her life for the boy and meant, as soon as the child was sufficiently old, to begin her work in the cause of temperance. She always felt that she should unite with some temperance society, but did not know just how to get about it. She feared lest in some way she might become associated with women who were coarse and illiterate. Poor child! Had she but stopped to think that her association with a drunkard was more demoralizing to the chastity of her spirit than the illiteracy of zealous, earnest-hearted women, how earnestly she would have sought out those from whom she was shrinking! Then her fear of public work would have vanished.

Once Jeanetta, her servant, had asked her to join the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and tried as best she could to explain the object of that society; but it was not made clear and since that day no one had even mentioned the subject or asked her to become a member.

She now saw that something must be done; but just what to do she could not tell. Ruth had been in the east three years or more and Marie missed the inspiration which she was accustomed to draw from her. Her fortune, too, which five years before had looked like an everlasting store of capital, had been dwindling away. All she now had was the Ranch Earnestine and the mansion in which she lived. Upon the latter, too, she had recently learned, was a heavy mortgage which could not be met.

Earnest continued in his profligate ways and of late was growing morose. His presence around the house was a burden.

Several of the house servants had been discharged, and many changes for the sake of reducing expenses had been made. The world now more than ever began to look dark to Marie Stocklaid, and unless a change were to come soon, she felt that she must yield to despair. Life, like clouds, often have a silvery lining, and a recent letter had come from Ruth announcing the glad news that she would soon return to California. This letter seemed to contain a promise to Marie of better things, for she said: "Ruth always did have the happy faculty of making things run smoothly."

Of late she had begun to miss things from the mansion. Several pieces of silver had disappeared from the sideboard and many valuable articles from the various rooms were also gone. Marie thought it was owing to the change in servants, and that unskilled labor was mak-

ing up for low wages by pilfering things from the house. All these trials wore upon Marie, and silver hairs were now beginning to show among the beautiful brown that crowned her brow. She took courage, for she heard that Ruth was coming to the city on the following week, and she said: "That dear girl is so wise; she will show me what part of the machinery that runs the household is loose."

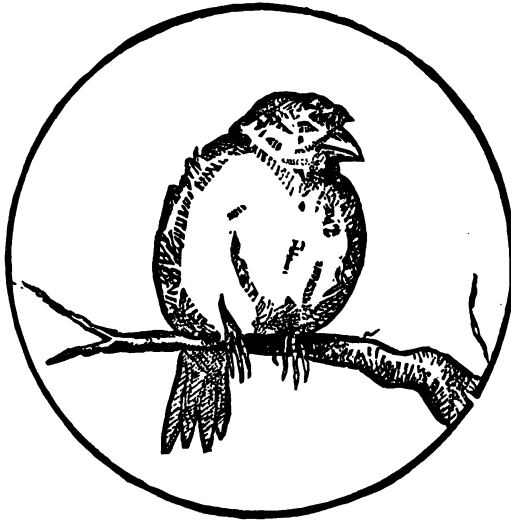
She had taught little Earnie to say "Auntie Ruth," and she had taught him also to speak a temperance verse. The child, too, was waiting anxiously for the happy day when he should see the dear lady that his mamma talked so much about. Many were the air castles he built. He also told of what he would do when "Auntie Ruth should tum."

Ah, happy and joyous childhood, so sweet and trusting and full of hope! Who is there on earth that knows the meaning of Heaven like a mother knows after she has looked for the first time into the baby eyes of an innocent child all her own? There is no guile there. Perfect love casteth out fear. The child trusts its mother as a soul trusts its God. Such was Marie's experience with her son. God, as if to make amends for physical deformities, had given to the boy a noble intellect and a sweet, trusting spirit such as few children possessed. Even when the slippery sands of life were breaking from beneath her feet, she felt that in this boy there was something that would some day make the world better for his having lived in it.

The days and months were passing on. Responsibilities of life were increasing, yet the fond mother felt that she had a stay and comfort in her son. Happy is the man or woman who has yet left to her the love of a little child! The thunders of life's storms may roll over the

soul and the lightnings of remorse shiver the citadel of reason, but that secret place where the mother hides away her troubles is in the heart of her child. The child is as sacred to God as unto herself.

Blessed be the name of the Lord, who in His divine plan of creation thought to give to the home a little child! Blessed be the name of the Lord who in His plan of salvation to the world thought to give to earth a little child—His only begotten Son!



CHAPTER XX.

THE SINS OF THE FATHER TRANSMITTED TO THE CHILD.

The fog had hung dark and gloomy over San Francisco for some days and things about the mansion had been gloomier still, for Earnest had been on a spree of unusual length, during which time the family, and even the servants, had stood in mortal fear and dread of him. But this morning, in which our chapter begins, the sun rose brightly; and little Earnie, whose irrepressible spirit had been making the halls and corridors ring with childish glee, came rushing into his mother's room and joyfully exclaimed: "Oh, mamma! Our papa is in ze brekfas room an he is sober, he is; say, mamma, he let me climb on his knee and tomb his turls, he did. Oh, mamma, isn't our papa nice?" Marie clasped the happy little fellow to her bosom and replied: "Yes, darling, mamma thinks your papa nice. There goes the breakfast bell. Let us hasten below for Auntie Ruth is coming to-day."

The little fellow gave a glad shout and away he went on his crutch, while his mother joined him in a happy chase.

Marie hesitatingly opened the door; and sure enough, her husband, for once in his life, had preceded her into the breakfast room and looked up as she entered with a pleasant "Good-morning." Adjusting the curtain so as to let the beautiful sunlight stream into the room, she came and stood by him in the old familiar way and twined her fingers in the brown curls that clustered upon his brow. Earnest looked up into her face, and she saw a strange

look in his eyes. Feeling some fear, she merely bowed her head and imprinted a kiss upon his forehead and took her seat at the table. "Oh, papa!" exclaimed Earnie, "my Auntie Ruth is tumin to-day, her is! Won't that be jolly, papa?"

Earnest Stocklaid did not heed his child's words, but seemed to be lost in thought. At length Marie said: "Come, husband, your coffee is getting cold. Do you not wish for breakfast this morning?" Still he did not speak, but got up and wandered aimlessly about the room.

Mrs. Stocklaid did not understand his mood, but had grown used to any spell that might possess him, and did not press him for a reason as to his feelings. She and Earnie ate their breakfast in silence.

After a time he snatched up his hat as if in a hurry and rushed out of the house and then downtown, as was his usual habit. Soon as Marie had arisen from the table, she ordered the carriage to be sent for Ruth. A messenger had brought Ruth's card the evening before announcing her arrival at the Palace Hotel. In a way she dreaded the arrival of her old friend an demploye, for the thought of presenting little Earnie with his deformed body seemed dreadful to her. In the years gone by, even before she had consented to become the wife of Earnest Stocklaid, Ruth had warned her what posterity might become from such a union. It was a regret to present him as he was. She mastered her pride, however, and led the little man into the room and introduced him to her guest.

Ruth Mansfield took the boy upon her knee and looked tenderly into his brown eyes. She caressed his high, noble brow with the wealth of chestnut curls clustering about it, and then covering the birthmark with her handkerchief, pressed a kiss upon the little rosebud mouth just as he whispered: "My Auntie Ruth." The ordeal was over

and Marie threw her arms about the girl and sobbed upon her bosom.

"Oh, Ruth," she said, "you told me how it would be and I might have saved my child from such a fate; but I would not listen. Tell me, how can my darling boy go through life with that blight upon him?"

Ruth took the hand that was extended to her, the same one that had so often been withdrawn in disdain, and affectionately pressed it to her lips. "Marie, dear, fear not for your boy's outward affliction, for this might have come to him from any other source than through his father, but, Marie, the blood of a drunkard surges through his veins and it is the appetite and proclivities of the child over which you need to lament; it is the spirit, not the flesh."

Marie gathered her son to her bosom and tenderly caressed him ere she spoke. "Ruth," she said, "how can a spirit so lovely and gentle as that of my child be anything but good? Think you that I have any cause to fear?"

Ruth paused for a moment as if to get her thoughts in order, for what she wished to speak about was for the future benefit of this tender, loving mother. Then she began: "Marie, did you ever think what sort of a child his father must have been?"

"Oh, yes," Marie had thought of it, and taking her companion by the hand, led her to a portrait that hung in full life size upon the walls of the drawing room. There was a merry, laughing boy, just brimming full of mischief, whose very soul was in his eyes as he looked back at them from the canvas. The exact counterpart of the child that now clung to Ruth's finger—one would almost suppose it to be the same.

"And this was Earnest, Marie?"

"Yes, dear; don't you think my son bears a striking resemblance to his father?"

"Yes, it is a very remarkable one and I do not wonder that you are such a devoted mother, for no such reproduction could have been except through your perfect love for its progenitor. Thus you see, dear mother, that this little spirit, the offspring of perfect love, is of God; and God is good, not evil. It is only children begotten without love whose very existence but tends toward darkness instead of light. So you see, Marie, that you have much to build upon in the character of your child." She pointed to the portrait and said: "That merry, laughing boy who seems as you look at him so angelic and pure, even he, the father of your child, fell and became a drunkard. Can you hope for anything better in Earnie?"

Marie caught her son to her bosom, while a wave of agonizing grief swept over her soul, and she cried: "Oh, Ruth! I love my child, but rather than see him as his father is I would gladly give him up to the grave. Tell me, what can I do to save him from such a wretched life?"

"Set your fortifications around his weakness, Marie, and begin to build up character in him that he may be able to withstand temptation. Your work must be 'precept upon precept, precept upon precept; line upon line, line upon line; here a little, and there a little,' according to the instructions given by the grand old prophet, Isaiah, who has indeed shown us by his teachings just how to fortify the generations against the curse of drink."

Winding her arms about Ruth, Marie led her back to her seat and in a spirit of unutterable tenderness, said: "Dear Ruth, I am so glad you have come! You have ever been my good angel and had I listened to your kind, motherly counsel what a world of sorrow I should have been saved. But, dear one, my life is not yet all lived,

and perhaps there is time to profit somewhat by your teachings and blessed counsel.

"First of all, Ruth, before we arrive at the real work wherein I need your help, explain to me more fully the meaning of prenatal influences and the law that governs heredity."

Ruth smiled with satisfaction, for above all she wished to say just these things to this dear mother, and she began.

Drawing Earnie to her side, she explained: "There are volumes of scientific thoughts upon this subject which it will do you good to read, but just now I will take delight in unfolding a little of this truth to you." Laying her finger gently upon the birthmark of the child, she said: "This dear, can not properly be called an inherited likeness, and yet it was placed there through the conduct of the father and might be handed down to the progeny of the child. You must understand that that passage of the written law where Moses said, 'The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children,' is fully exemplified in this case. It was the environment that the father threw around you that is here reflected in your child.

"This is manifested in the flesh, but the same law which put this here can also place a stamp upon the soul. For instance, that thing of which you stand in mortal fear, coming suddenly upon you, is stamped upon the flesh; but were it to come upon you moderately, giving you time to repulse it mentally, it would leave its impress upon the soul of your child.

"So it is often true that a child whose progenitors are perfectly free from loathsome taints, such as licentiousness and a tendency to alcoholics and tobacco, may have had a propensity for vice placed in its spirit by the mother because of unhappy environments thrown around her. For instance, a mother said to me not long ago: 'My

son is a tobacco fiend; explain to me, if you can, how it can be so, since there has never been a tobacco user in all our generations.' When questioned to ascertain whether he had acquired the habit by foolhardy indulgence, she said: 'Oh, no, from his birth he has had an insatiable love for the weed, and it has simply been beyond my power to prevent him from its use.'

"Carefully inquiring into her state during the time of her pregnancy, she explained that her environments had been of the most loathsome sort. She was obliged daily to endure the fumes of tobacco from an aged person who had been left to her charge.

"Thus, dear Marie, you can see that these things come both from environment, also from inheritance. That thing which is exceedingly loathsome, as well as peculiarly agreeable to the mother, may leave its imprint upon either the body or the spirit of the child unborn.

"But I would not linger on the picture of evil propensities, for I can see written within the depths of your child's soulful eyes many happy environments which have come from your life, even before and after his birth. Yes, I can see from his gentle spirit and deep, intellectual face that your teachings have been such as will have a tendency to crush the evil, and upon its foundation you can build up a character that will thwart the forces of transmitted law."

Marie sat an eager auditor to it all, greedily devouring the words as they fell from the woman's lips. As Ruth ceased speaking, Marie said: "There is one other point which you have not yet made plain to me. What is the matter with Earnie's knee? How could it have been deformed?"

Ruth smiled wisely as her hand rested upon the little boy's crutch, and replied: "The law which governs that

part of your child's misfortune, Marie, is a simple one, but in order to make it plain I must recall the painful memory of its occasion. You remember that day when your husband appeared before you in a drunken condition, giving you a horrible fright? The sound of his unnatural voice and the sight of his wounded head were telegraphed to your soul and body at one and the same instant. It first struck your brain, which is the seat of thought, and then went quivering over your being, telegraphing the horror to every nerve in your body. Extending downward, it enveloped your child and had reached as far as your knee when reason forsook her throne, throwing down the wires and making the greatest jungle of confusion at the point where the message terminated. If you remember, when you arose you could not walk, as there was no strength in your knee. Had you have understood the law at the moment of your shocking encounter you could by vital force have broken the condition of the shock and saved your child. But this is now done, Marie, and you have the dear little fellow just as he is. Make the most of him. Arguments and tears can not change his case, nor make one hair of his head change color. He is with you, all your own, and a beautiful boy, too. God has placed within your care and keeping this precious soul. Will you train him for hell or Heaven, for darkness or for light? It rests with you whether he will be a blessing or a curse in the world. Yes, it is for you whether or no your child will be an honor to his country and a glory to his God. A mother's teaching invariably frames the destiny of the child's soul."

"I see the force of your arguments, dear Ruth," said Marie, "and I feel as I long have felt, that there is something lacking in my Christian experience to make me a perfect mother. I do not know what I can do to enlarge

my capacity for holiness, or to bring me to that point where I can more ably and perfectly fulfill my mission to my child.

"I have been faithful to my church and have never once omitted making a full confession of all my sins. I have given largely to the support of the gospel and have tried to teach Earnie the catechism in all faithfulness of heart. If I have not kept the whole law, then, dear Ruth, I do not know it, for I have done the best I could. What would you counsel me to do further? Tell me, what is the course you would mark out for me to pursue?"

A peculiarly tender, holy awe was in Ruth voice as she replied: "Other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid, which is Christ Jesus. A mother has but one safeguard, Marie, and that is in the Bible and prayer. Have you established a family altar in your home where Earnie, your husband, and your servants can kneel with you as you read from that blessed book? Do you let Jesus come right into your heart and abide with you in all the fullness of His love so that the world may know from the joy that shines in your face that He is in you and you in Him?"

A crimson glow diffused the lips and brow of the young mother as she frankly made answer: "No, Ruth, I do not believe that Holy One has ever come into my heart. Once when I was in deep sorrow I tried to pray as I have heard you pray, but the heavens were as brass above my head and God was far beyond the hearing of my feeble voice. And feeling that I must bear my grief alone, I kissed the crucifix and came back to the prayers of my church and have tried to be content. I put the Bible which you gave me away and hardened my heart to all your religious instructions, and since that day have not again allowed its approach." Arising, she went and

brought the Holy Book, Ruth's present to her some years before, and said: "Open it for me, dear girl, for if there is comfort and light between these lids for me, that I may better understand my duty to my child, then I must know it for myself."

Opening the book to the fifteenth chapter of John's Gospel, Ruth began and expounded the truth as it is written in all the fullness of His promises. And then turning page after page of the book, she revealed, in all tenderness, the spirit of Christ, dwelling at great length upon His promises to come in and abide with us and keep us from sin.

Most firmly did she impress upon the woman's mind the fact that He is an ever-present Savior. Then she asked: "Marie, do you believe God's word?"

"Yes, Ruth, I do believe."

Then said she: "Take His promises and believe that God and His holy messengers of light are here. Yes, and the blessed Virgin, too, with that innumerable company of angels to hear and answer prayer. The heavens are not brass, as you may suppose; neither is that Blessed One, who went away to send the 'Comforter,' so far removed from earth as you think. He is even here to-day, Marie, waiting to bestow upon you the gift of His holy spirit, who will come in and abide with you every day and hour if you will only let Him."

Mrs. Stocklaid was weeping, and a broken spirit gave evidence of her willingness to let the Lord of Heaven take possession of her heart. The two knelt there in prayer with the precious little boy, who had one arm about each neck. The pleading of Ruth's soul as it looked out from her eyes was more eloquent than words, and the spirit that went forth to meet a soul that was yielding to His touch was, at that moment, sublime with a Savior's love;

and Marie yielded to its power. Kneeling there with their arms twined around each other, God came down to meet the tired soul and to lift the burden from her life. Arising from their knees, a spirit of irradiation beamed from her countenance and gave evidence that she was indeed "born again," and Marie Stocklaid had taken one step upward in her Christian experience.

"Thus the weary days of watching,
And the nights of ceaseless care
That had tortured so her being
And had filled her with despair,
Now were laid upon the altar
For the Lord to bear away;
While a soul could sing triumphant
In the light of perfect day."





mistress, and taking in the situation at a glance, she exclaimed: "May the holy saints guard us, my lady! Who has entered your room?"

Giving the girl a sharp look, she replied: "Jeanetta, you know very well that there has not a soul entered my room this morning but yourself, and now I command you to bring back my jewels at once or I shall immediately summon an officer and have you taken to the police station."

The girl's face at once grew crimson with fright and then pale. Truly no culprit ever looked more guilty than she at that moment. Marie felt certain she was the offender.

"I will give you just five minutes, Jeanetta, to bring back my jewels or I will send for an officer and have you arrested."

Falling upon her knees before the imperious woman, Jeanetta clung to her skirts and asked for mercy. "I am innocent, Mrs. Stocklaid. I pray you believe what I say. Do you think me to be a thief? Remember I love you and please remember my poor sick mother. Do you suppose that I would steal your lovely jewels and break my mother's heart? Oh, my lady, I have not touched them, or even been tempted to do so."

To this appeal Marie was deaf, for she was convinced by the girl's manner that she was guilty of the theft. Therefore, stepping to the telephone, she called an officer and Jeanetta was hurried off to the station amidst tears of protestations of innocence and the screams of little Earnie, who clung to the officer, pounding him with his baby fists and persistently demanding that he "Let his Nettie alone."

At one time in Marie's life this morning's work would have made but little impression on her conscience, but at

this time her mind was greatly disturbed and she thought: "Oh, if Jeanetta should be innocent, what an awful thing I have done."

She sat down to her embroidery with little Earnie sobbing at her knee, but the stitches would not lie evenly and she put the work away; then she tried her favorite author, but the book had lost its fascination; she then took a walk in the grounds, but the bright sunlight of Heaven rebuked her and smote sorely upon her conscience. Again she thought about Jeanetta down in the damp, dark city prison, and she fell to wondering if it was really Jeanetta who took the things after all. Inadvertently she found herself back in her own room. Earnie was close at her side and would not be banished from her presence. Tears came to her eyes and she slipped down upon her knees by the bedside and prayed aloud. She plead that God would show her what to do; that if she were in the wrong to convince her of it and she would go at once and bring Jeanetta from the prison.

Earnie put his arms tightly about his mamma's neck and shouted: "Tell it to Auntie Ruth, mamma! Tell it to Auntie Ruth! Her will show you how!"

What a comforting thought! She lifted the little fellow in her arms and tenderly kissed him, then hastened away to order her carriage.

Strange that she should not have thought of Ruth before instead of acting upon her own impulse. In a few moments she was in close consultation with the sage adviser, Ruth Mansfield, who had proven herself to be scarcely ever in the wrong. As she listened, Ruth's face assumed a knowing look, as much as to say, "I have my opinion of whom the culprit may be." Arising, she donned her bonnet and wraps and said to Mrs. Stocklaid:

"I will go with you and see if we can not find the missing jewels."

Taking their seats in the carriage, Ruth gave the order and a search began. Up one street and down another and round about in the various places where it might be possible to find them they went until they had visited nearly every pawnbroker's establishment in the city. Then Marie began to think that Ruth had made a vain search, when the girl said to the coachman: "Now to Uncle Harris', on Kearney street."

That rich old man who had been the recipient of treasures for many years, smilingly came forward as they entered his place of business and said: "What can I do for you, ladies?" He did not often have one so elegantly attired as Mrs. Stocklaid enter his place and he was exceedingly gracious. He was a shrewd business man and he gave Marie a searching look as much as to say: "Is it possible; have you some jewels which you wish to deposit with me?" But Ruth was the spokesman. She said brightly: "Have you any diamonds on exhibition, Uncle Harris? We would like to look at them if you have."

The man gave them a keen, sharp look and said: "Wish to buy, eh?" Then he graciously showed them what he had in stock.

None seemed to just suit the ladies, and with a decidedly disappointed air they were about to turn away when the old man said, with his suspicions quite disarmed: "I have some superb jewels that I have just received this morning which have not yet been put upon exhibition; perhaps you would be glad to see them."

Stepping to a private drawer, he then exhibited the full set that had but recently left Marie's own jewel case.

The two ladies looked knowingly at each other and then at the man before them.

Ruth waited for him to speak, but as he waited in silence Miss Mansfield said: "Will you tell us, sir, who left these here?"

Going to the book, the man came directly back and replied: "Earnest Stocklaid, madam."

Marie caught at Ruth's arm for support and with a "Thank you, sir," to the obliging pawnbroker, she said: "We will call again and decide about them." Then the two ladies walked out of the store and once more took a seat in the carriage.

"To the city prison," said Marie to the coachman, now having regained her equilibrium. She was anxious to liberate poor Jeanetta. The coachman, having an inkling of the business on hand, gave a little low whistle, inaudible to Marie's ear, and cracking his whip, in three minutes they stood at the entrance of the old city hall, beneath which poor Jeanetta in a cold, gloomy cell was sobbing her eyes out, every moment growing more and more bitter at heart over the cruel wrong that had been done her.

Ruth was about to step from the carriage to go in quest of the hapless girl, when Marie said: "No, Ruth, I will go, since it was my hasty act that made me wrongfully do the girl injustice."

Ruth looked doubtfully into her face and said: "Marie, you will see some sad sights down there. You had better let me, who am accustomed to such scenes, go for you."

Mrs. Stocklaid shook her head, then walked into the office of the chief of police.

Making her errand known, she said: "I was altogether too hasty in preferring charges against the child, and wish now to make what amends I can by coming myself to bring her away. I would like to be shown to her cell

that I may the sooner tell that I have proven her innocent and am sorry for what I have done."

The face of the erudite administrator of the law assumed a look of stern severity as he frowned upon the woman and uttered the following rebuke: "You had better think twice, madam, before you send a young girl into that foul atmosphere!" Then speaking to an officer at his side, he said: "Show this woman below, and be sure you give her a fair sight of the inmates of the prison."

They passed down the corridor, pushing their way past a crowd of rough men, then descended a flight of stairs. Marie's courage began to fail. Her limbs trembled and would barely support the weight of her body. Pausing for a moment at the bottom of the flight, she said to her escort: "Will you allow me, sir, to take your arm? For some reason I feel very shaky over this affair, and it is an effort for me to stand."

They soon stood before the great open bars. The turnkey came, opened the door and let them in. A chill ran over Marie's body when she heard the key grate in the lock again and she knew that the strong bars were between herself and the outer world.

A look of wonder flitted over the face of the turnkey as he regarded the elegant contour of Mrs. Stocklaid and saw how heavily she leaned upon the man at her side for support. Marie thought she detected in the face of her guide a twinkle of merriment as he led her into the damp, foul atmosphere of the cold, dark city prison of San Francisco. To their right, as they passed in, there was a long row of cells. Behind these there cowered a multitude of souls which had been sent for various crimes by the hand of justice. Men from all stations in life, white, black, American and foreign born, were herded together in the same pen, awaiting trial for the various

crimes that they had committed. Near by, with only a screen to separate them, was a quarter of a hundred of women in various attitudes, with the visible mark of intemperance written upon their faces.

One mother held to her breast a sucking child as she reclined on a bench in drunken stupor. There, right in the center of the pen, stretched at full length, were half a dozen completely overmastered by rum. Crawling over the bodies, around and under the stretchers upon which the women lay, was vermin and even rats.*

A sickening horror was stealing over Marie's senses. She was about to turn away, when something familiar in the face of one of the women caused her to pause again. Yes, sure enough, she knew her. It was Polly Hopkins, who had once been a servant in her father's house. Her dusky face had at one time in her life looked pure and good. It now looked bloated and besotted with the fires of alcohol. She was saying to her drunken associates: "Come on! Come on! I am able to fight that old Leviathan, the devil, and I can thrash the floor with the best one of you!"

All at once she became conscious that there was a visitor present and in an instant she became as docile as a lamb and stood with her face pressed against the bars, while the tears ran down like rain over her dusky cheek.

She reached out her hand, and taking that of Mrs. Stocklaid's, pressed it to her rum-polluted lips, saying as she did so: "Oh, Miss Marie, won't you be my missis once more? I wouldn't be here, honey, if I had a good missis."

Strength now came to Marie's limbs and a wish began to burn in her soul that it might be in her power to save

*A fact which even exists to-day in the prison at San Francisco.

these awful wrecks and wretches before her. Mastering herself, she said: "Polly, when you get out from here and are free from drink come to me and I will talk to you."

"Oh, Miss Marie, how good you be! But it will be a long time before I am out again, but I'll remember your word and come some day."

Passing on, Marie saw a host of boys ranging in ages from nine to fifteen years. They were smoking cigarettes with a "don't care air" about them that resembled the spirit of total depravity more than anything else she had ever met before. Oh how her heart ached to save those boys! She thought of her own little Earnie, sitting out in the carriage with Ruth, and what she would suffer were he behind these bars.

They passed on from cell to cell and she saw the fullness of suffering in human souls. She heard the ribald jests and bacchanalian songs from the lips of those yet under the influence of drink, and her spirit grew fierce to fight the giant, rum, which could so debase the human soul and bring it low as this.

Looking up into the face of the officer by her side, she said: "They did not bring Jeanetta to this awful place?"

"Surely, madam."

"Then take me to her at once. I will take her into the free, pure atmosphere of home, where she may forget, if possible, these awful sounds."

In a moment she stood at Jeanetta's cell at the left of the corridor from the entrance. Here sat Jeanetta sobbing as though her heart would break. The door swung back and Marie went in. Taking the girl she said: "Poor Jeanetta, innocent and good! I am sorry that I misjudged you. Come with me."

The aggrieved child, glad to see any friend at this moment, buried her face in Mrs. Stocklaid's bosom and was

comforted. As they came up out of the horrible pit into God's free air of heaven, she said: "Oh, Mrs. Stock-laid, that awful hell of which Sister Monica has taught us can not be more dreadful than that place where I have been."

Earnie put his arms around "his Nettie's" neck and laughed for joy to have her back again. He said: "Bad old blue coat! We don't like him, do we, Nettie?"





PEACEFUL WATERS.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE RUM FIEND.

In the solitude of her own room Marie sat and pondered. This was a heinous thing which her husband had done and she now thought, without doubt, that all the missing articles from the mansion could be traced to him, as her jewels had been. How to approach him she knew not, for she was afraid of him; but she knew this thieving work must be stopped. To this her mind was made up, and she prayed that that blessed spirit which electrified her being and quickened all her mental powers would teach her what to do.

When evening came, as they sat down to dinner, Marie poured the tea and then began to regard her husband with unusual scrutiny. How he had changed in the past five years. The beautiful curls that once clustered so beautifully around his temples were now unkempt and streaked with gray. His finely chiseled features were growing rough and coarse; his eyes that had sparkled with mellow luster were now dim and bleared.

Earnest Stocklaid of to-day bore little or no resemblance to the elegant, noble young man who had won her heart in far-off Germany. The gentle wife forgot her duty as she sat gazing upon the wreck of her once cherished hope. She knew that she, too, had faded and she was wandering back through the wreck of years to find, if she could, all that she had missed. She saw that her loss was an irretrievable one.

At length she was startled from her reverie by a snarl

from the object of her thoughts, who said: "What are you gazing at me in that way for? What have I done to merit your displeasure?"

Marie came back to herself, and while a crimson glow mantled her cheek and brow, she replied: "You have done enough, Earnest, to merit the displeasure of all good and honorable people. You have put yourself on a level with the felon and deserve at this moment to be put behind the prison bars."

Affecting the direst ignorance of her meaning, he repeated: "Why, what have I done to deserve such biting words from your lips, Marie?"

And if the wife had not known to the contrary, she would have thought the poor wretch most innocent of the charge she was about to make.

Jeanetta was standing at the back of her mistress' chair. This was the first inkling that she had as to whom had perpetrated the theft. Her astonishment was most overwhelming as she listened to the following words: "What have you done? Sir, you have stolen and bartered my jewels. You have robbed the mansion of its silver and many valuable articles. You have squandered my fortune. Ever since the day when I gave you my hand in marriage you have been working to bring disgrace upon yourself and family. Your face is bent to ruin, and unless you turn from your downward course a few years more will place you in a felon's cell and the disgrace of a father's dishonored life will rest upon his son as he comes up to manhood. To-night I call you to halt, and unless you shape your conduct differently in the future, you and I must exist in a separate sphere, for I have now suffered the end of the law of forbearance."

To say that he, Earnest Stocklaid, flew into a passion would be but a feeble expression of his demonstration.

Such horrible oaths! Such reckless hurling of missiles! Such crashing and smashing of china from the table is only the work of a mad man as he raged about the room. The fine tissues of the man's brain, so long permeated by alcohol, was on fire, and the tension of reason, now stretched to its utmost, gave way, and Earnest Stocklaid had indeed gone mad.

Jeanetta had taken little Earnie and fled from the scene but poor Marie lay upon the floor, having been knocked senseless by a plate which he had hurled at her head.

The gardener and Dan, the coachman, rushed in at the sound of confusion and quietly took the mad man from the house. The servants lifted Marie tenderly and laid her upon the bed. A physician was summoned. Upon his arrival he found Earnie screaming at the top of his voice and shouting: "My poor mamma is killed! My poor mamma! Poor mamma!"

It was quite an hour before Marie could be restored to consciousness, then quiet again settled down upon the family. Long and earnestly that night Marie thought as she lay upon her bed. She was making a review of her life up to this period. She had not yet rounded her twenty-eighth birthday, but somehow time had stretched out into a dreary pile of years as she lay there contemplating the past and looking at the future. What horrible years hers had been! Must her whole life be like the past? For a time a deep spirit of bitterness crept into her soul. She felt that Fate, ordered by the hand of God, was merciless, and she was blaming her Creator. At last she began, as with a tracing line, to travel back over the past decade of years. One after another she dwelt upon the events of her life and felt self-righteous as she comforted her soul and told herself she had done the best she could. But by and by she paused. There

she had been in far-off Germany reveling over the wine cup, closely nestled at the side of Earnest Stocklaid, as they sat long at the dinner table. She again saw Ruth standing over against the wall with a pleading look in her eyes, asking her to desist. Once more she felt that spirit of abandonment and heard her own voice as she was saying to Earnest: "A young man that must be obligated by a pledge to keep from taking a sup of wine is unworthy the consideration of any gentle woman's notice." Heard him reply: "Oh, Miss Earnestine, give it to me. I can not bear your scorn." And then her own jeweled hand pressed the cup to his lips. Who was to blame? Earnest Stocklaid had broken his pledge obligated to his mother and his God, and had fallen by her own hand. She saw it all now more forcibly than at any previous time in her life, and she wondered why, why she had been so blind and deaf as to the results of the wine cup.

Why was she blaming God for her fate? Shame covered her with confusion. She arose from her bed, knelt down by its side and prayed for pardon, while she acknowledged to her God that her fate had been just what she had made it.

There on bended knee she thought of her husband, a rum fiend, abandoned to drink and crime, and accused herself of his downfall. She thought how lost he was to God, and she prayed the avenging spirit to have mercy upon his soul.

Where was Earnest at that moment? Had his reason forsaken him? Was it a temporary freak of madness that had caused him to rage as he had done that night, or was it permanent?

"Oh, God!" she prayed, "save my husband from the awful sins of his life and give him back to me as pure as he was that day before I tempted him to drink!"

Then she wondered why she had never prayed for his conversion before. "God is merciful," she said, "and maybe my prayers are not too late to be effectual in his case." Creeping back into bed, she hugged her boy to her bosom, bathing his brown curls with tears until break of day.

When morning dawned Aunt Langsford came and stood by her bedside. The dear old lady's face was red from weeping. She bent over her niece. Her own arm, which had been bruised by a blow from Earnest as she had come between the two, was tied up in a sling. She said: "Poor Marie! I have been thinking of you all night, and I want to tell you, dear, that I am sorry I ever urged you to marry Earnest Stocklaid. I have lived to see that there are a good many places in life where money will not carry you through."

Marie took the hand of her aunt and thought the time auspicious to tell her that her fortune was well nigh spent. She also told her many things concerning Earnest's profligate ways which the aunt did not know, and was horrified beyond expression. Ruth heard the worst and came to comfort. A look of sadness such as Marie had not seen before rested upon her face and her eyes were dim with tears as she bent over the stricken body of her friend. At length she asked: "Marie, are you able to rise? I need your company for a little time."

The lady raised upon her elbow and looked inquiringly into Ruth's face. "What is it, dear? Is anything wrong with Earnest?"

"Yes, Marie; the physician has summoned you to his office. Earnest has not recovered his reason and he must be kept in close confinement for a time."

A sorrowful look flit over the wife's countenance and she arose from her bed; but she did not weep. The foun-

tain of her tears had been emptied long before day. She went and looked into the mirror. There upon her pale white brow was a great black mark that had been almost her death blow. She covered it with her hand and asked Ruth to dress her hair. Jeanetta brought some toast and a cup of tea, of which she partook, and then the two took their seats in the carriage and were driven to the new city hall.

They went direct to the office of the commissioner for the insane. Then they waited but a moment, when Earnest was ushered into their presence, carefully guarded by two strong men.

His eyes glared like those of an enraged tiger, and his wild, impulsive words, spoken with vehemence, testified that his madness was of no ordinary character. Marie burst into tears and went directly to him. With a wicked oath he attempted to spring upon her, but being restrained by the guard, gnashed his teeth, while the white foam issued from his lips in awful, awful madness. "Rum! Rum!" he cried. "Bring me the bowl or I shall go mad!" The wife veiled her eyes that she might not see his writhing and torture.

The doctor wrote the certificate and the officers hurried him away to the asylum at Stockton.

Poor, suffering humanity. Rum is a delusion and a snare.

Who is trying to reduce this suffering? Men, the fathers of our country? No! Else long ago the white-winged ballot would have made us free.

Christians, who kneel at the altar and pray for grace? Ah, no! not they; else the rum fiend would long ere this have run his race. Who then cares for the sufferings of wives and mothers in our land? Ah, beloved, it is the

feeble, faithful few, whose votes and prayers and tears in truth do flow.

God hasten the day when the weak shall be strong and able
to stand,
To banish the rum fiend from our beautiful land.





ARRANGING FOR THE PARTY.

CHAPTER XXIII.

HER FORTUNE SPENT.

The city of San Francisco was ablaze with great flaming posters. Frances E. Willard, the renowned president of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union, was coming to the Pacific Coast on her mission of love for humanity. As Marie Stocklaid and her boon companion, Ruth Mansfield, drove away from that splendid pile of masonry, the new city hall, beneath the roof of which so many good and evil turns are done for the people of the city, Ruth's face was made to shine with gladness as she read the welcome announcement.

Calling her friend's attention to the notice, she said: "You must see her, Marie, that splendid woman; there is none greater on earth to-day. She will do you good."

Marie repeated her words and looked a little mystified. "None greater on earth? Why, Ruth, I would not think of saying that for Queen Victoria of England even. What has this woman done that you should call her great?"

Ruth looked Mrs. Stocklaid full in the face, for she thought her to be jesting. But when she saw honest inquiry in her eyes, she exclaimed: "Have you not heard of Frances Willard? Why, Marie, what a small world you have existed in not to be familiar with that household name. Frances Willard is president of the grandest army of women that the sun of heaven ever shone upon; an army of women who stand with battle-ax in hand, striking blow after blow at the very root of the liquor traffic. It is the Woman's Christian Temperance Union."

Marie's face betokened her gladness and she said: "May my eyes behold her glorious image and may my soul catch the spirit of her zeal as she pleads the cause near to my heart!"

The day arrived. The Metropolitan Temple was resplendent in the glory of its light. The auditorium was packed to overflowing with an eager, anxious crowd, who had come to see the woman that was turning the world upside down and bringing about the disruption of the organized liquor powers of America. The voices of that vast multitude made the air vibrate with gladness as everybody united in singing the national hymn, "America." It was then that the noble Ruth Mansfield, in company with Mrs. Marie Stocklaid, came down the aisle and took seats in the front of the platform. Many admiring glances from the populace were cast upon her as she entered. Ruth Mansfield was better known to-day than fifteen years ago, when she mounted the marble steps at Palace Earnestine in answer to an advertisement for waiting maid.

What a wonderful evolution there had been in her life and character within the last ten years! But the change was not more noticeable in her than in the woman who sat by her side. She, Marie Stocklaid, had come to hear for the first time the code of principles advocated by the world's president of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Frances Willard was in full power, and her matchless eloquence held her audience spellbound. She made many to feel, when she began to unwind her ball of white ribbon that now belts the globe, binding together the motherhood of the nations of the world into one coalescent whole, that they had caught a glimpse of Heaven in her portrayal of the home. As she revealed the methods of the work and made her plea for the

motherhood of San Francisco to muster into line, Marie's soul caught on fire and she said: "Lord, here I am; what wouldst Thou have me to do?"

Immediately after the close of the address, and while the choir were singing the national anthem of the W. C. T. U., "For God and Home and Native Land," a host of white-ribbon women arose and began to circulate the muster roll to increase the membership of their local society. Marie was first to write her name in clear, bold characters, and said as she did so: "I am ready with battle-ax in hand to work for the overthrow of rum."

On the morrow the sisterhood were to assemble at the state headquarters for conference and prayer with their national president. Marie's soul was now on fire, she longed to have her inspiration ignite with other souls. In the true spirit of one called of God for the work, she spent her morning before the meeting in calling upon the Catholic women of her own church and told them of the glad message that had come to her soul. At the time appointed for the conference the spacious parlors at headquarters were filled to overflowing with the elite women of the city, who had come together to sit at the feet of their great leader in temperance work.

When Miss Willard asked to have a special session of prayer with those who wished to consecrate their lives and all their worldly possessions to God and temperance work, Marie Stocklaid was the first to arise and come forward. Kneeling there with the hand of Frances Willard resting upon her head, she laid her all upon the altar for God and the blessed work of reform. A new world had opened up before the woman so grieved and tired in spirit. She began to look beyond to catch a glimpse of the sunshine that shone in the distance between the rifted clouds. But when she thought of her husband, chained in a maniac's

cell in the asylum at Stockton, and meditated upon the possible helplessness of the case, a spirit of sadness crept over her that could not be dispelled. Not even Ruth's smile nor the new-found work could make her forget nor keep the canker worm from gnawing at her heart. Still she hoped and bravely pressed forward, embracing each day's duty as it came.

The time was now at hand when the mortgage on the Palace Earnestine had become due and was about to be foreclosed. Creditors clamored for their due. The dear woman was distracted as she thought of her strait and what the result of a final settlement would mean to her. She saw that her home was to be swept from under her and that she must go down and out into the world, a world that was laughing and rejoicing over her downfall. The day came for the sale and her business agent waited upon her for advice. He wished to know her will if anything could be saved from the wreck. She paused a moment with downcast eyes and thought. At length she said: "Let it all go if need be, but save the Ranch Earnestine. That was my mother's dying bequest to me and I can not part with it unless I must; it will be all I will have with which to educate my boy." There was a merry twinkle in the eye of Jack Halstead as he listened to her advice and thought what a happy surprise he held in store for her if things worked as he had planned.

Evening came at last. Marie had been shut up in her room all day, excluding from her presence her nearest and dearest friends—not even Ruth had been permitted to see her face. But at length, after a long season of prayer, she came forth and a look of triumph rested upon her countenance as she took her accustomed place at the table to preside over the evening meal. Ruth had come to spend a week with her with the thought that perhaps

her presence might be some solace to her aching heart in this distressing hour when her home was slipping away.

The family had repaired to the drawing room to enjoy this their last evening together in the mansion, when the card of Jack Halstead was sent up to Marie.

Taking it in her hand, an agreeable look flitted over her face and she said to Jeanetta: "Show him into the room." Then turning to Ruth, she continued: "We will now know the worst and the ordeal will soon be past."

The gentleman came in with the stride of a cavalier. He took the hand of Mrs. Stocklaid in his own powerful grip and said: "I hope you will pardon this late hour for business, madam, but I could not leave you in doubt until another day."

Then taking from his pocket a long written document, he said: "Here is the bill of sale with the debit and credit, the final and entire settlement of the whole business."

Marie's eyes ran down along the line and a puzzled look overspread her countenance as she said: "I don't see anything about the Ranch Earnestine, Mr. Halstead."

After a while and a good deal of fumbling in his pocket, the mischievous fellow brought out another paper, which she eagerly scanned. This showed that the place so dear to her was free from debt. He then and there placed in her hands the net proceeds of the last year's crop. Marie's hand trembled and the paper shook so she could not read. At last she handed it back to him and asked: "Won't you read it for me, Mr. Halstead? I am shaky to-night and strangely perplexed."

Taking the paper, he complied with her request. Then at the conclusion she asked: "How did you save it, Jack?"

How familiar her voice sounded to him! Just as it had done when they were playfellows together! The

man's eyes moistened and he replied: "I have been guarding it, Marie, ever since that day when you and a pack of women went out and did away with the wine business. A lucky hit it was, Mrs. Stocklaid, for your raisins and grape food and other fruits will bring you, in a little time, a hundred per cent. more than the old wine product. Already you are even."

Then he told her how oft and repeatedly Earnest had tried to encumber the land, even as he had done with other property, but by much cunning and ingenuity he had saved it free from debt until this time. With much kind appreciation of her agent's loyalty to her interests, she spoke her approval and thanked him in the name of her little son, who was at that moment hanging upon the man's knees. Jack Halstead hesitated a moment and then said: "To make a clean breast of it, Mrs. Stocklaid, I may as well tell you that that crowd of female anarchists who went out that day, led on by the brave daughter of Judge Earnestine, and emptied fifty thousand dollars into the sea set me to thinking.

"Finding your motive power to be a righteous one, I made up my mind that I would watch the product of the new crop and see how it compared in dollars and cents with the old; and I want to add that you have made a thorough convert of me to your principles of temperance. Believe me, that when an opportunity presents itself, Jack Halstead means to cast his ballot on the side of temperance reform."

Turning to Ruth, he continued: "But I suppose Miss Mansfield would have me vote the labor ticket; eh, Miss Ruth, are you as cranky as ever upon that subject?"

"Just as radical, Mr. Halstead, for I believe that it will yet be the ballots in the hands of the working men and women that will settle the temperance question."

Halstead's face assumed an amused expression as he mockingly repeated: "Women vote! Ha! ha! Miss Mansfield, that is more fanatical than ever!" And then in a serious strain, he continued: "Don't be sanguine, young lady. Why, the saloons of this country are supported by the laboring men. Think you that blind men will ever vote like men who see?"

"Capital is also supported by Labor," replied Ruth. "But for all that, these brave men to whom we owe the progress of our country are counting their ballots against monopoly; and not only that, but they are laboring together, a noble brotherhood, to put the ballot in the hand of woman, and when that day shall come we will show you what we shall do with the saloon."

"Ah, well," said Jack, "you women folk always will have the last word." Then making a grimace at her, expressive of sour grapes, he continued: "And so you, Ruth, have become the right-hand supporter of Susan B. Anthony, have you?"

"Just so, Mr. Halstead," was her reply. "As old pioneers pass on, we younger and stronger women will fall into line and press on in the pathway which they have trod. Susan B. has fought and never yet cast a ballot; but I, Jack Halstead, shall cast the ballot and fight too—hotter and fiercer battles than those who have fought before me."

"What a pity, Miss Mansfield, that the Lord did not drop you down in male attire instead of making you to wear petticoats! Thunder and blazes! What a general you would have made!"

"Don't waste pity on me, sir, for I shall yet stand at the head of an army grander and of a more complex nature than any men have ever led. An army whose swords shall be words and whose bullets will be ballots cast by

the hand of women—and working women at that! Yes, sir! for woman's power will some day be felt in politics."

"May the Lord deliver us from that day," replied the man. "For I would not like to see my mother and sisters go with me to the polls to vote."

Ruth smiled pitifully back at him and replied: "Oh, in that time, Mr. Halstead, when woman has gained the right of suffrage—ay, when women have learned the power of the ballot (and there was something of sarcasm in her voice) we shall compel men to be cleaner and purer than they are to-day; then your sister and mother will be just as safe to go to the ballot box with you as you now are to walk to church with them or to spend your evenings in company with such strong-minded women as we. Ah! believe me, sir, in that time you will be just as warmly converted to woman's suffrage as you now are to the temperance reform."

Halstead's face grew crimson at the mock insinuation, but not willing to concede the point, continued the discussion. "But, I say, who will take care of the children when mothers spend their time running around the streets talking politics to men and going to the ballot box? I suppose husbands will have to stay by the cradle side then?"

"Oh, Mr. Halstead, bring a new theory. That absurdity has long ago been exploded! Why, sir, women have a more systematic way of doing things than you men, and we shall not have to go about the streets with arguments to convert the polluted manhood or to buy their ballots, for we are already united upon the great issues of the day. And so far as taking care of the children is concerned, I presume they will fare quite as well as they now do since mothers have had to become the breadwinners for their

children and drunken husbands. Why, sir, only a few weeks ago, Marie and I spent nearly a whole day looking up the misdeeds of one poor inebriate husband; and I assure you, sir, it would not have taken a quarter of that time to have cast our ballot against the saloon and for the protection of humanity."

"Well," said Jack Halstead, as he arose to go, "when the time shall come that woman has the ballot, my heart will be open to conviction. But believe me, Miss Mansfield, your head will be crowned with age long before that day, you may depend."

Ruth's incredulous smile as he bowed himself out gave evidence of her unshaken faith in the political development of woman, and she said to Marie as soon as the door had closed behind him:

"The day of woman's advancement is nearer at hand than we think and I, for one, am looking for a higher civilization for our sex in the next few years. When the ballot is placed in the hand of woman, our national difficulties will soon be settled. The church and state stand divided, and the next thing to religion in politics is the ballot in the hands of the wives and mothers of the country."

"You say wives and mothers, Ruth; what would you do with the unmarried women? Would you leave yourself out of the question?" asked Marie. Ruth smiled as she answered: "Oh, no, I count myself on the side of the wife and motherhood of America, for I some day hope to fill both the honored spheres."

"Well, then," she replied, "you had better be about it. The truth is, Ruth, you are such a matter-of-fact girl that a man would fear to ask your hand in marriage lest he be rejected."

"Fear to ask my hand in marriage?" repeated Ruth

triumphantly. Why, Marie, you are paying me greater compliment than you think. Indeed, that above all things is the very thought which I wish to impress upon the mind and conscience of men. When women will learn the secret of self-protection from the rougher sex, and by a spirit of womanliness buffet their advances, then we shall not have so many mismated people and unhappy homes in the world. And the man that is fortunate enough to marry Ruth Mansfield will be the one that is willing to wait until I am ready to ask his hand in marriage."

Marie arose and looked down into Ruth's mellow, dark eyes to see whether she were in earnest or jesting.

"Oh," said she, "I am in honor true and am willing to repeat the assertion if you do not understand."

Marie took the girl's hand in her own and exclaimed: "Good gracious, Ruth! How you do startle the world with your new departures. What will that day bring forth when woman shall ask the plighted troth of man?"

Not waiting for Marie to finish her remarks, Ruth replied: "That day, Mrs. Stocklaid, will bring higher civilization to mankind. When woman can select from among men, the father of her children, even as man now does from among women, we shall have better and holier people in the world; for woman with her perfect moral character and intuitiveness, woman with her clear insight into the nature and propensities of men, will inevitably seek a union from the standard of her own high and noble character. I do not believe as a rule that a man has any God-ordained right to ask a woman's hand in marriage. But whether he has or not, I believe that the time has come in the world's history when a change from the old-time custom would work for the betterment and spiritual uplifting of all civilized society, even as it has for the physical culture of the savage. I repeat it, Marie, the time has

come when society should permit woman to make her own choice of a husband and not sit down and wait for Tom, Dick or Harry to come and ask her hand in marriage. I feel gratified to know that my conduct has been so correctly ordered toward men that one would fear to ask me for the bestowal of myself."

Marie kissed the lips and brow of the beautiful woman whose deep and earnest thoughts and deeds were, in a measure revolutionizing society in the world in which she lived and bringing to pass a better and higher civilization for women; and she said: "Come, dear Ruth, I am waiting to hear your congratulations. God has been better to me than my fears and I am not entirely penniless after all."

Ruth arose from her seat and very tenderly pressed the hand of the gentle woman and expressed her delight that her beautiful villa, the Ranch Earnestine, had been left intact and free from debt. Then she gently drew her to a seat and said: "My dear Marie, my heart has gone out to you in this sore trial through which you have been passing, and be assured of my warmest sympathy. Methinks I can see the hand of God directing your earthly affairs for your own best good. In many ways you have a noble soul, but God has seen in you a will that could neither bend nor break, and in order that your spirit might be softened and a higher and nobler love for humanity come into your heart, you have had to pass through this fiery furnace of affliction. So now, my dear, as you turn a new page in your life's book, let it be written thereon that from henceforth Marie Stocklaid's life shall be devoted to the betterment of humanity instead of to riches.



THE NEW HOME.

CHAPTER XXIV.

FROM MANSION TO COTTAGE.

The family had withdrawn and the two women were left alone. Marie brought the hassock and seated herself at Ruth's knee, then looking up with the trustfulness of a child into her mild, dark eyes, she said: "Dear Ruth, when to-morrow's sun shall shine I must arise and take my departure from this place, which has been my home ever since the day I was born. Every inch of the dear old house, from cellar to dome, is fraught with pleasant memories, and is sacred as it can be. The very room in which I shall sleep to-night is the place where I was born. From that room my mother's spirit took its flight and winged its way to another world. In that room my precious boy first opened his eyes to see the light of day. There I have wept my bitterest tears and known my sweetest joys. And now, no matter what my regret may be, I must give it up and go away, leaving it all to strangers. But, Ruth, don't weep, for to-day in the quiet of my room I knelt at the altar and laid my burden down at the foot of the cross and to-morrow I will go down and out and look upon it no more. Our family portraits are all that I have saved from the wreck; these are all I can take of the many beautiful things that are here.

"You must tell me what I am to do. I can not go to the Ranch Earnestine, for I would not be happy there. How to find a place in all this great city of houses where I can plan another home and feel the same sense of freedom and security that I have felt here in my own palace I know not."

Ruth looked tenderly upon the woman, for memory came rushing back to remind her of another time, so many years ago, on another occasion, when she herself and her beloved mother had sat in council and had made a list of the things that had grown dear to them, even as Marie now was doing, and then each had asked of the other, "What of the morrow?"

She wound her arms affectionately around the delicate creature, whose head was resting upon her knee, and said: "Trust it all to me, dear heart. God's holy spirit will lead me and I will find you a place somewhere where you can be happy."

Bidding her an affectionate good-night, she departed, saying as she waited at the door: "I will come for you to-morrow at eleven, Marie. Have everything in readiness at that time to go with me."

Ruth had been anticipating this very event, and all day long had been busily engaged in searching for a furnished cottage such as would be within the means of Marie and at the same time make for herself and family a pleasant home. She wended her way back to her own comfortable lodgings and repeated the words which she had spoken in the by-gone days: "Nota bene! I shall some day be called upon to lend a hand to this proud piece of humanity."

Even sooner than she thought her prophecy had come true. She meditated upon God's hasty fulfillment of all things in these last days, and wondered as she thought on what part she was to take in the general round up between Capital and Labor.

Of late she had been noting the clans and watching the various coalescent bodies as political lines were tightening and binding them more closely together. Apparently they were strengthening their lines and getting ready

for a final action. One thing she greatly feared for the Pacific Coast was the cosmopolitan population and the customs brought in from other lands. Soon she felt there would be a struggle between the two great powers. Labor and Capital would try their strength together. What the result would be she could not tell.

If the matter would be left entirely to the Americans she felt sure an amicable adjustment of things could easily be accomplished, but the grumbling of that dark spirit of anarchy that one could hear as they put their ear to the ground, which had flowed in from other countries, held a threatening hand over society, and she feared the result of an uprising if it should come. But whatever was to be, Ruth believed that God was with His people and she stood ready at an hour's notice to summon together an army of women, such as had never appeared in public demonstration in any city of the world. Her five years of quiet working had not been in vain. To-day as she was making a resume of all her public efforts, she smiled when she thought how great her achievements had been.

With the diligence of an enthusiast she had been banding the wage-earning women together and getting ready for the struggle that she saw must inevitably come before a proper adjustment of the affairs of the two contending parties could be made. Women from all stations in society were interested; every trade in the various lines of woman's activity was identified with the movement, from the professional woman down to the housemaid and the woman who worked upon the street. All were interested in the cause of Labor, and in general congress they had often taken counsel together. Women who loved their homes and were loyal to their country and unto their God; women who were just as enthusiastic

as she, and just as rabid in their denunciation of aristocratic rule; women who were just as anxious to bring about the delaceration of the power of the monopolists who are grinding the face of the poor as she could possibly be. But what their future line of action, she could not yet see as clearly as she wished. With firm faith in God, who had ever been the firm friend of the people, she moved forward, believing that His omnipotent hand would still lead the righteous hosts. She went on from day to day doing her utmost to breathe her burning spirit of enthusiasm into the heart of the womanly hosts which she was called to lead.

Rising with the sun on the morning following her conference with the mistress of Palace Earnestine, she went her way in search of a little snuggery in which her friend, so tempest tossed and tried in the furnace of affliction, could hide from the world and be at peace.

Having been successful in her search, at exactly the appointed time, she stood on the threshold of the Palace Earnestine. She embraced Marie, who stood in bonnet and gloves ready to take her departure. As her trunks and boxes were being loaded upon the wagon, the new mistress of the mansion was coming in with her personal effects. The proud and haughty stare with which she regarded Marie was the exact counterpart of Marie's own haughty pride a few years before. For the first time in her life Marie Stocklaid felt her spirit cringe under the domination of the power of an aristocrat. Taking her seat in the carriage, she brushed away an unbidden tear, and as she saw that Ruth had divined its source, she said: "The hateful creature! she at least might have waited until I was out of the house."

Ruth gave the order and the carriage rolled down from Nob Hill, freighted with its full complement of mourn-

ers. It wended its way out toward the Mission, where she had taken a sunny little cottage, already fitted for happiness and home. As they drew up before the place Marie gave a sigh of relief, for she noted its genteel appearance, which looked inviting to her tired soul. Entering, she found a cozy fire burning in the grate and an easy rocker which invited her to repose. Turning to Ruth, she gave her a tender embrace, saying as she did so: "You precious friend in need! What a wonderful woman you are! Who would have thought that all this brightness could have been in waiting for me?"

Wiping the tears which flowed in gratitude she, mid smiles and tears, continued: "Oh, I shall be a happy weanling by and by and then it will not seem so hard to be poor."

"None are so rich," replied Ruth, "as those who abound in Christ. He who is cognizant of even a feather that falls from the raven's wing will care for thee."

Bringing her chair, she seated herself in the same comfortable, homelike way that she had hitherto done, and continued: "There is much real happiness in poverty, Marie dear, and if you will pause to think now that 'the Son of Man had not where to lay His head' your lot will not seem so hard after all."





INTERIOR OF RUTH'S HOME.

CHAPTER XXV.

DUPLICATING THE LABOR DEPARTMENT.

If Marie Stocklaid could have foreseen the natural gravitation of things that day when she stood before the woman's cell down in the city prison saying to Polly Hopkins: "When you get out from here come to me and I will talk to you," she would have been more chary of her words and weighed more carefully the meaning of a visit from that black siren of a hundred midnight revels. She had been only three days ensconced in her cottage home when she was one morning surprised to see the besotted visage of the poor fallen and abandoned Polly peering in at her as she sat reclining in an easy chair, partially hidden behind the lace curtains of her bay window. With a broad grin upon her face, revealing two rows of pearly teeth, the woman opened the gate and came up the walk with the air of assurance which betokened self-possession at least.

Without ringing, she opened the door and ushered herself right into the presence of Mrs. Stocklaid, saying as she did so: "Pardon my abruptness, Mrs. Stocklaid. I didn't want to trouble you to let me in." Then helping herself to a seat, she continued: "I have found you at last, my noble misses. I am so glad to come and have that talk with you. Wasn't you good though to ask me, a poor old drunkard, to come to your home? And you did it, too, just as though I had been a decent woman."

For a moment Marie was in terror, for as she looked

into the wild eyes of the poor creature, whose hair stood out about her head in a woolly manner, peculiar to the unkempt locks of the African race, she almost feared that she was insane.

She had never before been brought into such close contact with a woman under the influence of drink. But since Polly had come at her own instigation, she decided by the grace which Christ gave her, to make the meeting one which would tell for good in the counsel she would give. Arising, she came and took a seat in front of the poor wreck of former years and said: "Polly, I am very glad to see you, but you will remember that I said you must not come until you were free from drink."

"Bless ye, Miss Marie," replied the woman, "I haven't took a drop since yesterday. Have been savin' up to come and see you and I wanted to come sober. How good it would seem, honey, if I could only be as pure once more as I was when you were a little girl!" Wiping away the tears that ran down her dusky cheek, she continued: "But it was yer father, Miss Marie, Judge Earnestine, that gave me the first drink of wine I ever took. It was his fiftieth birthday, honey, when he called us servants all in to drink to his health. And when I refused because I was a teetotaler, he laughed and told me that if I did not drink and wish him to be a hundred he would discharge me. And so, Miss Marie, thinking to please him, I drank to the old judge's health. Poor fellow! He was well set up that day. Ah, well, where's the use to talk about it? He's dead now and poor old Poll is an abandoned drunkard with no one to care for her. Why, even my black Bess—that girl I would have died for—even she has turned me out o' doors because I'm reckless and nobody. But it was good in ye, Miss Marie, to let me come and talk to ye, and I think if ye was my misses once

more I would not want to drink." Grasping the hand of Mrs. Stocklaid, the woman pressed it to her polluted lips, while tears ran down her cheek like rain and she plead: "Oh, Miss Marie, won't ye be my misses once more? Oh, do let me come where ye can keep me from sin?" And then like one in delirium, her mind wandered and she laughed a coarse laugh and exclaimed: "Wouldn't I like those old days once more that I used to enjoy at the Palace Earnestine before I fell a victim to rum!"

She then broke into one of her old plantation songs of the happy days gone by, and sang it in real African style, which to Marie was amusing and helped to break the spell that Polly had thrown around her.

Poor Mrs. Stocklaid! Had she been accustomed to the desultory manner of drunken women that day as she afterward became, she would have feared this one less and not been so strangely moved as she was. But because of old associations her heart overflowed with pity for this poor slave to alcohol. Had she had even a little niche in her snuggery, it must surely have been given to poor black Polly with the hope that she might be reclaimed. As it was, she was only able to lend her sympathy and tell of Jesus' love and power to save even such as she. Her love she lavished freely upon the disconsolate creature.

Just then Ruth came in to inquire how the occupants of the cottage enjoyed their new domicile and stopped short as she saw the familiar face of Polly Hopkins, for whom she had done a hundred good turns. As the black woman arose to go, Marie took her hand and tenderly said: "When you are in trouble and want sympathy, Polly, come to me and I can, at least, weep with you and tell you of a Savior's love. Any time when you want

to leave the old life and begin a new one, remember, Polly, I am ready to help you."

The dusky figure vanished from the door, and Marie came back to find Ruth still standing. Her cheeks were radiant with life and animation as she said: "Come, dear, let us be off, for the meeting began an hour ago."

The state executive meeting of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union had convened at headquarters for the purpose of discussing methods—legal, educational, and otherwise—to help on the good work. That body was first going to take up prison work, and as they entered the superintendent was pleading for an assistant; some one who would be willing to give time and energy to the department. When the superintendent was seated a little woman with glowing face and an elegant contour stood up and said: "Madam President, I suggest the name of our new member, Mrs. Marie Stocklaid, whom I understand is intensely interested in reformatory work."

Ruth and Marie entered just in time to catch the lady's remarks. Ruth arose and said: "Yes, ladies, I heartily coincide with our sister's remarks. Mrs. Stocklaid is already in the work and a member in high standing of her own church, and would indeed be a credit to our society in whatever place you may put her. If you had seen her just now crying over that poor old wretch, Polly Hopkins, you would believe, as I do, that she has an adaptability in this line of work."

Mrs. Stocklaid accepted the appointment and promised to work diligently to rescue the fallen of the city. "Next," said the president, "is the labor question. I believe the time has come when we can no longer ignore this reform. It has become a national issue. Frances Willard has given her hearty indorsement to the question, and many of the best women of the country are

most radical agitators of the movement. Now, ladies, what will you do? Will you open a discussion and get the opinion of the board upon this important department?"

Ruth's eyes sparkled with delight. She was about to make a speech when a little woman with a brilliant address, one who had never quite forgiven her for daring to be a self-made woman, arose and addressed the chair: "Madam President, the labor question is foreign to our work and I, for one, am opposed to the department. These labor people have given us much trouble already. Their arguments are wrong, and I am in favor of letting them alone. It does not seem that it is necessary for us to duplicate this department just because the National Union have unwisely taken it up just for their especial benefit. Why, only to-day, some of the machine shops are closed because these men have gone on a strike, demanding from their employers the most preposterous measures. I for one hope that this intelligent and august body of women will not consider the department."

Ruth then arose to her feet and awaited recognition from the chair. "Miss Mansfield," said the president, "has something to say."

Ruth began: "Madam President, the sister has been talking out of order, as there is no question before the house. I will therefore move that we duplicate this department of labor and appoint a superintendent." There being a hearty second, Miss Mansfield proceeded to talk. She said: "I am glad that this question is open for discussion, for according to my way of thinking there is no department in all our national work, of more vital importance to our people, either religiously, socially, or politically, than the Labor reform. There is a great controversy going on between Capital and Labor—a deficiency

that must be settled—and a question that can never be settled until it is settled right. My only surprise has been that this wise body of counselors have been silent so long upon this issue. Our sister has said that the workingmen are giving us trouble. This is, indeed, true, and they will continue to give us trouble until our country's wrongs are righted and Labor is in full possession of its birth-right, which is nothing more than man's justice to man. If we wish to hasten on a terrible disaster to our country then all we have to do is to fold our hands and let these workingmen alone, for over us now is hovering a cloud that is darker and more ominous than the liquor traffic or any other vice with which we are contending. America to-day is sleeping on the verge of a fearful awakening! The question is, will this society come in as a mediator between Capital and Labor and help to bring about a peaceful arbitration, or will it wash its hands of mercy and hasten on the calamity?"

As Ruth sat down a lady whose face portrayed a brave, dauntless spirit arose and with a strong German accent said: "Madam President, I heartily goincide mit all dat Mees Mansfield has sait, and mos sincerely hope dat des vimmins vill duplicate dat department of relations os demperance to Labor; and I vill now move dat ve appoint as superintendent for de state Mees Mahitable Ann Grimshaw."

The president smiled as the lady sat down. There was no further discussion, and Ruth's face glowed with eager expectation as the vote was taken and the lady stood before them elected.

The tall, angular form of Mahitable Ann arose to her feet, and coming forward she took the extended hand of the president and said: "With the help of God, dear madam, I will do the best I can for the society, and I

will strive as a mediator to make peace between Capital and Labor. But I wish to ask one question: Is that grand army of women which Ruth Mansfield has already enrolled in the interests of Labor incumbent upon this society in their relation to the reform?"

"Not necessarily," explained the wise woman in the chair. "However, it is to be hoped that a speedy coalescence of the two bodies will hasten our deliverance from the monopoly of rum and the monopoly of gold, which are about one and the same thing."

Marie went to her home that day and pondered over her calling. What could she do to lift up the fallen and hasten their deliverance from the power of Satan? The question was a momentous one and worthy of a better and holier service than she felt herself able to give. She reverently called upon the name of the Lord to give her wisdom for the lowly work to which she had been appointed. Feeling her need of spiritual advice she sought her father confessor for counsel and laid the whole matter at his feet. Would she get help and comfort at the hands of that good man? Ah, yes! Laying his hand upon her head, he blessed her in the name of the Lord and made special mention of the white ribbon which she wore upon her dress—the emblem of purity adopted by the temperance women of the world. Marie told him of her new birth in Christ, and the holy joy that had come into her heart that day when she knelt with Ruth in prayer and made a full surrender of self unto the Lord, and of the fullness of love that filled her heart, even the new spirit which He had given her.

The good man earnestly besought her to enter the convent and there let the spirit of her beautiful life be shed upon those who might come to her for instructions.

But the woman replied: "Oh, no, Father Hachilah, I

can not do that; but I will let the influence of a holy life in Christ fall upon my sisters in the church, and in my work for humanity I will so live that God may be honored in all that I shall do."

Thus, with a full preparation for her work, Marie kept herself at the feet of the blessed Master who had so wondrously called and endowed her for the work. But how or where she was to begin, she had not the slightest idea in the world; though God, in whom she trusted, would lead the way.





WHERE THE POOR ARE NOT ADMITTED.

CHAPTER XXVI.

POOR LITTLE JUNE BUD.

On the following day, as Marie was wending her way down Market street, she was startled to see a crowd of men gather quickly around some object upon the pavement. What could it be? Her curiosity got the best of her. Little dreaming that the Lord had brought her face to face with the work of her department, she asked: "What is it, gentlemen?"

The reply was a heartless one, it seemed to her: "Oh, nothing; only a woman fainted."

"Please stand aside!" was her injunction to the crowd; and Mrs. Stocklaid bent over the prostrate figure of a woman with pinched, drawn features, which told of want and woe. This woman, who lay stretched upon the stone pavement, needed help. Marie loosened her dress, chafed her hands, and ere long the poor creature opened her eyes again. The men then lifted and laid her upon the stone steps of the Baldwin Theater. "Go for a doctor," said Marie. "Why don't some one go for a doctor?"

Poor, ignorant woman! She did not know, she had not dreamed that a doctor was never called for a case like this. Had she been bending above a woman of wealth medical aid would have been at her elbow, but this was a woman of the town, who earned her living herself. A man at her side took out a flask and said: "Here, madam, give her this; it will do her good."

Marie took it in her hand and smelled the contents. Handing it back to the man, she said: "It is whisky,

sir; put it away. It is that vile stuff that brings so many of my own sex to lives like this."

The suffering woman had revived sufficiently to be stung by the curt remarks as they fell from Marie's lips. Bursting into tears, she said: "Oh, no, madam! It is not drink that has brought me to where I am, but it was hunger and want that forced me out upon the street. I am too ill to work, but am hungry, and for three days I have walked the streets asking for something to do to earn a morsel of bread. But no one wants such a one as I; and I am starving for food, but I am not a drunkard."

The pitiful tale touched some man's heart and he dropped a twenty-five-cent piece in Marie's hand and said: "Get her something to eat." How big the man's heart was! But then Mrs. Stocklaid excused him, for he, too, might have been hungry. Assisting the woman to arise, she gave her her arm and led the way across the street to a palace restaurant and gave her a seat at a table in the rear of the room. It was the six o'clock dinner hour and a hundred people sat at their meal. Presently the proprietor came and said: "Madam, that woman can't eat in here; we don't feed vagrants."

"But, sir, she has money to pay for her food, and this place is open to the public. It is your duty, sir, to feed all who come."

The man went away, but immediately returned, and this time his language was most imperious as he repeated: "Madam, that woman can not be given food to eat in this place. You must take her away. Don't you see she is drunk?"

The poor creature's chin quivered and she pressed her hand against her heart as with a haunted look of pain

she said: "I will go, dear lady, for I can not more than starve upon the street, and it would be a mercy if God would let me die."

Marie arose and gave her arm to the trembling figure by her side, and was about to leave the place when she heard a sneer and a coarse jest at her expense. She paused to see from whom it came. It was Harry Rumsford. She waited and looked up and down at the line of tables and their occupants. Why, this was a bon-ton restaurant. Very elegant people were these men and women—at least, so they seemed from their outer appearance. To Marie there was something wrong in the heart when these people could sit and see a starving woman driven from the place without food; and why? Because she was poor and they supposed her to be under the influence of drink, when at the plate of each individual was a bottle of wine or champagne, and many of them were under the influence of it already. She questioned: What was the difference between this woman upon her arm, even if she was intoxicated, and these heartless people before her? The words of Ruth came back to her at that moment with redoubled force—"the rich and the starving poor."

Marie bit her lip as she moved on toward the door. At length she paused and in the presence of those people she gave utterance to the feelings of her heart. Her voice was as clear as a bell, but what she said she afterward could not tell, though in her words was a most biting reproof and a reminder of the coming judgment. In after years she often talked of her first public address delivered to a people who could see a hungry woman driven from the table because she was poor and friendless.

The frail creature still hung upon her arm, and as they crossed the threshold, she comforted her by saying:

"Never mind, I will take you to my home and feed you there."

Before they could walk to the car that stopped at Marie's door, the woman again grew faint and said: "I can not walk another step; I fear I will fall again upon the street."

Leaving her seated upon a box on the sidewalk, Marie ran to bring her food. Upon returning she found her gone, and a child said that a policeman had taken her away.

Marie Stocklaid was getting an insight into the sufferings of poverty. She was coming close enough now to make her believe some of the things that Ruth had said. She bravely started on in pursuit of the unfortunate woman and was in time to see her put down from an express wagon as though she had been a brute instead of a human being. She was hurried down into the damp, dark prison to be shut in behind the bars with a company of drunken, besotted women.

Marie followed sorrowfully into the loathsome place and looked into the great book that lay upon the desk of the recording officer. There was the name of "Rose Sommers" and over against it the one word, "drunk." Marie expostulated and pleaded with the officer that she be released, but the man smiled cynically and said: "We know that character better than you do, madam, and the law must do its work."

"Great God!" thought she, "is there mercy to be found in the hearts of men?" She thought not, and as she turned away and sought her own home, she realized that she had found the key to the department of work to which she had been appointed.

Ruth came in to spend the evening, and the two sat down to talk over the incidents of the day. Marie repeated in mournful tones the story of poor Rose Som-

mers. Ruth's eyes ran down with tears and she said: "Poor Rose! What a fate hers has been!"

"Oh, do you know her?" asked Marie. "Do tell me whatever has brought her to such a life of woe."

"The sequel to your story," said Ruth. "Poor little Rose Westfield was born of gentle parentage and came in the month of June, and her mother therefore used to say, 'My little Rose June Bud.'"

Marie grasped Ruth's hand. "You don't mean June Bud, my little play fellow?"

"Yes," replied Ruth. "You sent me one night to watch beside the sick bed of her mother, Mrs. Westfield. Well, that night her mother told me all about the birth of her daughter Rose and how welcome she was to their hearts and home. She was so sweet and lovely with her flaxen curls and heavenly blue eyes and she seemed more like a fairy than an earthly mortal. But one day when she was only seven years old an epidemic entered her home. Her lovely mother and excellent father were taken by that fell destroyer, Death, and little June Bud was left to the mercy of the world. It was in that last sickness that you sent me to do what I could. Their property was left insolvent and therefore little Rose was an orphan without any natural means of support. The little thing was taken to the Children's Home. From there she was adopted, in due time, into the family of some excellent people, where she lived as a daughter until she was sixteen years of age. The good woman had one fault, however, which proved to be the means of giving Rose this wretched life. She taught her to think that labor was degrading, and as she had no financial prospects in life she should marry early. Foolish woman that she was! If she could only have seen her error Rose might have been a useful member of society to-day. But at the age I have mentioned she be-

came acquainted with Mr. Sommers, a man of pleasing address and who had a good reputation as salesman in one of the first business houses of the city. To him she gave her hand in marriage and received the blessing of her foster parents, who felt that they now had done for the girl the best and all they could. True, Rose knew that he was a wine drinker, but when I tried to persuade her that it was a dangerous thing to marry even a moderate drinker, she replied with somewhat of assurance: "I feel that I can trust Mr. Sommers." And although she confessed to me that she did not love the young man more than any other of her acquaintances, "Yet," said she, "my foster mother urges me to accept him, as I may not soon again have another offer of marriage. He says it would be a dreadful thing for me to have to work for my own maintenance, and hints at the great expense that my support is to her. And beside," said June Bud, "you know, Ruth, that nearly all young men use wine to a greater or less extent."

"Well, to make a long story short, I will say that the child-wife very soon discovered that her moderate drinker was a strong drinker. She was a girl possessed of dauntless courage, and did not grow disheartened, but sat about to work a reformation in her husband. She attended Sabbath school and held a membership in one of the prominent churches of San Francisco, but after months of fruitless endeavor she found that her efforts were vain and that her husband was fast becoming hopelessly abandoned to drink. Coming home one night in a beastly state of intoxication, he flew into a rage at some trivial offense, and laying violent hands upon her, threw her down a flight of stairs. She was taken up for dead, but became conscious and was taken to the city and county hospital, where soon she became the mother of a

child that lived only a day. The husband refused to take her home again, and she sought in her feeble state of health to find some light and lucrative employment by which she could earn her bread. In this endeavor she was often overwhelmed with discouragements and many grievous trials rose up to meet her on the way. With stout heart she fought against want, beating it back with despair as it tried to creep in at her door. One day hunger drove her out upon the street, and she stood at the door of a palace home, which chanced to be the very house where she was born, asking for bread.

"The heartless mistress of the mansion called an officer and Rose was taken to the station charged with vagrancy. Poor child! Thrown into the association of drunkards and harlots, she soon became abandoned to that society and has ever since, when not languishing in prison, wandered upon the street. Sometimes she is fortunate enough to find a little job of work, but oftener she is left to beg her bread. It was thus you found her to-day, Marie. Not guilty of any misdemeanor, but bearing the sins of society. God pity poor little June Bud!"

Marie's face was buried in Ruth's lap, and as she finished the recital of the sad life she wept and echoed the words: "Poor little June Bud!"

Ah, dear mothers, you who sit so securely in your palace homes, hugging to your bosom your own little darling daughters, think for a moment of the story of poor Rose Sommers, and how often her case is repeated in society, and meditate upon these words: Who knows but it will be your own child next that must fall to fill up the gap that June Bud will make when she bids farewell to life on earth.

CHAPTER XXVII.

FINDING HER MISSION.

For some time Marie sat with bowed head struggling with emotion. The sad story of Rose Sommers had gone down like a probe of steel into her soul. At last she took her friend's hand tenderly in her own and said: "Dear Ruth, I am glad that you have given me the sequel to my story of to-day's experience, for it will strengthen me in my purpose to do good as I go down into that dark, foul atmosphere to minister to those lost 'spirits in person.'"

Pausing a moment, she continued: "Ruth, do you think I could preach the gospel to those lost and helpless creatures?"

"Yes, Marie, why could you not? If you had the courage to speak to the occupants of that restaurant to-day, surely you could talk to those who are yearning for your words of sympathy and a mother's love."

"Ah," replied Marie, "but it was not my courage that helped me speak to-day; but the spirit that God gave me. He gave me the words and He was my courage." Then looking earnestly into Ruth's face, she asked: "Whom do you think, dear, I could get to accompany me on such a mission of love?"

"You need but one, Marie, and that one you already have, even Christ. The least demonstration you can make will be the more acceptable to the officers in charge, and farther reaching with the prisoners."

With an affectionate good-night, the two ladies parted and Marie retired to rest, but not to sleep, for there upon her bed she was perfecting a plan of work that would in-

deed be the means of rescuing souls. Long and earnestly that night she prayed, entreating God to endow her with wisdom for the work that had come so unexpectedly to her. She planned her work in the small hours of night, then closed her eyes in sleep. She arose in the morning with a calm and fixed purpose in her mind. When the morning devotions were over, and little Earnie had departed for the kindergarten, she put upon her a plain bonnet and wrap and taking her Bible, Ruth's present to her, she bade Jeanetta, who was now her only housemaid, good-morning, and wended her way to the city prison. Taking her position in a place where she could be heard, she tuned her voice and sang in most tender strains:

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood
From thy riven side which flowed,
Be for sin a double cure,
Save me from its guilt and power."

As the strains of her musical voice were dying away, she caught the inspiration of the spirit that was working mightily with those behind the bars, and opening her Bible read a few well-chosen verses. Then with the tenderness of woman and the gentle spirit of the Lord, she lifted up her voice and told them of Jesus and His power to save, even to the uttermost. She then gave them her home address, and bade them, one and all, when they should again be free, to come to her for counsel as they would go to a mother.

Going to the cell, she learned that poor little June Bud had been sentenced to six months in the House of Correction. Turning away, bitter thoughts came into her heart as she meditated upon man's inhumanity to man;

yes, and cruelty to woman. As she stood waiting for the turnkey to let her out, an officer whom she saw while talking pass a bottle of whisky into the women's cell, came to her and in a most incredulous manner, which betokened lack of sympathy with her work, said: "Madam, what do you hope to gain by this morning's work?"

Marie's face looked a little puzzled, for she had not much thought of the result. She had felt the drawing of the spirit and had listened to its leading, but now that the question had been so fairly put, she gave it a thought and right then and there asked herself: "What had she hoped to gain?" The Spirit whispered: "I have planted, Appolis watered, but God gave the increase." And she smiled pleasantly at him and answered: "I think, sir, I have nothing to do with the results of my labors. The Lord, who put it into my heart to come, will take care of the results. But when I get into Heaven, as I hope to some day, I shall expect to see some of these poor wretched souls up there in white raiment."

"Oh, bah!" said the man. "Why madam, those women behind the bars haven't got any souls! They have grown to be animals! dogs! brutes! Surely there is no good in them!"

For a moment the utmost astonishment was depicted upon Marie's face, for the man's words sounded to her as though he himself was void of manhood. Then she looked at him and said: "I fear you are quite as much in darkness pertaining to your soul's need as they. None ever yet fell so low that there was not a little good within them."

While her words were yet tingling in the ears of the officer, she bowed herself out of the prison and went her way to the House of Correction in quest of Rose Sommers, for she said to herself: "I may not be able to do

her any good, but I can at least tell her that I am her old playfellow and that I love her still." Arriving at that institution, she was shown into the woman's apartment, and found there in a close, narrow cell the poor dove, smirched and stained by the sins of all with whom she had come in contact. She scarcely bore any resemblance to the idolized child who had only a few years before been the apple of a mother's eye. Here, too, she found a piece of work. The good matron came in and unlocked the door of the cells, allowing the women to come out and sit down while their visitor read to them from the word of God.

Oh, how hopeful was this new-found work to Marie. While here she forgot her own sorrow and was lost in the thought of rescuing others.

Hearing a sound in one of the cells, she asked the matron: "Is there any inmate who has not come out to sit with us?"

"Yes," replied the lady, "we have one woman who is such a terror to us that we never let her out."

"May I not see her?" asked Marie. And the two moved toward a cell occupied by a woman whose hair was white as snow.

Mrs. Stocklaid reached her hand in through the bars and attempted to take that of the aged prisoner, who, at the familiarity of her visitor, drew herself up full height and said:

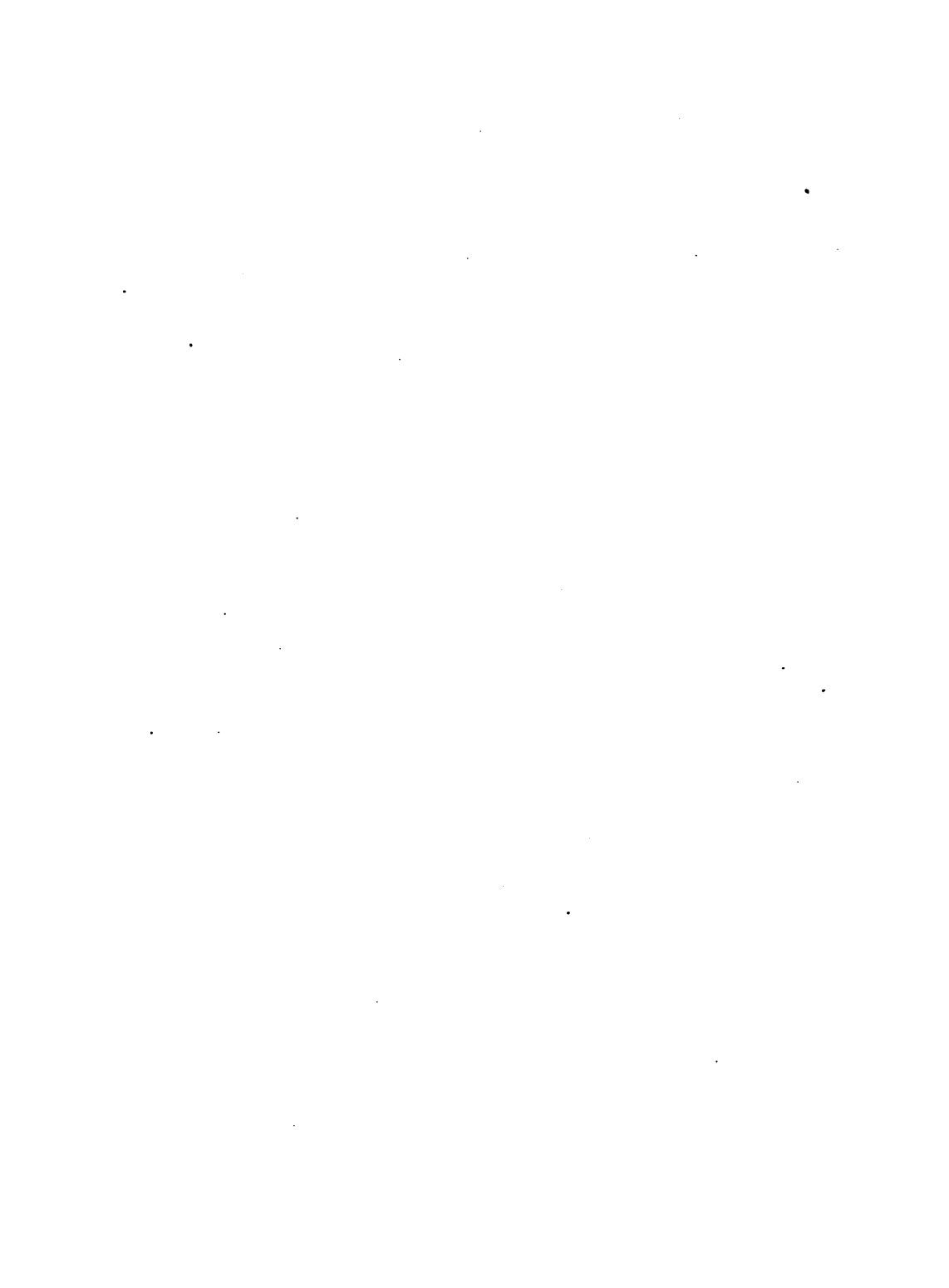
"Why, madam, what impudence on your part! I would have you know that I am no ordinary woman!" and with a genuine courtesy of "ye olden tymes," introduced herself, saying: "I am Mrs. Phil Cadukes, of aristocratic fame, and I do not wish common trash to call upon me, either."

A smile flitted over the countenance of Marie, then tears

sprang to her eyes as she turned from the cell and contemplated what it meant to be a lost soul with the sins of eighty years weighing one down. As she was about to leave she stepped into the office of the superintendent and gained permission to pay weekly visits to the institution that she might bring the gospel to the prisoners, both male and female, and point them to a better life. On her way homeward that day she drew a comparison between her life at this present time and that of a few years before. What a wonderful change had been wrought in her life! She laughed when she looked back to that old time and thought of herself, the petted, idolized doll of society, with no thought for human woes and no love for other than herself.

How grateful she felt toward Ruth, who had annoyed her with questions of reform and who had been the means of bringing her into such a place as the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, where she could bestow her love and talent upon a people who were hungering and thirsting after a better life.

Once she would have scorned one like herself, but today she loves as the One who "came to seek and to save that which was lost." Who could say that she had not been born again? There was no uncertainty about the conversion of Marie Stocklaid, and the sweet spirit that had come to abide within her soul gave evidence of her new and higher life.



CHAPTER XXVIII.

A WOMAN'S METHODS.

One might suppose as they have followed the trend of our story that Ruth Mansfield had climbed all the way up to thirty years without ever having had a serious thought of love or a tender impulse for any one of the sterner sex; but such was not the case, for if there was one thing that Ruth regarded with more sacredness than another, it was that Heaven-ordained institution, the home. She meant some day to have one and with it a husband of ideal manhood, one whom she could honor and one who would in turn feel equally honored to call her his wife. Of late this matter had been a subject of thought with her and was demanding her closest attention. She had begun to cast about to find, if she could, the counterpart of her existence. She had been looking around that she might judge of others' happiness something of the felicity of married life. As yet her research had not discovered a single case where she thought the conjugal relationship existing between two people exceeded her own state of single blessedness. To be sure, there was a measure of happiness which doubtless came from the harmony of two amiable spirits. But her ideal of marriage was where two souls could meet as one—two lives that could so harmoniously blend into each other that the very atmosphere could but tend to draw one Heavenward. In such an influence she felt that it would be an easy matter to build up the kingdom of home. Such a one she had not yet found, but on the contrary, her investigation had revealed to her the fact that almost every

home was in a state of fermentation and that oftener than otherwise husbands and wives lived in open broil with each other. She pondered this matter that was of so much importance to herself and began to search in earnest for the true reason of so much infelicity. As she thought it over her mind naturally began to reach out and search for the motive power that made people so inconsistent in their selection of an affinity. Here she stopped short, for she found that only one-half of the people had been making any choice at all, and that half was the male portion of society who made their selection of a wife from the head rather than from the heart. What an incongruous state of existence! Was it indeed true that woman was so inconsistently indifferent to her happiness through life that she had no choice in her mate? And then she began to count the scores of her girl friends who had started out in life together with herself. All were married, or had been. Was any of them mated? And if they were mated, what was the reason that they were so restless and beat their fettered spirits so against the chains that bound them in wedlock? She held in her hand the statistics showing eighteen hundred and forty divorces were granted in California during the previous year. What an awful showing for society! These statistics showed that eighteen hundred and forty homes were broken up probably every year in the Golden State! Ruth arose from her chair and paced up and down the room. This room was prettily arranged and all done by Ruth's own hand. Tenderly caressing the various objects as she passed, she said to them as if addressing living creatures: "Ruth Mansfield will never marry until she can make her own choice of a husband."

It was a beautiful morning and her door stood open to let in the bright sunlight of Heaven. As the words fell

from her lips she looked up and beheld standing in the doorway her ideal of manly strength and beauty, Mr. Jack Halstead. Politely lifting his hat and graciously smiling at the comic expression of her countenance when she discovered that her auditors were not all dumb bits of fancy work, he said: "I believe you, Miss Mansfield, and I, for one, would like to be the man that would sue for your hand and be rejected." As he spoke he walked in and helped himself to a chair, showing that he was not an entire stranger in this little home.

"Then you had not better ask it, Mr. Halstead," was her curt reply, "and thereby save your feelings from a shock." Thrusting the paper into his hand, she said: "Look here, eighteen hundred and forty divorces granted in this state last year, and I am persuaded that the whole cause of it is the unequal existence of men and women.

"Why do not my own sex assert their rights? The bare idea of a woman sitting down and waiting for some man to come and ask her hand in marriage before she has any thought of herself or who that man shall be is simply preposterous! A poet says that 'a woman marries for love.' Poor deluded rhymers! That is not true. Woman marries the first man that asks her hand whether she loves him or not. And why? Simply because she fears it may be her last chance. Society has declared that it is unwomanly for one of the gentler sex to ask a man's hand in marriage. Away with society and such foolish customs which wreck happiness and make miserable homes in the world! I repeat it, Mr. Halstead, Ruth Mansfield will never marry until she can make her own choice of a husband and propose for her own mate!"

"Then, Ruth, be sure I shall never ask your hand in marriage."

"What a cunning fellow you are. Tell me, Jack Halstead, what has brought you here this morning, that I may change this subject, which I believe is quite admissible so far as you are concerned."

Jack's eyes twinkled with merriment and he answered: "It is this, Miss Mansfield: Those labor men with whom you are in such sympathy have taken the law into their own hands and have closed all the car shops and railroad offices in the city, and are now holding at bay an armed force of police that are in duty bound to quell this riot and restore peace once more. Unless those fellows can be induced to desist from their efforts, there will be blood shed upon the streets and much mourning in San Francisco before the night comes down." Ruth had seated herself in her dainty wicker chair, which she had trimmed with pink ribbons. Her navy blue frock and the effulgent beauty of her face made a pretty contrast and the hot blood went tingling through the veins of Jack Halstead as he drank in the lovely vision before him. As he spoke she arose and began to put on her bonnet and gloves.

"What are you going to do, Miss Mansfield?" inquired Jack, who by this time had learned that this dauntless spirit never made any false motions.

"Why, Mr. Halstead, I am going to the scene of action, of course. These men must be brought to their senses and prevented from any rash measure."

"But," said Halstead, "the street cars have been stopped in that direction and the women and children ordered out of the neighborhood."

"That does not matter," replied Ruth. "I can get there in some other way."

The two had stepped out upon the walk. Ruth paused

and in her enthusiasm forgot reserve as she saw a lovely animal tied at her very door, and asked:

"Is this your horse, Jack?"

"Yes, Miss Mansfield, but he is a fractious brute. You can not ride him."

"Indeed I can. Assist me to mount and see how well I can sit."

Placing her foot in the stirrup, the next moment she went flying down the street and crossed Market in the direction of the disturbing elements of the peace. Jack Halstead's eyes followed her with true admiration, and he exclaimed: "Ye gods, behold the woman! Whoever thought she would dare to ride that fiery beast?" As he gazed after her he somehow realized that there beat within his breast a truer and tenderer love for her than he had ever known for woman. As he strode on in the direction where his horse and its fair rider had disappeared, he was pondering in his heart the words which he had caught as they fell from her lips in her own private soliloquy: "Ruth Mansfield will never marry until she can make her own choice of a husband."

"By jove!" said he aloud, "that cuts me off entirely, for I am not the man she would choose; far from it. Wish I were more of a philanthropist, or an anarchist, or a revolutionist, or whatever the dear woman is, for then I might hope to win favor in her sight."

Could Ruth have heard this soliloquy as the man was plodding on, nearing the scenes of strife where Capital and Labor stood arrayed in open arms against each other, she would surely have laughed at the epithets, and especially at "anarchist," for it was far from her heart to have any sympathy with anarchism.

In five minutes from the time Ruth had left her own door she was dashing right among the crowds, and paused in

the midst of a squad of labor men and shouted, as she wheeled her horse into position: "Peace be unto you." In an instant a hundred hats went off and a gentle salute from a hundred brawny throats was wafted out on the silent air. The leader of the labor men removed his hat as he drew near and inquired: "Miss Mansfield, what has brought you here at this time? Can you help us in any way?"

"I am sure I do not know," replied the lady, "until you tell me what you are aiming to do. Are you trying to get the monopolists of San Francisco to yield to your demands by shedding the blood of men? Are you trying to get, by physical force, that which you in all reason know you can never obtain except through education?"

The man's cheek crimsoned and Ruth could see that her words had smote upon his heart like bullets, but she waited for him to speak. "The truth is, madam, we demand certain measures; and those measures we must have or these shops will remain closed for the next year."

"Yes," said Ruth, "and undoubtedly your demand is a just one. But, is the method which you have adopted the surest and quickest way to settlement? Think wisely over this step you have taken. Take it before your council for a second consideration before a shot is fired. I think you will change your mind before to-morrow's sun. Meanwhile, sir, I have come to invite the men of both parties, Capital and Labor, to hold an open and free discussion of the questions involved this evening at the Mechanic's Pavilion. The Working Woman's Congress of this city will be there to receive and will provide a feast of good things for all who come. If you accept this invitation, we shall be glad to have you send us ten good men to help the women in preparing the feast."

Graciously thanking her for the kind invitation, the

officer replied: "I think, Miss Mansfield, that you can rely upon our men. We will attend in a body, for thereby we may arrive at some wise settlement of this unhappy business."

At that moment Jack Halstead came up, and taking the bridle of Ranger, who stood pawing the ground with his powerful hoof, betokening his anxiety to be away, said: "Miss Mansfield, I have ordered a carriage for you. Allow me; I will assist you to alight." Ruth gave her hand to him, and stepping down from the saddle stood at his side. She detected in his manner a spirit of undue tenderness, and the hand clasp that lingered longer than the time necessary for assistance brought a crimson wave to her cheek. To cover her embarrassment, she patted Ranger's nose and slipped a sugar plum into his mouth. Halstead threw the bridle over his arm, and together the two crossed over to the armed police, who stood in solemn parlance, not knowing just what their course should be. Approaching the chief, Ruth gave him her hand and repeated the invitation for the Capital and Labor men to meet in the Pavilion that night for an open and free discussion of all their difficulties. In a most impressive manner, she said: "Kind sir, with all diligence, spread this invitation abroad, for much depends upon this meeting. It is a woman's method of bringing about a peaceful arbitration between two opposing elements."

At that moment the carriage drew up and Ruth shook the hand of Jack Halstead and said: "We shall shortly need your assistance at the Pavilion." Then stepping into the carriage she was driven away. She went directly to the messenger's office and dispatched messengers to all the different parts of the city, to the teachers of each circle of working women, whose duty it became upon receiving the message, to hasten with all diligence to their members

and lay the plan of work before them. She ordered a grand rally of the women to assemble at three o'clock sharp at the Pavilion to prepare a feast for the multitude, who were to hold counsel there. The Working Woman's Congress had been expecting this call. Previous arrangements had been made for the Pavilion, and everything was in readiness to turn the key at a moment's warning. They had felt for days that this uprising would come. With wonderful adroitness, this body of consecrated women, mothers, daughters and sisters, rushed to the call of their young priestess, who had taught them that in times of war love was better than bullets. It was wonderful to see how everything fitted so beautifully to the occasion.

Psa. 68; 17: "The chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands of angels; the Lord is among them."

A master touch seemed to be given to every hand, as with the dexterity of skilled workmen, the tables were spread and bountifully laden for the evening. Here, too, was Marie with her gentle, suave manner, speaking words of peace and good will to those sturdy business-like women who were able to grapple with such a mighty problem as that of to-day. How new and strange all this seemed to her, as she watched the busy, work-stained hands, so deft and skilled in labor. She heard their plain and homely language as they talked and greeted each other, and somehow, she could not tell from whence it came, but she found that she was in very truth enjoying the intercourse she held with them.



AT THE RECEPTION.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE WORKING WOMAN'S CONGRESS.

At exactly seven o'clock the doors were opened at the Mechanic's Pavilion and the hosts began to file in. Within the space of one-half hour the auditorium was packed to its utmost capacity. White and black, American and foreign born, men and women, gathered into one conglomerate mass to listen to the discussion of the evening.

The utmost excitement prevailed. No such gathering as this had ever before been assembled in the city of San Francisco in the interests of Capital and Labor. Here there was to be open and free discussion of all their wrongs. It was not known who were to be the speakers of the evening. Strong and wearisome barterings were heard in different parts of the house and most extravagant language was being used by many of the populace.

At length a host of gentle women were seen to come upon the platform and take their seats, followed by many of San Francisco's noble men. Great was the gathering. Capital and Labor sat down together. At that moment Miss Mansfield arose and stepped across the platform, then taking the hand of his Honor, the Mayor, she led him to the front and gave him a chair that until this moment had been vacant. Turning to the audience she said: "Beloved citizens of San Francisco, we to-night, for the first time in the history of our great city, are assembled together in council to discuss the differences between the rich and poor. We all come as members of one family with naught in our hearts but love for each other. We, the Working Woman's Congress in council assembled, bring you tender greetings and extend to you

a cordial welcome with us to-night. Our honorable Mayor ——— will take the chair and preside over this council and let us render unto him that which is his due, honor and obedience."

As Ruth sat down the air vibrated with applause. The Mayor arose to his feet and stepped to the front of the platform. A hushed stillness seemed to pervade the air and hearts beat in solemn accord with each other as the deep, rich-toned voice of the man was lifted up to God in prayer, invoking a Father's blessing upon his children. Taking his seat, the voice of a hundred women rang out in melody as they sang together: "How Firm a Foundation, Ye Saints of the Lord!"

As the melody of their inspired voices was floating away on the air, his Honor, the Mayor, again arose and addressed the assemblage. "My beloved people, I count myself happy to-night for the privilege this moment affords. Standing as I do before you, looking down into your earnest, trustful faces, we can but feel that heart answers to heart and that the same good-will that I bear to you is borne back to me again; that your interests are my interests and that your woes are my woes, and that whatsoever influences are brought to bear upon your life must also tend to lower or elevate the moral standard of our city and each individual as well. The same is true that whatever inspires you to greatness, piety and truth, must also ennoble and make me your chieftain, great with my people; and since this occasion has in it the same interest to me as to yourselves, I desire that you make your plaint known to us, that a fair and impartial consideration may be tendered to you. In order that this may be done, we give to you the first hour to review your wrongs and suggest, if you can, their possible remedy."

Taking out his watch, he said: "I rule that no speaker

shall be heard upon the same subject twice, and five minutes will be the extent of time for each one to speak. Who will be the first to cite a wrong from either side, Capital or Labor?"

For the space of two minutes perfect silence reigned throughout the assemblage and one could have heard a pin drop in that vast audience. Then a man with a pale face and high-open brow arose, just down in front of the speaker's stand. His hand shook and his knees trembled beneath him. For some time he stood battling with weakness and every ear was strained to catch the words when he should at last begin to speak. The silence was growing painful, but at length he said: "Has your Honor regarded me well?"

"Very well, young man; what have you to offer?"

"I am hungry," said the man; "I have hands to work and a spirit willing to endure hardship, but, sir, I have sought in vain for labor. Capital has gold stored away and the banks are literally groaning beneath their burden. A hundred men in this house to-night can make this same complaint. Will you give us a remedy for the wrong?"

As the man sat down, five hundred men arose to their feet and five hundred voices repeated in concert, "We are hungry. The markets are glutted with that which labor could buy, but we are denied that boon. Labor is bound by monopoly. We have willing hands, ready to work, but are obliged to repeat: We are hungry."

As the five hundred men took their seats, a woman arose in the back part of the house. She was delicately formed and her body thinly clad. She hugged a nursing child to her bosom and drew a tattered shawl closely about her. Her voice was tremulous with fright as she said: "Can your Honor hear my voice?"

"Yes, my good woman, I can hear you."

Stretching out her hands unto him as unto Heaven she most pathetically said: "In San Francisco there are five hundred drinking saloons! They take the bread from the mouths of my children and I, too, am hungry!"

The Mayor was seen to wipe a tear from his eye and a number of Capitalists upon the platform moved uneasily in their seats. They were in the liquor business.

The next that arose was a little girl. A pale, sad-faced child. She wore a coarse frock, while her hands were seamed and calloused from labor. She came close down in front and looked pleadingly up into the good man's face.

"Mr. Mayor, I am only ten years old. My father is dead and my mother is poor. I have to work in the shops to earn our bread. Please, sir, can't I go to school?"

And so the complaints one after another were heard. The good Mayor was growing bewildered. He took off his glasses, adjusted them again and was about to rise to his feet when another woman arose.

She was tall, angular and most unbecomingly clad. On her arm she carried a reticule and in her hand a green umbrella. Her voice was squeaky and shrill. It was Mahitable Ann Grimshaw in disguise taking a part on this stage of life. She began: "Mr. Mayor, your Honor looks very honorable indeed to we common folk; and as we look up into your face to-night, especially we women folks as are maidens—" There was great applause. To restore order, Mahitable drummed on the floor with her green umbrella. At last the audience grew quiet and she continued: "Now, Mr. Mayor, you must extend my time, for it was impossible for me to keep back that applause. It was this, sir, that I was about to remark: In all that has been said here to-night, these good people have failed to touch upon the most vital pint. You see, sir, I live in

a tenement house and get the rent cheaper if I pay the water bill. Well, times got hard and I could not pay that bill. Then the water was turned off and it has been seven long months, sir, seven long months since I have had a good bath."

There was great laughter.

"Now I ask your Honor, haven't poor folks just as good a right to be clean as the capitalists in whose houses we live?"

The Mayor had arisen to his feet, but Mahitable continued to talk: "Last night, sir, as I watched by the cradle side of a neighbor's dying babe, the candle went out. You see as how poor folks can't afford to burn gas. In the dark, with that dead baby in my arms, and the poor bereaved mother clinging to my hand, it was to me the blackest night that ever settled down over San Francisco."

Mahitable took out her kerchief and blew her nose most profusely. "And now, Mr. Mayor, I want to ask your Honor, haven't poor women got a right to see their babies die as well as the mistresses of mansions? Haven't we got a right to see as well as to be clean? And I want to ask ye, sir, why the water and light don't belong to the city that it may be paid for by the taxation of Capital so that it may be diffused alike to the rich and the poor? I tell ye, Mr. Mayor," and she bradished her umbrella to make it more emphatic, "what Capital needs is to find its heart and then come down to the door of the poor and bestow its love upon them."

The Mayor was still standing, his watch in hand, when Miss Mahitable said: "I am nothing but a child. It is for the want of light and water that has made me age so fast."

There was great laughter.

"But before I close my remarks, I wish to call your attention to the City Railroad system. You see, sir, we

women folks are feeble critters and can't walk very far, and as we can't all live in the same place, we must necessarily be a long distance from our work. We pronounce it a burning shame that we must be taxed three dollars a month for two rides a day. Yes, sir, it amounts to just that to the great majority of wage working women. If the city owned the system, it could afford to issue tickets for barely enough to cover the expenses of the enterprise, which could be made to us for less than one dollar a month. Now, Mr. Mayor, we lay this complaint heavily upon your heart, for Capital hasn't got any heart to lay it upon, and pray for a speedy deliverance from our wrongs." Mahitable sat down amid great applause, for the populace was most uproarious.

As yet nothing had been said by the strikers and Ruth was beginning to grow uneasy. Presently a man arose upon the platform. It was the president of the Federated Trades. Coming to the front, his face betrayed a depth of feeling and his calm demeanor argued for good. Taking the hand of the Mayor, he said: "Your Honor has expressed satisfaction at being able to be with us to-night, but know you, sir, that another heart is just as glad as your own. The words that have been uttered here this hour, spoken from the depths of aggrieved hearts, have given me a deeper thought and a truer purpose than I ever before dreamed that I could possess.

"The woes of the city poor are common with those of the railroad men; and their suffering is our suffering; their cause is our cause; and this matter of wrong can never be settled until it is settled right.

"As the president of the Federation of Organized Unions, I am ready to declare to this people that I believe we are in the wrong. Not wrong in demanding our rights, but wrong in the methods we have adopted. Ever

since that memorable time when Cain and Abel just outside the Garden of Eden brought their offerings unto the Lord, Labor has been abased and Capital has held a high hand in the judicial governments of men. To-day, after six thousand years, Labor is beginning to understand the meaning of God's parable of Cain and Abel and to enter into a comprehension of what it means, and not only beginning to clamor for its rights, but demand justice between man and man. The question that yet remains to be answered here to-night is, how can these rights be obtained? And what can the people do to strike off the shackles consigning them to ignorance, misery and crime?

"Solomon very wisely said: 'In a multitude of counselors there is safety,' and now since we have listened to the grievances of the poor, let us hear from the side of Capital an answer to these questions under discussion, telling us why these rights should not be granted unto us, or yield to the demand that is made by organized labor. The trades unions are composed of men with hearts as big as ever beat within a human breast. They are a united brotherhood. They are men who are willing to live and to let live. They are men who love their wives and children, who desire to protect them from ignominy and poverty. They are willing to die like men. We have made a demand upon Capital, and it is a just one. Shall we desist and bow down before these men who would make us their slaves? No, my brotherhood, no! We will not make our demand less, but we will ask for more at the hands of Capital. We will ask that the treasuries be unlocked and that our brothers be given labor for their idle hands to do. We will ask that the saloons be closed that Capital may not gorge itself on the money that should go to feed the children and the disconsolate wife

of the drunkard. We will ask that child labor shall be frowned upon, and that the city feed and educate the children of its poor. Yea, we will acquit ourselves like men, and when we cast our ballots we will legislate like men with sound minds instead of like fools, as we have done in the past. We are especially grateful to the Working Woman's Congress and for the opportunity they have afforded us to-night to enlarge our demand for the people. They have given us a new insight into the business on hand and as men and brothers we will yet testify to them of our greatness by the new methods we shall adopt."

The president took his seat amid deafening applause of women and men. The Mayor arose, came and stood close to his people. At last from the depths of the great man's heart, he spoke: "Beloved children of the city, the problem which you have to-night given me to solve is a great one and worthy the consideration of all great and good people. I heartily give my hand to the workman and say to the brotherhood, 'I am with you.' The president of the Federated Trades has just said, 'This question can never be settled until it is settled right.' That is indeed true. There is but one way to settle public difficulties and that is by the power of the ballot. If you wish to break the chains that monopoly has cast upon you, you must vote. If you want to close up the saloons and drive out the 'League of Freedom,' which is the most damnable monopoly that ever cursed the poor, you must vote. If you want to protect the children and elevate the womanhood of the city, state and nation, give woman the ballot and she will protect herself. If you want the city to own its water and light and the things that are a necessity to all its people, agitate, educate, and vote for the things you want. Who holds the power of the ballot in

their hands, the rich or the poor? Fellow citizens, you know well to-night that whatever Labor shall demand by the power of the ballot, it shall be done unto you."

Then addressing himself directly to the strikers, he said: "My sons, you are worthy of better deeds; clothed with the intelligence of gods, blessed with the power of reason, free as the bird that mounts upon her wing, Labor can soar to heights where she can wear the imperial crown if she will only work in wisdom and rule by ballots instead of bullets.

"So, boys, declare your strike off and go to work like men who are masters and not slaves. Eighty per cent. of the voters of America are workingmen. Think you not that eighty labor ballots will not tell against twenty of Capital? Don't be deceived, for 'in wisdom there is strength,' and ignorance is the mother of strife."

The Mayor sat down and Ruth came to the front with a look of inexpressible satisfaction resting upon her countenance. Then her clear and distinct voice was heard to the uttermost parts of the house inviting the laboring men and their friends to go in and partake of the feast that had been prepared for all. She paused a moment, then sang the anthem written expressly for the labor reform. It was Ruth's voice, and long after the last strain had died away the people still sat spellbound.

Not waiting for the audience to applaud, she left the stage and went directly to the committee, that she might be the first to welcome the brotherhood to the feast prepared by the working women of the city.

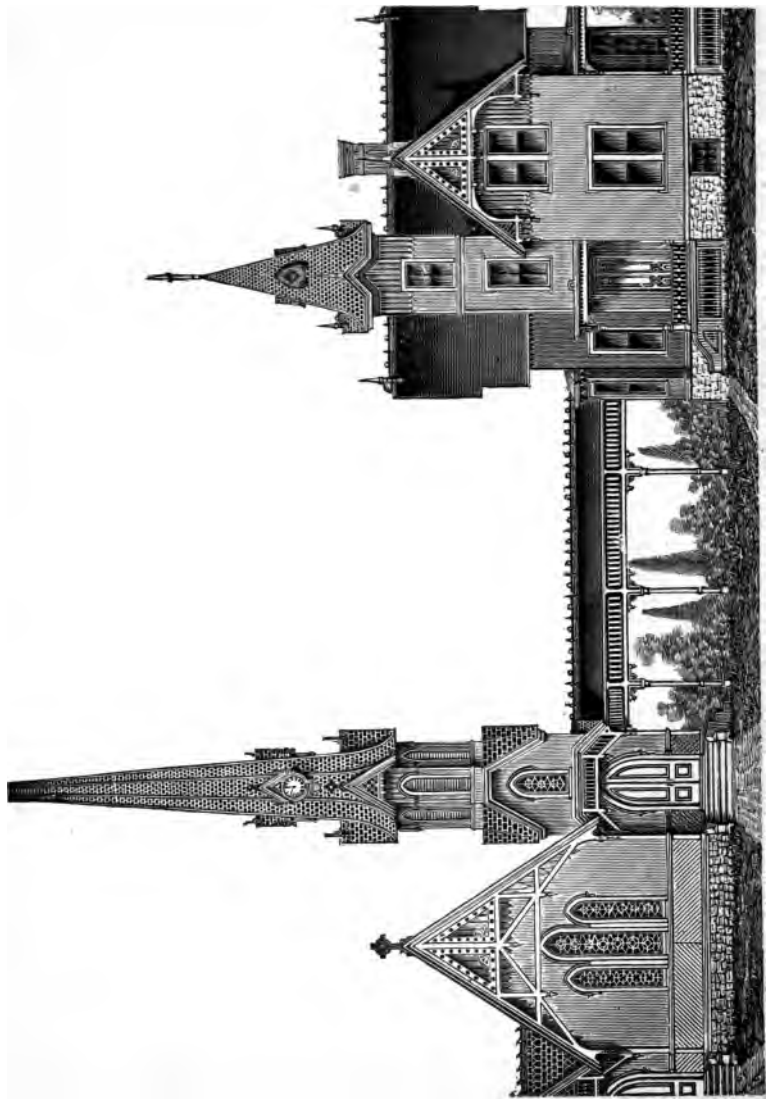
What a glorious opportunity to work and scatter seed. Every brave woman was at her post. They all felt and saw the powerful influence of woman's love. It did its work upon their hearts, and gave promise of a rich harvest in the labor reform. Men ate and drank and for once

were merry without wine. When all had departed, a company of women could have been found in a little side room kneeling in prayer, imploring God's blessing to rest upon the labors of the day.

The morning papers heralded tidings that the strike was off and that the railroad men had gone to work upon the old terms.

A long account was also given of the previous evening, and much extravagant praise was given to the Woman's Congress that had so nobly arbitrated for good. Ruth read the account and blessed God for the noble corporation of women. The great object of one day's work was gained, but what the rest would be she could not tell. She knew though that He who had turned the wheel thus far would turn it still.





THE VILLA CHAPEL.

CHAPTER XXX.

PRESIDENT BRUMBLEBUG.

A few days after the events recorded in the preceding chapter, a committee of gentlemen waited upon Miss Mansfield at her home. It was the well-known President Brumblebug and the general superintendent of the railroad company. They had come to offer congratulations for her excellent work and to proffer her a purse of gold in appreciation of her service in helping to bring about the peaceful settlement between the company and its employees. Ruth most proudly refused to accept the money, saying: "What I have done was for the sake of my people and not for gain." They first considered her refusal the result of undue modesty and again urged her acceptance of it.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Miss Mansfield, "you do not understand me; I refuse to accept your gift."

The chairman was exceedingly astonished at her attitude and asked: "Will you please explain to me, Miss Mansfield, why you do not accept so handsome an offering? I assure you it is not presented as a gift, but as a just reward of appreciation for service, and which we feel you have richly earned."

"Yes," she said, "I can answer you. It is this; I regard the railroad monopoly as a heartless and cruel wrong. It not only abases its employes and grinds the face of the poor, but rides in scarlet over the nobility and would like to wear the crown as King of America. Were I to accept your offering, I should be sanctioning your course and lending my influence to the side of wrong. I regard,"

said the noble girl, "the whole system as a dangerous menace to our country and a blight upon our rising republic."

"Then," said the man, "your intercession was not done in our behalf, nor through any sense of honor or respect for the corporation, but from some other motive?"

"You are quite right, sir," said Ruth. "I labored for other motive. My whole and only thought was in the interests of labor. Every body of organized power, like the physical part of man, must have brains as well as heart and muscle if it would be evenly balanced. Our workingmen had the heart and physical force that day, but lacked the mental power. Had they this, they would not have acted rashly as they did. It was only a matter of education after all. These men have been given a lesson which will cause them to think wisely in the future before another step is taken. Such a course is disastrous to themselves and families. But be assured, President Brumblebug, that the difficulty with the workingmen is not at an end, and I warn your company to draw a looser rein over your employes if they wish to avert a fiercer storm which is just at hand. There is to be a general round-up by and by and the chains that now bind the workingmen in the power of monopoly will, ere long, clank at the very heels of Capital."

They looked at her with astonishment and asked: "At what do you hint, Miss Mansfield? Have those fellows any organized plan of action whereby they can make such power felt?"

"Most certainly they have, sir. A strong and resistless organization in the form of a political party which stands pledged to-day in the interests of labor. This body of men will first try their ballots against the railroad monopoly of America, and if they do not find this method effectual,

they will try their bullets." The man looked angry. "Then, madam, you would give me to understand that you, as well as they, are an enemy to the corporation."

"Not in any personal sense, President Brumblebug; but an enemy to that spirit which thirsts after power that it may arrest freedom and make slaves of men; an enemy to that power which can take into its embrace a thing so loathsome and evil as the liquor traffic."

"I beg your pardon, madam," replied that august personage, "we are not in any sense allied to the traffic."

"Indeed," replied Miss Mansfield, "can it be possible that you do not know that there is a saloon in almost every railroad depot in California? If you do not wish to bear the odium of that traffic, you had better close out your saloons. Otherwise I shall feel perfectly free to speak of you as in league with the blackest crime that ever cursed a nation."

President Brumblebug, well versed in the science of politeness, for a moment forgot his ethics, and said: "I presume, Miss Mansfield, that you belong to that set of religious cranks who are making the city rife with their howls about temperance?"

"I am happy to say that I do, sir. Would you criticize my religious career?"

"Well, n-no, madam; I don't know your tactics well enough to judge of their merit. My time is spent in business. Religion will do for those who have not brains enough for business."

What an auspicious moment! Ruth's hand rested upon her Bible, which lay on the center table. Opening to Revelations, she read from the third chapter and seventeenth verse: "Because thou sayest I am rich and increased with goods and have need of nothing, and knowest not that thou art wretched and miserable and poor

and blind and naked, I counsel thee to buy gold tried in the fire that thou mayest be rich, and white raiment that thou mayest be clothed and that shame of thy nakedness do not appear, and anoint thy eyes with eye salve that thou mayest see."

The man rose to go; he evidently was not pleased with Miss Mansfield; and his disappointment was plainly depicted upon his countenance.

Standing with his hat in hand, he said: "I am sorry, madam, not to have left this purse with you, but perhaps you can suggest a place where it may be bestowed to do good."

"Yes," replied Ruth, "I would be glad to have you divide it among the men in your employ who are working at starvation wages. No doubt they will be glad of it for the comfort of their families."

The gentlemen bowed themselves out, carrying a crest-fallen spirit such as the poor have sometimes felt when rebuffed. And as they passed around the corner Ruth heard President Brumblebug remark to his superintendent: "Strange woman that! Thunder and lightning! She is a whole cyclone of enthusiasm! What an accession she would be to the business world if her bent was only that way."

Ruth closed the door and was turning to enter her private boudoir when she came face to face with Marie, who was just convulsed with laughter. She had overheard part of the conversation of her friend as she fanned the flames of zeal in the interests of Labor.

"Mrs. Stocklaid!" exclaimed the girl, "how came you here? What a start you gave me!"

"I came in at the side entrance," explained that lady, "and seeing you with President Brumblebug, decided to remain behind the scenes until he had taken his depart-

ure; but, dear me, Ruth! what an original piece of humanity you are! Who would have thought that a working girl could be possessed of such power and have the courage to thus address those gentlemen? Why, my dear, you actually made the man cringe before you!"

"Thank you," said Ruth, "for the compliment, but ere long monopolists will not only cringe before individuals, but they will be made to bow down to the mandates of Labor. Wait until we have had a little more time to educate the ballot and we will teach Capital a lesson."

Then taking Marie's face between her hands, she imprinted a kiss upon her lips and tenderly said: "What has brought you to me this morning? Is it Polly Hopkins or Rose Sommers, or some other poor unfortunate that has sent you out in quest of a counselor?"

"It is neither," replied Mrs. Stocklaid, "but I have come to break some glad news to you. Earnest awoke rational this morning and has asked to see his wife and son. Would you not like to accompany us to Stockton while I pay a visit to my husband." Ruth said "Yes, indeed," and together the two stepped aboard the train, accompanied by little Earnie, who was never happier than when in company with "Auntie Ruth." She in return loved the boy with a tender affection. It had been a cross to know that the little fellow was strangely bereft of a father's love.

She had been thinking ever since Marie came that morning what a glad day to the mother and child! Oh, if the father could only be restored to his right mind and become redeemed from the curse of drink. Somehow she had a premonition that a better day was coming to Marie, and she said to her: "What would you do, dear, if you were indeed to find Earnest restored to his right mind? Would you at once bring him to your home in the city?"

Marie thought a moment, then answered: "I do not know, Ruth. I think I should feel much afraid of him hereafter and I should fear to live with him again. I wish I could banish the memory of that awful experience from my mind. He certainly would have killed me had help not been near at hand."

Ruth took the wife's hand in her own and said: "Marie, did you ever think what home would be if Earnest were a Christian?"

"Yes," she had thought, "but could it ever be?"

For some time the two sat in silence, and at length she spoke: "Ruth, tell me what I can do to bring my husband to see aright. I have prayed for him so long that it seems almost a helpless case."

"'No man cometh unto the Father except he be drawn.' Dear Marie, I will pray with you that Earnest may be saved from sin. God can not only save him from sin, but will keep him from being tempted above what he is able to bear."

At length they arrived at the asylum and Earnest was brought into the presence of wife and child. His face was pale, his step tremulous, and at first he seemed to be haunted as with shadows, but after a while he grew at ease and seemed quite his old, old self again.

Tenderly he pressed his wife to his bosom and told her how glad he was to see her and his child again.

Earnie climbed into his lap and caressed him with his baby hands, while his brown curls lay against his papa's cheek, making a picture of loveliness such as Marie had never before beheld—husband and son. She thought of the fullness of joy that might yet be hers if God would only restore him to her with a redeemed soul and a sane mind. From the innermost depths of her heart she prayed that it might be so, and that her cup might be

filled with the sweetness of a husband's love. Ruth then entered the room and beheld the happy group. Her heart was also thrilled with pleasure, for this was the nearest approach she had seen in many a year to the Earnest Stocklaid she had known in far-off Germany. His lovely face and clear, intelligent eye—not heated now with rum—were so like the past. She saw him as the beloved husband of her friend and she, too, paused for a moment before offering her hand to send up a silent petition that God would restore him every whit whole. Ruth took his hand in hers and expressed her delight to find him so much improved and was about to take a seat in the group when the doctor came and asked them to say good-bye, for his patient must return again to his room.

Marie begged that the time be extended. The good doctor smiled and said: "No, Mrs. Stocklaid, your husband is yet ill and any overweariness would only tend to make him worse."

The loving wife clasped her arms about his neck and whispered some parting words, and then aloud she said: "Be brave, my noble husband. Ere long you will be well again; then we shall have you at home."

Little Earnie clung to his knee. "Dood-by, papa; we'll tum to see you adain, papa, we will."

The father pressed the child to his bosom, and for the first time in his life the boy realized what it meant to have a father's love. The doctor gently put his hand upon Mr. Stocklaid's arm and led him away just as his mind began to wander again. This showed plainly that he was far from being rational. He begged piteously to be allowed to go home with his wife and child, but after much persuasion was induced to go with the doctor.

"The case is not a hopeless one," said the physician at parting with Mrs. Stocklaid. "It may require weeks,

perhaps months, before we can pronounce him cured, but you may hope for entire restoration of his mind."

It was with a heavy heart that Marie returned to her cottage home. As she meditated upon the interview with her husband and clung to the precious memory of his affection, so sweet to herself and darling son, she felt that her dream of the past had returned, bringing with it new hope and she longed for her beloved companion as never before. But the heaviness came from the fear that should his sanity be restored rum would again rob him of his reason and drag him down to ruin. What could she do to save him?

Marie Stocklaid was a true woman, and the love that she had once borne to her husband had continually found its abiding place in her heart. Its dimness and her deadened sensibilities had been occasioned from the intense suffering she had endured at his hands. But to-day her perfect love for him, which had been slumbering, was awakened with new power, and Earnest Stocklaid was as dear to his wife as at any previous time in her life. She began to ponder in her heart what she could do if God perchance should restore him to her again, how she could protect him from the curse of drink? "Oh," she thought, "what a happy home ours might be if Earnest could only be himself." While she meditated, little Earnie came and put his arms about her neck and said: "My own dear precious mamma! I love you and my fazzer. Say, mamma, don't you fink Dod will div our dear papa back to us by and by all well?"

"Yes, my little son, mamma does think so; and if papa was only a Christian we would be so happy, would we not, Earnie?"

The little fellow opened his big brown eyes and looked most wonderingly into his mother's face, and then asked:

"What tan make him a Tristian, mamma, tan't you tell him how?"

"I have told him, my precious boy, and now it all rests with God and your dear father whether he will be a Christian or not."

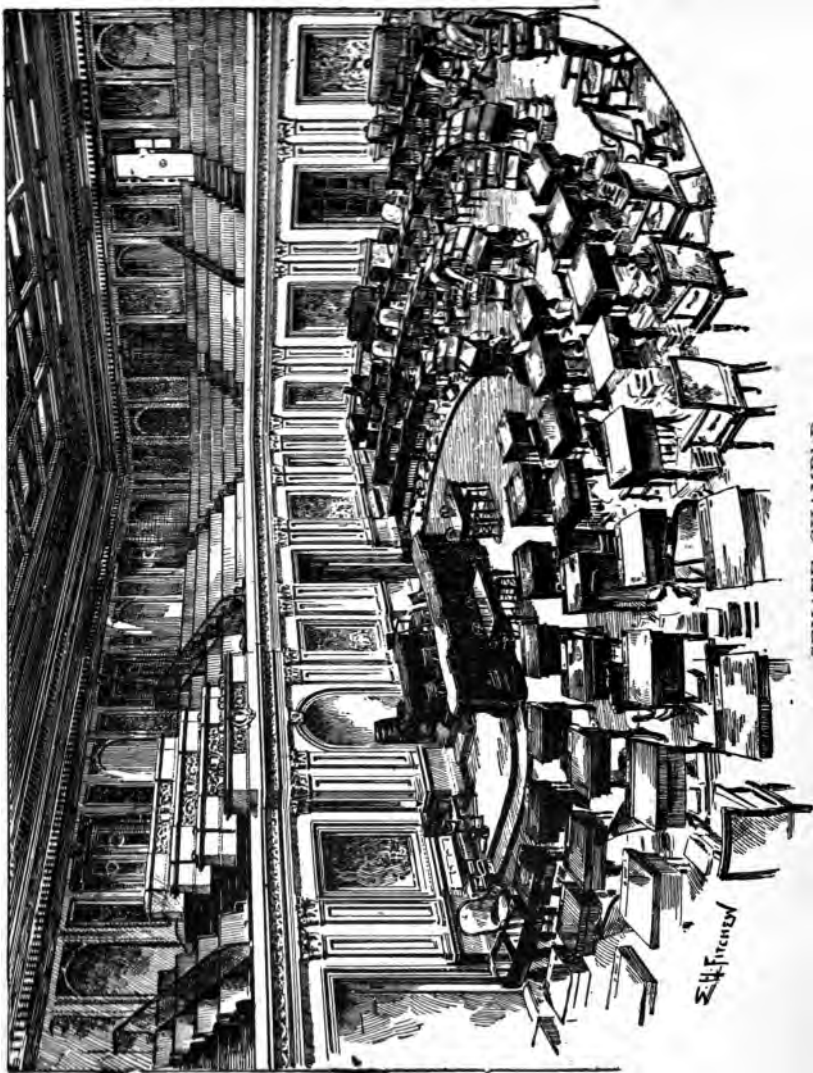
"Well, mamma, why don't you ask Dod to make my papa a Tristian then?"

"I have repeatedly asked him, Earnie, but somehow my prayers are without avail."

"Well, zen, mamma, I will ask him; taus Dod will surely hear a little boy."

And suited to his word, the little fellow knelt down at his mother's knee, clasped his chubby little hands together, and lifting his lovely eyes to Heaven, prayed: "Oh, Dod! Please make my papa a Tristian so we tan be happy wis him at home." And the little heart, so full of desire, sobbed, and Marie kissed the tears from his cheek and said: "I am sure God will hear your prayer, dear Earnie, and we shall have papa with us soon."





SENATE CHAMBER.

24/1/1874

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE SCIENCE OF GOVERNMENT.

The hot and troublous campaign of 18— was just drawing to a close. Many and varied discussions pertaining to the science of government were also at a close, for on that day the test was to be made, and the men of America were to cast their ballot for the man who was to occupy the highest seat in the nation. Who would “get there” was the question to be decided.

Four strong tickets were in the field; the Democratic, the Republican, the People's party and the Prohibition party. Capital and Labor were most vociferously electioneering for their candidates, while the Prohibitionists were appealing to the hearts and conscience of men, pleading with them to vote on the side of right. Many women, too, were up in action. They were challenging men to vote for the interests of home and the children. Ruth was among them, and in a womanly way was asking men to vote for the enfranchisement of women. She had just influenced a crowd to vote the People's ticket when Mr. Halstead came up and touched her elbow. He said: “Miss Mansfield, I challenge you to electioneer for the Prohibition party. Anybody who can make such an outcry about the liquor traffic as you, ought to labor to outlaw the saloon.”

Ruth looked him square in the eye and said: “You, Mr. Halstead, challenge the help of a woman in politics! I thought you considered a woman in politics out of her sphere. How is it that you can ask me to work for any political party?”

The man bit his lip, then at length said, as a partial evasion to the question: "Well, Miss Mansfield, you are here and working; why not labor on the side of right?"

"That is just what I am doing, Mr. Halstead. Prohibition of the liquor traffic is good enough so far as it goes, but if you want to strike a blow at the root of the nineteenth century, you must hew down the body and not think to fell the giant by cutting off his limbs. Why! Do you not see what a high hand monopoly is playing in this game of politics? Votes have been bought and sold here to-day like merchandise. Vote against monopoly and we will have knocked the brains out of the thing and the rest of the body will adjust itself to the right. Besides, the People's party will, ere long, we trust, be the means of giving woman the franchise, and that to-day is the chiefest of our desires."

"Yes, Miss Mansfield, you are right about many things, but it is unwomanly in you to desire the ballot. We men love best to feel that woman is willing to look up to us for protection."

"That sounds very pretty, Mr. Halstead, but man has proven to the gentler sex that his protection to her is like the wolf for the lamb. Man votes to satisfy his own gain. Woman would vote for the betterment of the people and the protection of the home. No, thank you, I will work for the protection of Labor, and when it has its right, then woman will come in for her share of justice. Put the ballot in the hand of woman and woman will banish the saloon and send it hurling to the bottom of Hades!"

Jack Halstead smiled back at the girl who had not only challenged his vote, but his love; but as he was unconvinced he turned away and began to shout: "General Bidwell! Vote for General John Bidwell and the overthrow of rum!"

Many people had gathered around as the two discussed the merits of their party, and at the conclusion a shout went up and a multitude rushed off to the polls to vote for the protection of labor. Halstead turned back when he saw Ruth standing alone and said to her: "That was not fair in you, Miss Mansfield, when you are just as radically opposed to the saloon as I can possibly be."

Ruth smiled and said: "Don't feel badly, Mr. Halstead. Upon the science of government we are most happily agreed; our only difference being in the method. Why do you Prohibitionists not take up the labor question as well as the temperance? According to my way of thinking, this question of the people against monopoly must be settled first; and when that is done, then the liquor traffic can be swept away like a thistledown before the wind. I am making votes to-day for the People's party. but in four years from now these two great reforms will stand united upon the same platform and the two great issues of the day, temperance and labor, will be united in the holy bond of wedlock."

Halstead looked at her as though a new thought had dawned upon his mind, and when he did not reply, she continued: "Yes, indeed, sir, it is to be; and when the wedding bells ring announcing that event, the morning will have dawned when the prohibition of the saloon may be written upon the statute books of America and the just demand of Labor will no longer be ignored."

Ruth was now a politician in dead earnest. She meant what she said. Just then a robie-looking woman with a white ribbon tied in her buttonhole came up and after a few words of consultation the two started down the street on business of great importance.

The law of California distinctly reads that all saloons

shall be closed on election day during the time that the polls are open.

The brave president of the W. C. T. U., on going to her lunch, took a short cut to the hotel dining-room, where she was to meet her husband. In doing this she passed through a back entrance to a vacant store, and saw, to her astonishment, that free rum was on draught. Bottles were packed in ice and everybody was drinking to his heart's content. The brave little woman hurried on until she came to a policeman upon the beat. Reading the law for his especial benefit, she informed him of the offense and pointed out the place of iniquity, with an injunction that he had better take care of the offenders.

At lunch she ate leisurely and related the experience to her husband, who was a bold exponent of the temperance cause, and warmly sympathized with the aggressive spirit of his wife, encouraging her in the good fight that she was making.

Leaving him at his business place, she sauntered along, leisurely retracing her steps to see if the officer had done his duty to the "blind tiger," when, to her surprise, she found it still in full blast, and not only men and boys drinking and drunk, but children scarcely out of their knee breeches were indulging with their elder brothers. She at once sought the officer and inquired why he had not done his duty. He replied: "I visited the place, madam, and found nothing but water! Nothing but water! And water don't make men drunk!"

She turned from him with a disgusted look and went at once for Ruth and two others to come and help her enforce the law. Entering the place with her staff, the brave leader of the band said to the man in charge: "To whom does this liquor belong, sir?"

"I do not know, madam; some one has put it here for the use of these thirsty men."

The woman read the law to the gaping crowd and made a vigorous inquiry to know to whom the liquor belonged. But as no one could be found who claimed the stuff, the ladies took hold of the tub and carried it out upon the pavement, took out the bottles one after another and dispatched them upon the stone pavement of the gutter. The crowd stood round and glared down at the dauntless four. They had armed themselves with pick handles before they came to the place with the expectation that they might be called upon to use them. The men were so completely astonished that perfect decorum was maintained throughout the entire procedure. One man came forward and said to the white-ribboners: "I advise you women to go home and attend to your own business." And in reply one of the courageous ones said: "Thank you, sir, we feel quite at home at this business, and especially feel it our duty as good American citizens to enforce the law and protect our husbands and children from the contamination of rum."

The man slunk away and was lost in the crowd. Even no shout of derision went up from the throats of men less brave than he.

The polls now closed and the saloons that had not all day, in defiance of the law, been open, now opened up and a regular pandemonium reigned upon the streets. Many women sought their homes through sheer fear of the excited rabble.

Men were betting large sums of money upon the possible winning candidate—each party being positive that it should gain the victory. Most eagerly the honest-hearted, as well as the crafty, waited for the returns that they might know how the election had gone. The temperance

people held a circle of prayer imploring God to overrule for good and let right rule the land.

It was late next day before the returns came in. Then many crestfallen individuals saw their castles, which had been built upon hope, fall to the ground. It was said that the Democratic party had won the day.

Early that evening Mr. Halstead called upon Ruth to talk over the matter of election and in a measure soothe his disappointed spirit by sympathizing with others who had also lost. He had worked for the Prohibition candidate with a faith that made him sure of success. When the votes were counted and he found that whisky had won the day, his disappointment was hard to bear and a fierce spirit of bitterness burned within his heart. Jack Halstead was a man of strong convictions and had been a long time in coming to that point where he felt it was right to vote the Prohibition ticket. Now that he had come to believe it right he was a zealous exponent of the cause of temperance. He could not see why all good people in the world should not think as he did and vote to rid the country of its curse. His faith in man was shaken and he had begun to doubt that God's hand was on the side of right.

It was while this mood was upon him that he had come to Ruth and poured out the thoughts of his heart. He asked her to explain, if possible, why things were so. This was a moment and an opportunity she had long wanted. She felt that the hand of God was in the science of government, and to show him why things were so, she began: "Ever since the founding of the nations, Mr. Halstead, God has been manifested in government. This revolutionary storm that is just now so madly sweeping over the country, disregarding the hearts and consciences of men, is the Father's own way of bringing about a prop-

er adjustment of national affairs. Let me illustrate, for example. When I was a child living way out on the scenic banks of the Hudson, my father undertook one time to build an immense barn for the storing of grain. The women and children of the neighborhood had gathered in great numbers to witness the raising of the immense timbers that were framed together. When the first bent went up, which was carried to its place on spikes in the hands of men, the foreman stood back and shouted: 'Heigh, ho heigh!' The women and children around stood in breathless silence, for a man went up on the bent. Then another bent went up, and yet another. When the last large bent was hoisted to its place there were men enough at the top to nail the purline plate solid. So, Mr. Halstead, from this simile take courage. We have got one man at the top, and when the year nineteen hundred comes rolling in we shall have men enough at the top to nail prohibition solid; for 'the saloon must go.'"

The heavy cloud that had hovered over Jack Halstead's spirit vanished, and he cast about him to find some object upon which he could give noisy vent to the hurrah that he felt within his soul. Catching up Ruth's spool basket, he sent the whole collection flying around the room, while he drummed a loud tattoo upon the table. "Good! good! Miss Mansfield! Praise the Lord! I will be ~~there~~ to welcome that bright day!"

"What a noisy fellow you are!" exclaimed Ruth. "Just see how you have demoralized my work basket! Now, sir, you must help me pick these up."

Jack was most agreeable, and together the two soon restored the basket to its normal condition, while Ruth laughed merrily. Having regained their equilibrium, Ruth continued: "America is a chosen nation—a God-ordained people whose citizens, from first until now, have

that Ruth could not doubt but that her love was returned. With great desire had this noble and good man longed for this hour to come and yet had not dared to press his suit nor approach the woman he so fondly loved lest he be rejected. Now as he felt the precious burden lean upon his bosom a flood of happiness and holy joy such as he had never dreamed he could possess came stealing into his heart and he blessed God for His most precious gift to man—a woman's love.





OUTDOOR LIFE IN CALIFORNIA.

CHAPTER XXXII.

ROBBING A BREAD-WINNER.

The California Woman's Christian Temperance Union was holding a state convention. Marie Stocklaid, who had been a faithful worker ever since the day she found her mission among the poor and forsaken of society, was present at a reception tendered to that august body by the Working Woman's Congress of the city of Oakland. This reception was originated by the State Superintendent of the Labor Department, Miss Mahitable Ann Grimshaw, who was zealous to bring the method of work more prominently before the state society. At the same time she intended to give these working girls an opportunity to meet with some of the refinement and culture of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

At a previous state convention many of the women had pledged themselves to earn one dollar, by manual labor, and give it to the state for the furtherance of the temperance work.

A delightful programme, both musical and literary, had been prepared for the evening, after which every woman must tell in what manner she had earned her dollar.

This was a novel procedure to Marie Stocklaid, who had never in all her life earned so much as a copper cent. She listened in wrapt attention to the various experiences and enjoyed the merriment with this happy company of ladies who had come in numbers such as to literally pack the spacious parlors at the well-known Chabol Home. Women from all parts of the state were there and had

taken part in earning the dollars. They had cooked and sewed, had washed and sawed, talked and walked, prayed and plead, and all the various avocations open to women had been utilized by these busy white-ribboners, every one of whom most cheerfully put her dollar into the bag of the jolly state treasurer, who began to feel that the society was growing rich as she gathered in the reward for honest labor.

At length one little woman, whom Marie knew to be the wife of a well-known capitalist, was called upon to relate her experience as she laid her silver piece upon the treasurer's table. "I earned this dollar," said the lady, as she held the precious coin between her thumb and finger, "in a new and novel way. I employ, Madam President, a widow, who has a family of little children to support, to clean my windows once a week. I formerly paid a Chinaman two dollars for doing the same work. But this woman is a worthy person and offered, if I would discharge the Chinaman, to do it for one dollar and a half, which I considered a very good bargain indeed. Well, the way I earned this dollar, I allowed my windows to go unpolished last week and saved the dollar which I otherwise should have paid for labor."

The brilliant little woman was about to lay her dollar upon the table when Mahitable Ann arose. She never looked so tall and angular and her nose never seemed quite so long as it did at that propitious moment. She then said: "Madam President, I do not see how we can accept this dollar from our sister. For, in the first place, she has not earned it, and in the second place she has degraded American labor by paying less for it than she would pay a heathen Chinese; and last, but not least, she has robbed a poor widow of the right to earn bread to put in the mouths of her children, and will next week put

upon her the twice dirty windows to clean. I move that we decline to accept this money, for it is the price of bread."

The hands of a few went up in favor of refusing this money, while others thought it all right. Mahitable Ann was invited to come over for a brief interview with the reporter who was writing up in detail the work of these excellent women of the State Union.

Marie had just been introduced to Mrs. Macfarley, an intelligent, bright-faced woman, whose hair was dressed in ringlets and who carried her head on an angle with the moon as she incessantly smiled and talked. Marie enjoyed the joke and said to the distinguished lady: "Good for brave Miss Grimshaw! She, like my friend Ruth Mansfield never fails to make a point in the interests of Labor. Wish Ruth could have heard her remarks."

Mrs. Macfarley manifested some astonishment and looked at Marie with a critical eye. At length she said: "Do I understand you to say, Mrs. Stocklaid, that that bold piece of humanity, Ruth Mansfield, is your friend?"

"Yes," answered Marie, "Miss Mansfield is my friend and I love her very much. She has a dauntless spirit, but is only bold for the right and I admire her very much for it, Mrs. Macfarley."

"Well," replied that high-headed lady, "it is all owing to the position one holds in society. I suppose these working women who have tendered this reception to the State Union to-night do, like yourself, admire Miss Mansfield."

The lady eyed Mrs. Stocklaid most keenly, then said: "Let me see, what is your department in the State Union?"

"I have not been honored with a department," said Mrs. Stocklaid. "I simply have a mission and my duty is to

work for the salvation of souls in the prison or anywhere among the fallen or forsaken people of the city."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Macfarley, "and do you go into the slums of the city to look after those wretched people? I suppose it is all as one has been trained. You see, Mrs. Stocklaid, I have always moved in the highest and wealthiest circles of society; while you, according to your calling, have ever been associated with the lower classes. Indeed, I do not envy you, and hope you will have a pleasant time this evening in company with this noble sisterhood. Undoubtedly you will learn a great many things in this convention."

Marie bit her lip to prevent a smile which had gathered as she listened to this lady who held herself in high esteem, and appeared to be interested in her general remarks. Just at this moment Ruth came to the rescue and took her off to the dining-room, where refreshments were being served. As she arose to go, one of San Francisco's loveliest women took her hand and said: "How do you do, Mrs. Stocklaid? I am very happy to see your dear face here with us and to know by your white ribbon that you are a member of the Union. I have been reading with pleasure of your happy conversion to the temperance work and bid you a thrice welcome into our midst."

Mrs. Stocklaid kindly acknowledged the gracious words of the lady, and as she and Ruth went below the woman took the seat that Marie had left vacant. The brilliant Mrs. Macfarley at once opened conversation with her: "I see you are an acquaintance of the person who has just left my side, and you seemed to address her as a lady of some renown; do you mind telling me something about her?"

"Why, no," replied the lady, who had not yet learned of the bankrupt condition of the Earnestine estate, "I

thought everybody knew Mrs. Stocklaid, the daughter of the late Judge Earnestine, a man worth ten million dollars."

Mrs. Macfarley raised her hands in awe and a bright red spot burned on either cheek as she exclaimed: "Oh, is that so?"

At that moment it was announced that the gifted state president would speak to the ladies, and the conversation was necessarily discontinued. This delightful creature, Mrs. Macfarley, however, fanned herself vigorously, for she discovered that the room had suddenly grown too warm.

That lady was right when she said: "You will doubtless learn a great many things in this convention," for when the work of the different counties in the state began to be reported in detail and the various superintendents told of the work attained through their individual methods, Marie felt that a mine of wealth had opened up to her and she joyously drank from its fullness. She felt that the wisdom of these women in council was good.

More than eighteen hundred years have come and gone since the birth and resurrection of Christ, and during that period never any work had been done, either religious or political, that had built up character in women like the work of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

Marie Stocklaid was not the first or only one who has opened her eyes with astonishment as she noted the advance made by woman since the birth of this organization.

Marie sat through the entire session, and each hour she felt her soul enlarged and her desire to enter into the fullness of the Master's work greater than ever before. There was one feature, however, that gave her deep concern, and that was the absence of the Catholic sisterhood from the society. Here and there was one, to be sure,

but to say that her own church women were identified with this reform would be a statement somewhat overdrawn. Ere the close of the convention, a strong conviction had taken hold upon her and she made up her mind that she would approach and strive to win her own sect to see the beauty of the methods of the W. C. T. U.

"Why," she argued, "if this thing is good for the Protestant women, then surely it is also good for the Catholic, and I will lay the matter heavily before them."

True to her convictions, on the day following the close of the convention, she called upon her priest and made an earnest request that he recommend to the ladies of the church, and especially the Sisters of Charity, the advisability of their becoming identified with this great and gifted organization of women. Then, like a good missionary of the cross, she began to make a round of social visits, calling upon the brightest and best and asking them to break the chains that bound them in clanish selfishness and come out of the old rut and identify themselves with the true progress of the age. She asked as a special favor of her father confessor that he would allow her to call a public meeting, for women only, in the great cathedral that she might appeal to them collectively to become identified with temperance work and take up the methods of the W. C. T. U. This request was most willingly granted, with many kind offers of assistance in the blessed service she had undertaken.

This was a new departure for these ladies, but God was leading, and where His hand moved and marked the way there His workers must follow. The day appointed for the meeting came at last, and to the astonishment of Mrs. Stocklaid a large assembly of women came and listened to the message she had to give. She had not expected this lively interest in the question of temperance and was

wholly unprepared to speak for the edification of so large and intelligent a body as appeared before her. But as she looked into their earnest faces and weighed the importance of the hour, she lifted her heart to God and asked that He would give her a message for them, her beloved sisters in the Lord. While there upon her knees something told her to give them the simple experience of her life along the line of temperance and tell them why she had sought their assistance in the great battle of the right against the wrong. Then, after a few introductory remarks, she related her experience from the time of her earliest remembrance. She told them how she had sinned and suffered because of the use and the curse of the wine cup. She told how her proud spirit had kept her from yielding to the entreaties of her maid, what the result of repeated indulgence in the use of wine had been, the wretched life of her husband, who even at that moment was among the insane. She told of the loss of her fortune, of the blight upon her darling boy, and closed with a strong appeal for the women to come with her into the Temperance Union. She asked them to wear the white ribbon as an emblem of purity and fidelity to God.

"Beloved sisters, it is not I who calls, but the Son of God, who is longing for the time to come when He may come upon the earth and set His kingdom among men. Come, dear ones, you are this day chosen to enter into the great work of temperance reform."

She closed her remarks, and then Father Hachilah, who was there, blessed the white ribbon, and said: "May God hasten the day when those who wear this emblem of purity may stand triumphant in power, having slain the rum fiend."

The total abstinence pledge was then offered and a great host of women knelt at the feet of their father

confessor and promised to forever abstain from the use of intoxicants as a beverage, while the white ribbon knot was tied upon their breast.

What a day of triumph this was to Marie Stocklaid, who knelt humbly and rendered thanks unto Him for the honor and blessing bestowed upon her feeble efforts.

How tenderly the Apostle spoke when he said: "For some when they had heard, did provoke; howbeit not all," were followers in the true way. Thus Marie had found it with her sisterhood. Many were glad to come up higher and imbibe the true spirit of this progressive age, while others preferred to lend their influence as they had in the past. Thus it was, is, and ever will be.

Turning from the church, Marie was about to step upon the car when a poor, ignorant woman came to her and said: "Indade, mum, me heart is heavy for this day's wurick. Whoever thought that Bridget McNinny would live to see the day that a Protestant snare would be set in me own church?"

Marie looked pleasantly into the poor creature's face, and shaking her work-stained hand, replied: "My precious sister, this is not a snare and a delusion, as you think, but a call from God for our dear Catholic women to come out and meet the Lord in His work of saving His children."

"Oh, no," said the woman. "Don't ye be afther puttin' yer unhowly hand on me! Ah, sure, mum, and I'd like to have read your autodafe long before ye brought sacrilege into the house of me God. May the blessed Virgin protect us from the likes of ye!"

Mrs. Stocklaid smiled pitifully back at the woman and said: "Poor dear sister, I suppose you are living up to the highest light you are capable of receiving, but before you can have perfect absolution from your sins, you must

learn that one of the most perfect virtues in Christ is 'charity.' So, come and learn to love 'man, whom you have seen,' then you may claim perfection in God, 'whom you have not seen,' then you will gladly enter into the work that is given to the hand of woman. Go your way, my poor misguided sister, but remember that I am praying that the blessed Savior of souls will enlighten your understanding of truth and help you."

So saying, Mrs. Stocklaid stepped upon the car to return to her home, and as she was carried away she heard the woman saying: "May the howly saints guard us from the snares of Satan." As Marie was borne onward she prayed that "the general assembly and the church of the first born, which are written in Heaven, and God, the judge of all, and the spirit of just men made perfect, and the innumerable company of angels" would come from the Heavenly Jerusalem and lend their assistance to the woman of earth to teach bigotry and ignorance the way of righteousness and truth.





THE SECOND PRETTIEST HOME AT THE VILLA.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

SORROWS SANCTIFIED.

As Marie Stocklaid took her seat upon the cable car to return to her home and her little son she was meditating upon the goodness of God and thought what He had done for her. She had not pondered much about the true conversion of a soul to Christ and the meaning of a regenerated heart, but this day she was thinking of the wonderful change in her life and was asking herself to whom she could attribute the deep work of grace in her own heart. Could she give the credit to Ruth, who had gradually made her feel the real truths of practical Christianity?

No, she recognized that Ruth had been a great help to her in many ways, but it was not she who had put that wonderful peace in her heart.

Was it the good Sisters of Charity who had so skillfully taught her the doctrine? "No," she said. "It was not their teachings."

She did not underestimate the instruction she had received from these sources, for she felt that the great fundamental truths of the Bible had been deftly drilled into her memory, and that they were good and all necessary to make her strong in the faith. But she was persuaded there was something in her heart that had not been put there by human beings. She felt it was the gift of the Holy Spirit. She could testify to a true conversion, and felt she could tell the very moment when the blessing was given. She knew, too, from that time her heart was changed. Her old hot temper, which had given herself

and her loved ones so much trouble in the past, was transformed into a patient spirit of zeal for the Master. The things that she had once loved she now disliked, and the things that she now disliked she once loved. To-day, above all other days, she felt more and more a fullness of joy in her heart.

Arriving at home, little Earnie came flying to the door for a kiss, then holding up a white messenger that the postman had left, he exclaimed: "Here, mamma, is a letter; dess its from our darlin' papa. Tum, read it twick, mamma, tause I want to know when our papa's tumin' home."

Marie tore open the envelope and found it to contain two messages, one from the doctor at the asylum and the other from her husband. The doctor said:

"Dear Madam:

"Your husband, Earnest Stocklaid, has to-day been adjudged entirely sane, and is now ready at any time to return home."

She read the letter again, and this time to little Earnie, who listened with wrapt attention, his face expressing his joy. His happy and noisy demonstrations were most amusing to his mother, who laughed until the tears ran down her cheeks. To witness the child's pranks as he gave vent to the feelings of his heart was beautiful to see. At last, when he had demonstrated to the heighth and depth of his childish capacity, he came back to his mother's knee. "Now mamma, read the ozzier one and see what our papa has to say."

Marie then read aloud to him:

"My Darling Wife and Son:

"At last the good doctor has pronounced me cured. I am at liberty to come to you at any time. I could come alone, but I greatly desire that you come and take me

home with you. The outer world seems strange to me after so long an illness."

Marie had been expecting this letter, for she knew that her husband would soon be restored. She made up her mind that she would not bring him into San Francisco, where the very air was rife with temptation, but decided instead to make Ranch Earnestine her future home. She had often said out there Earnest will at least be spared the temptation of passing a saloon every time he turns. Here one is not safe to breathe the free air of Heaven even, it is so full of contamination. But to make up her mind to go into the country to spend the remainder of her life after all her years in the city was a trial. For her husband's sake, though, she was willing to do anything. What she wanted was to save him from the curse of rum.

For several weeks the country home had been undergoing repairs. Everything possible was being done for the occupants who were coming there to make this home their habitation. The working people at Ranch Earnestine were delighted beyond measure at the prospect of having their benefactress come and dwell in their midst.

Gretchen was overjoyed. She hoped that under the benign influence of Mrs. Stocklaid a better class of morals could be instilled into the homes of the community and much good accomplished among the young.

Of late Marie had seen but little of Ruth. Most of the time she was out of the city and laboring in the various states of the Pacific slope. Her influence was great and her services in growing demand. Now, though that Marie had decided to leave the city and take Mr. Stocklaid direct to the ranch instead of bringing him to San Francisco, she had a desire to see the girl and tell her all about her plans.

She knew that Ruth was now at home, so she dispatched Jeanetta with a hastily written note inviting Ruth to come and spend the evening with her. On the morrow she was going to take her departure.

As yet Aunt Langsford was entirely ignorant of her plans for the future. She did not know whether the dear old lady, who was growing feeble, would like to spend the rest of her days in a country home. She dreaded to mention the fact to her, but during Jeanetta's absence she went to her room and said: "Aunt Emile, something new has come to pass in the world and I have come to tell you all about it; would you like to hear?"

"Yes, dearie, if it is something pleasant. But somehow in the last few years of your life the new things that you have had to tell have always been the sorrowful things and I shrink from hearing them."

Marie patted the dear old cheek that was not so round as it was fifteen years before and said: "But this, Aunt Langsford, is one of the pleasant things that you will be glad to know. Earnest has entirely recovered his mind and is coming home to see us again."

Marie waited for the old lady to express her joy, but when she did not reply her niece said: "Why, auntie, you don't act a bit glad. I thought you would be the happiest one of us all. How is it that you do not rejoice? You always liked Earnest."

"So I did, Marie, and I like him still, but my fear of these dreadful saloons in San Francisco and the temptations to which he will be exposed make me wish him to remain in the asylum. He is safe there and you can be happy in his security."

"Viewing it from that standpoint, Aunt Langsford, you are quite right, but you know we are not obliged to

remain in San Francisco. I have decided to go to Ranch Earnestine to spend the rest of my days with my husband, and we will make our departure to-morrow."

Aunt Langsford opened her eyes in astonishment.

"Well, Marie, I should think that something new under the sun had come to pass! And so you are to leave the city?"

"Yes, Aunt Emile; will you accompany us? Do you think you could be happy in the country?"

"Yes, Marie, anywhere, only so I may rest under the influence of your sweet spirit. Have you never thought, Marie, of what a change has come over you in these last years? That old hot temper of yours that used to be such a horror to us all, what has become of it, dearie? You are so sweet now all the day."

Marie embraced the affectionate old lady and replied: "I have it still, Aunt Langsford, only the spirit of the Lord now holds sway in my heart. I have been converted and the old hot temper has been transformed into a burning spirit of zeal to be used in His own special service. The temper is sanctified, that is all."

Then taking the wrinkled old hand in her own, she continued: "Do you know, Aunt Langsford, since the Lord has given me a little child all my own to train, I have found out what was wrong with his mother when she was a little girl? It was a mother's love that could have healed my naughty spirit. Earnie would be naughty, too, only for my love. I am so glad God gave me that little boy."

"All but his blemishes, Marie."

"No, Aunt Langsford, I would have him just as he is for his mother's sake; but for the boy's sake I would that his body were perfect. God knew best when He made him so. Yes, He knew what would be the best

discipline for my son. At first my spirit rebelled against what seemed to be a cruel hand of fate, but in these last years I have grown to think that things don't come by chance. God has a purpose in all that He does, and has He not said: 'The wrath of God shall be made to praise God?' Earnie's deformity has been my greatest cross. It was the wrath of man that caused God to make him so, and one day while hugging that cross to my bosom I found it to be a crown. Sorrow sanctified, Aunt Emile, is the reward of perfect love."

At that moment Jeanetta returned, bringing Earnie with his "Auntie Ruth." Marie arose to greet them and was struck with something in Ruth's face that she had never seen before.

Kissing her ruby lips, she led her away to her own room, and looking up into her tell-tale eyes, said: "Ruth, dear, what has happened to you? I see a mellowness in your soul that has never rested upon you before. What is it that has made your spirit bloom out in such perfection?"

Ruth took her friend's sweet face between her hands, and looking into the liquid depths of her tender blue eyes, said: "Can't you guess, Marie?"

Mrs. Stocklaid caught the idealistic devotion written in the girl's face and replied: "Yes, dear, it is love! Then, after a moment, as Ruth did not reply, Marie noticed her effusive spirit, and repeated: "Ruth, it is true? Have you finally made that proposal of marriage and been accepted?"

Ruth blushed crimson and replied: "Yes, Marie, and the dearest man beneath the sun has promised to love, protect and 'obey me' as long as we two shall live. The day is not far distant when I shall become the wife of Jack Halstead."

Marie gathered her to her bosom and joyously exclaimed: "You precious girl! So dear old Jack is to be the happy man! How glad I am! He and I, Ruth, were playmates together, and among all the men in the world he would have been my choice for you as a husband.

"So your troth is plighted. You are to become a wife? Well, Ruth dear, may God bless and give you 'a white life for two,' and may your cup be filled to overflowing with that perfect bliss which you deserve to enjoy!"

Then came Earnie and climbed into Ruth's lap and told her the glad news of his papa's recovery. His baby eyes expressed all the joy he felt when he said: "Auntie Ruth, just fink how glad I will be to have a fazzer like ozzer boys!"

Marie broke the news of their intended departure on the morrow and told how she had made up her mind to bid farewell to the city. How she had decided they should spend the rest of their days sojourning at Ranch Earnestine.

Ruth thought her friend wise and commended her spirit of sacrifice for the sake of her husband and boy.

Later on Jack came for Ruth and spent the evening with the ladies to add his approval to the course she was pursuing. He said to Marie: "You will find a delightful home at Ranch Earnestine, and the people there are much improved in morals since it has been a temperance community."

How truly God's hand doth lead His own, and how easy the pathway that has first had God's approval of its course! Marie felt that she was doing right; and though it cost her a great sacrifice, yet she counted it all joy to be led in the way of duty for Earnest's sake. She had never been brought into concourse with the plain country people, and knew nothing of that society, or what she might do

to make them better or happier, yet she had already set in order a train of thoughts which, when developed, would make her loved among them.

Unfolding her plans to Ruth and Mr. Halstead, she told how she hoped to make herself a leader and a power for poor among them. She also talked of her future with Earnest and expressed a desire that he might become a Christian and through the power of Jesus be saved, not only from drink, but from his sins.

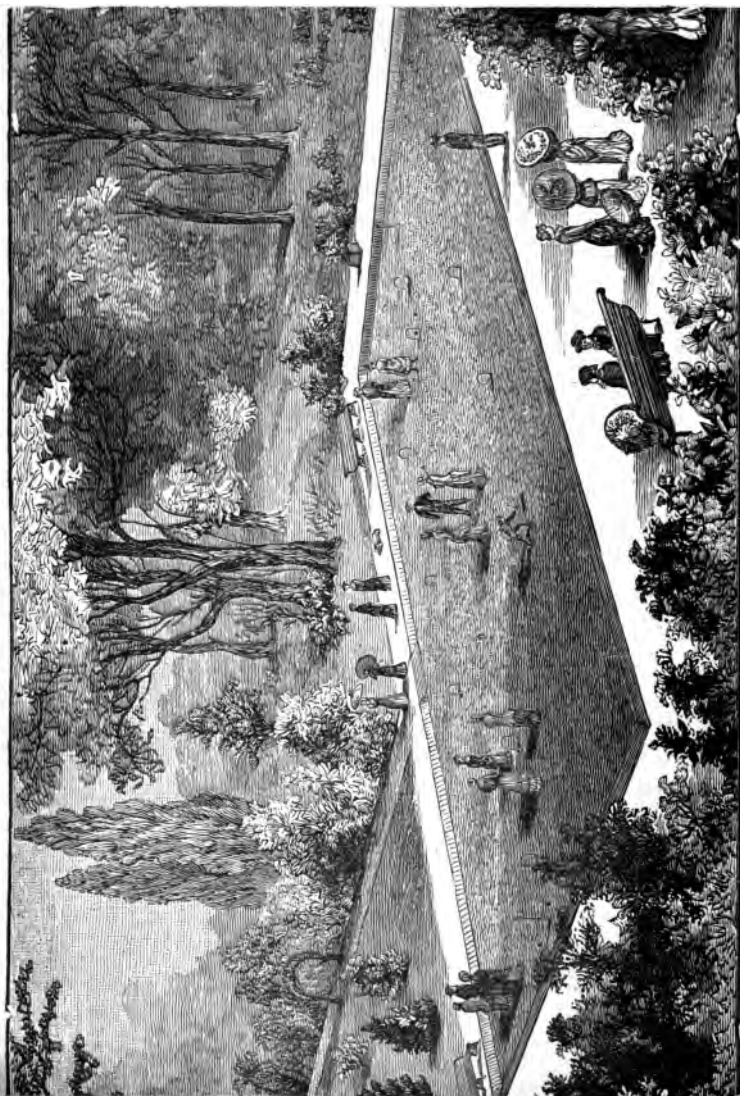
They knelt in prayer, while all three earnestly prayed for the salvation of a soul. Arising from their knees, Marie quoted from Matthew: "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in Heaven."

"Thank God!" said she, "that we are agreed in our desire for his soul. So let us have faith to claim this promise, and Earnest Stocklaid, my beloved husband, shall indeed find his Redeemer."

That evening was very profitably spent, and when, at a late hour, they said good-night, Marie gave them a pressing invitation to pay her an early visit at her country place and enjoy the good things of the land.

Jack pressed her hand at parting, and with a twinkle of merriment at the memory of by-gones, replied: "Yes, the fruit and such ills; but no wine at the Ranch Earnestine."





THE VILLA PARK.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE DRUNKARD REDEEMED.

Leaving Marie as she retired to her peaceful couch full of faith and resting on the promises of God, we will look in upon Earnest Stocklaid as he is spending his last evening at the asylum.

Retiring from the music room, where one of the inmates had sung, over and over again,

"Jesus lover of my soul, let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll, while the tempest still is nigh;
Hide, me, oh, my Savior, hide, till the storm of life is past,
Safe into the haven guide, oh, receive my soul at last."

It was the first time in Earnest Stocklaid's life that he had ever felt a drawing toward God or a desire for His sheltering love. As he sat there by his bedside that night he was most intensely drawn toward the future. What the trouble in his heart was he could not tell. He seemed to see the wild eyes of the maniac as she sang, and the great mellowness that overspread her countenance when she came to the words:

"Plenteous grace with Thee is found, grace to cover all my sins."

He paused with downcast eyes and thought, "What were his sins? He again asked himself the question, "Had he ever committed a sin? Done anything for which he needed the covering of grace?" He began to look back over his life and to recount his misdeeds. The innocence of his childhood came back like a far-away dream. He saw himself once more a little boy kneeling by his mother's knee saying the childish prayer she had taught him. By and by as memory's wheel turned round he was brought

face to face with his first mistake. He saw it clearly now and knew that it was sin. Then he came down the years of his life until his misdeeds were piled up mountain high before him. He thought how he was, on the morrow, to go out again into the world. He knew temptations would meet him on every side. Would he have power enough to resist them? It was an earnest question that Earnest Stocklaid was asking himself, and he could not answer.

"Other refuge have I none," came like a wearied strain as the maniac still sang. Earnest Stocklaid fell upon his face and repeated from out the depths of his heart: "Other refuge have I none!"

Then came the desire for salvation and a penitent's plea for God's grace to cover all his sins.

On his knees he waited and plead for salvation.

"Thou, oh Christ, art all I want," came like the pleading of his own soul from the woman's lips. He heard the warden come and lead her, the singer, the maniac, away to her room. Still he knelt there before his bed pleading and waiting for God's answer. At last the answer came and he arose from his knees. He felt he was washed by the Lamb, and he shouted: "Blessed be the name of the Lord who is able to save to the uttermost."

For a long time that night he lay upon his bed and thought. His thoughts went out in quest of his wife and child, whom he knew were to meet him on the morrow—the two who had been cruelly wronged. He wondered what he could do to redeem himself in their sight. Tenderly he now thought of them. His sins looked black when he remembered how cruel and ungrateful he had been for their tender, affectionate love, generously and freely lavished upon him.

His mind reverted to the time when he had sought

Marie's hand in marriage; when he had promised to love her better than the wine cup if she would consent to become his wife. How illy he had kept that promise! And how sorry he was to-night!

He bowed his head in his hand and reflected, while the perspiration came out in great beads on his forehead. Finally he said, as though moved by a spirit of deep commiseration for them: "Darling! My darlings! How cruel I have been!" He paused for a moment and then repeated it to himself. He could not remember that he had ever called his precious little son "darling" before. He winced as the thought sent a keen stab into his heart. Then calling himself a brute, he resolved that the future should make amends for his past indifference and neglect of his child.

How wonderfully the great spirit of the man was awakening from his lethargy! How revolting the misdeeds of his past now appeared to him! He longed for the break of day when he might look for their arrival and make amends. He could scarcely sleep or bide the time as the hours crept slowly on to day.

At last the morning broke, as all mornings will, and Earnest Stocklaid, with all the eagerness of a young lover, arose and began to prepare for the meeting with his noble wife and son. Dressing himself with care, he paced up and down the room in reverent, holy thought and meditated upon his new-found bliss. He even counted the hours until the arrival of the train. All this time new resolves were being formed in his mind which would tend to make him all that his adorable wife and child could ask or hope for.

He felt that he had said "Good-bye" to the saloon and all its accompaniments forever. His face glowed with a renewed hope and vigor, and he longed to begin to

show the world that he was indeed a man worthy the honor of the name.

At last the hour came and with it the train and dear ones. His door was thrown open and the glad faces of his loved ones appeared. The unusual excitement had given to Marie's cheek the blush of maidenhood, and Earnie's eyes sparkled with the gladness of childhood. The two had never looked so beautiful before to the husband and father and his heart gave a bound of exultant joy. That moment was a supreme one to Earnest Stocklaid and at the same time consecrated to God.

Marie reached out her hands to him she loved and as she looked into his countenance she paused as though beholding a Heavenly vision. His face, which of late looked stolid and expressionless, had now taken upon it a cultured look and beamed with a light which never comes to one's countenance except by the light of the Holy Spirit. For a moment their eyes drank from the depth of new-made love, then Marie buried her face in her husband's bosom and sobbed from the fullness of joy. Unconsciously her lips were pressed to his and the sweetest bliss of their married life was experienced at that moment. "Darling! darling husband!" she murmured, "I am glad you are well again and still more glad to behold the same old love look upon your face that was there so long ago. It is even much more beautiful. What is it, my husband, that has wrought such a wonderful change and made you lovely as you are?"

"It is Christ, my wife; it is a Savior's love. I am redeemed by His precious blood!"

Glad tears streamed down Marie's cheeks like rain, and amidst the showers she cried: "I am paid for all my suffering."

Earnie, too, was weeping for joy as he was nestled

closely in his papa's bosom, drinking in the glad kisses of a father's tender love. At last the little fellow clasped his father's face between both his baby hands and exclaimed: "Darlin' papa, it's all tause mamma and I prayed Dod to make you a Tristian."

Pressing both his wife and child to his bosom, he said: "Beloved, the clouds have vanished and now, God being my helper, I can prove to you that I can be a husband and father in every true sense of the word."

Marie's face shone with the joy which she felt within her soul, and a sweeter and more perfect trust than she had ever known before for her husband came into her heart and she was indeed blessed of Heaven.

Announcing to Mr. Stocklaid that the train would leave in one-half hour, arrangements were made for their speedy departure. Then the family went forth filled with joy. Every cloud seemed to have vanished from their horizon of life, and Marie felt that Heaven had come down to meet her on the way.

They had been for some time seated in the train before it dawned upon the mind of Earnest that they were not headed toward San Francisco. When the thought came to him he turned to his wife with a look of surprise and said: "Why, darling, we are going away from instead of to San Francisco. We have taken the wrong train."

"No, husband, we are not on the wrong train. Our destination is not San Francisco. We are going home."

Earnest opened his eyes with wonderment and though he spoke not a word, yet his wife understood the questioning look and she smilingly made answer: "We are going to Ranch Earnestine, which is to be our future home."

For a moment a look of gladness diffused his face and he exclaimed: "Thank God, Marie, that I shall be thus

far removed from temptation!" Then, as if remembering that he had a mightier power than himself to rely upon for support and to strengthen him, he continued: "But, darling, it matters not where my lines shall be cast. Through Christ, who strengtheneth me, I shall be able to resist any and all temptations which may arise before me in the future."

Ere long the train drew into the station, and the trio stepped out upon the platform, to be greeted by a host of people who had come to welcome them to their own villa. Gretchen was there with the chief women, who were fondly expressing their joy at having one so noble and to them so truly great as Mrs. Stocklaid come to reside in their midst with her sweet graces and excellent character. A few, however, were tardy to speak their welcome, because it had been whispered about that she was a Catholic. Some judged that she would be reticent and would be but little help in lines of Christian work. But in this they were to be happily disappointed, for, from the day of her arrival at Ranch Earnestine, Marie Stocklaid began to work in very truth for the good and the betterment of the people round about her villa.

Stepping into the carriage that stood in waiting, they were driven at once to their home, which was situated among the orchards that were laden with choice and luscious fruit. When once sheltered beneath its roof, Marie, leaning upon the arm of her husband, went over the house to note the improvements and to decide upon her own private apartments. This was not hard to do, for one of the most sunny rooms in the house was chosen. Opening out of it was a dear little apartment, a snuggerly for little Earnest Earnestine.

They now began to feel at home, and were looking forward to the arrival on the morrow of Aunt Langsford

and Jeanetta. They tarried behind to finish up the work which Marie had not had time to look after before her departure. Now the wife and mother at last sat down to think of her multiplied blessings and of God's wonderful goodness to her—chief among them was her husband's restoration to her, not only sound in mind, but thoroughly redeemed from drink, a noble Christian man.

When she thought what it meant for her future and the future of her child she wept tears of joy and thanked God, who was and had been to her a help in all the troubles of life. There upon her knees she renewed her vows to Him and promised that her life and means and all that she had should be devoted to His service.

There and then the family altar was erected and father, mother and child bowed together and in earnest supplication consecrated their lives to the service of God and His blessed work of reform upon the earth.

Ah, happiness! How sweet thou art when pressed to a heart that hath known thee!

Marie took the new-found happiness that had now been so sweetly poured into her life and tenderly entwining it into the experience of the past, arose from her knees, as a tree laden with fruit, to bless the world in which she lived.



"I WAS THINKING OF WOMAN'S MISSION IN THE
WORLD TO COME."

CHAPTER XXXV.

LOOKING INTO THE FUTURE.

For some days Ruth Mansfield had been weighing her life's work and considering the feasibility of continuing her efforts for humanity. She had been asking herself if it paid to be a public reformer.

She was happy in her calling and loved humanity better than she knew how to love her God. But just at this time she was looking back over her record, and in many things she had been criticising some of her most faithful endeavors and accusing herself of having failed to do her best.

The real truth of the matter was she was not quite satisfied with her life and work, for she felt that the time was an auspicious one in the world's history and that the opportunities and avenues open for women were better than the world had ever before known, and she did not wish to miss her good chance of making the most out of her life and ability to do good. She had a strong desire to do something which would be a help to other women who were to come after her, but the kaleidoscopic view that she was now taking of national affairs as she stood with her eye to the governmental lens, made her hesitate to pursue her regular course and to cry unto the Lord for wisdom to know which way to turn or where to apply for strength.

Church and state and moral reform had become so thoroughly mixed up with national affairs that she felt that it would take a sager counselor than Solomon to pick out the tangled ends of public questions or to separate

the social and political conglomeration. But for all this Ruth did not mean to let go of the work, and she steadily pushed ahead where duty called her with her aspirations set for the highest public good.

She weighed all questions with gravity and waited the leading of the Spirit to guide her into the light. The Labor reform she could see, as with prophetic eye, would in God's set time work out its own proper adjustment; and although Labor was mad and the seething pot of human woe at boiling heat, yet she could see that the true leaders were men of great moral integrity and that the continual uprising on the part of labor organizations would be controlled and held in obedience to the public will.

She trusted that the strong, omnipotent hand of God would steady the ship of state and land it safely by and by.

Of late she had some grave thoughts about the enfranchisement of women, and what woman's liberation would mean for the coming generations. That woman was to have the ballot she had not a doubt; for already she could see prejudice breaking away and men were becoming the earnest champion of woman suffrage.

She felt that the ballot in the hand of woman would mark a great epoch in the world's history, but she saw that side by side with the greater privileges it would afford to the women of America, would stand the opportunity for greater calamities in the direction of woman's degeneracy than the world ever saw before.

She questioned herself to know if she had any part to play on the stage of life in order that she might reveal to woman the weak point in case she took the ballot in the centuries which were yet unwritten.

The ballot in the hand of man had proven to be unto

him a snare and a delusion. Would woman's lust for office and greed for power be equal to that of her brothers?

Surely it was a question of great moment to the motherhood of a nation, and the sooner the sequel to woman in politics be written, the easier it would be to rectify the wrong, if there should be wrong, and teach her how to steer clear of the breakers that might sink her political ship in a sea of despair. Ruth Mansfield could see a great eminence for the coming woman if she were to live and work out God's plan of government for the nations, and to use the ballot for the betterment of society instead of, as man had done, to satisfy his personal greed for power.

She could see, as it appeared to her, the dividing line of the centuries and believed that as time rolled on and the last half of the earth's period was being spread out as a scroll that woman was either to rise in greater power and by her efforts purify the world from vice, or else she would go down to more awful depths of shame than man had ever done.

Which would it be? She could not tell. But faith in her own sex made her hope for the better and she confidently believed that woman's ballot would prepare the way for the righteous reign of the Kingdom of the Lord.

As she sat there that day with her spirit in the world of thought, longing for the wisdom for which she so reverently prayed, it seemed to her that she could see into futurity and there behold woman as she stood in this terrestrial sphere clasping hands with the angels, co-operating with God in His great plan of work for the earth.

Wonderful futurity! What does it not hold in store for woman? But side by side with this vision of future greatness, stood the opportunity for woman to fall into greater darkness than she ever yet has known. How could

she warn her of the danger ahead, and what arguments could she use to cause her to think and inquire the way before she took a leap into freedom? What method could be adopted to promote her into the divine purity and God-like wisdom that would hold and maintain her at all times in the right?

Ruth Mansfield's brain was a wise one, but as she looked out in advance of the present time she felt an inability to answer her own questions or to mark the way for others to follow.

She sat lost in deep reverie, with a most intense expression upon her face as she climbed higher and higher into her mysterious soul promptings, when her thoughts paused and made her return to a consciousness of her whereabouts. She was apprised of the fact that a visitor had entered her room and stood waiting for recognition. It was her affianced husband, Mr. Jack Halstead.

Arising, she gave him her hand and he said: "What grave problem is my little philosopher trying to solve this morning? From the expression of her face I would think that it belonged to Greek and ancient lore."

Ruth smiled pleasantly and replied: "Ah, no; it was not relating to the last half of the earth's period, but of the future six thousand years. I was just trying to see what is to be woman's mission to the world in the time to come. Can you help me to solve so great a problem?"

Leading her to a settee and taking his seat by her side, he said: "Yes, dear Ruth, I can help you to solve the problem of at least one woman's mission in the world. I have come to urge you to begin her work at once."

Ruth looked quickly up into his face as he continued: "Ruth, I have come to ask you to name the day when I may claim you for my bride."

As he saw the expression of her countenance which

seemed to plead for him to wait, he continued: "Oh, don't ask me to longer wait. I have waited now so long. Won't you name the day?"

Ruth whispered: "You may name the day, Jack, and I will try to fulfill that part of my mission in the world of making one man happy."

He said: "Then to-morrow shall be our wedding day."

Ruth was greatly surprised at the early date he had set for the marriage, but having given her permission, she reluctantly consented and began at once to make speedy preparations for the event. On the following day a little company of people were assembled in the church of her choice to witness the nuptial vows of brave, dauntless Ruth Mansfield and that noble specimen of manhood, Jack Halstead.

As they knelt just inside the chancel rail, Ruth could hear the beating of her own heart, and the moment was made sacred with fervent petitions to God. When the minister prayed that the marriage vow might be recorded in Heaven a fervent amen went up from her heart and she mentally petitioned Heaven to bless the plighted troth they were making.

When the ceremony was ended they took their seats in the carriage that stood in waiting at the door. The wedding party were driven quickly away in the direction of Nob Hill, a place where Ruth had seldom been since that eventful morning so long ago when she went to bring Marie from the mansion to a cottage.

The carriage drew up before a pretentious-looking house with beautiful grounds, not so handsome and valuable as the Palace Earnestine had been, but good enough to satisfy the heart of the wife of Jack Halstead.

As they entered a vision of loveliness met the eyes of the bride such as she had seldom seen. The warm, soft tints

of the walls and furniture, the beautiful flowers making the air heavy with their fragrance, the warbling of a canary bird, and the rosy glow of an open fire that crackled in the grate, and the strong, overmastering love of him who had led her into this delightful place, all freighted the moment with joy, and brought happy tears of gratitude. They glistened in her eyes like dewdrops and she expressed her glad surprise at being ushered into this enchanted spot.

Her husband led her to a seat and tenderly bent above her as he whispered: "Welcome home, my darling wife!" Then kissing a pearly teardrop from each cheek, he slipped a paper into her hand, saying as he did so: "This is my wedding present to the most beautiful woman in all the world to me."

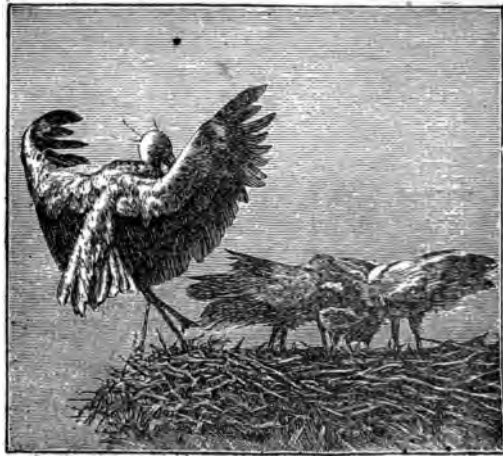
Ruth unfolded the paper and found it to be a deed to the lovely home she had just entered, and Jack smiled and said: "I am not a rich man, dear, but in what I have you to-day have been made an equal partner with me."

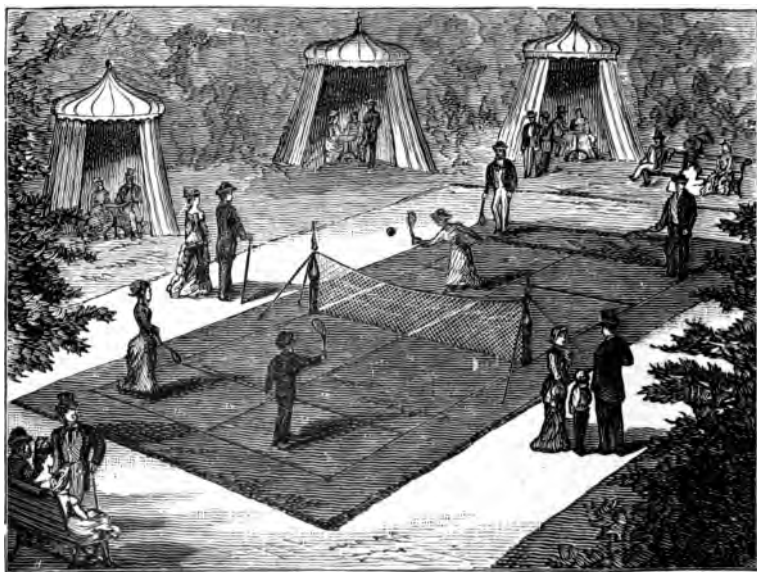
Home, sweet home! How precious that word sounds to one who has been tossed about like a skiff upon the mad billows of the sea! The word had an enchanted sound to the ear of Ruth Halstead and she repeated it over and over again to herself.

Home! Surely there is no place so dear this side of that heavenly mansion. Anchored at last with the strong arm of a truly good man about her! What a mellow radiance his noble love had thrown around her life! The world did not seem half so stern and cold as it had before, and the jagged steel that had so rasped her soul seemed to have fled at the approach of love. This noble woman was at last ready to begin a tenderer work for humanity than she could have done before it came.

Ah, love! Thou art the balm that can make any soul truly great!

Not to have known thee is to have suffered an irretrievable loss, for the soul that is void of love, like the dwarfed tree, can not bear fruit to God and live.





PARK SPORTS AT THE VILLA.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

WOMAN'S MINISTRY.

On the following Sabbath day, after the arrival of the party at Ranch Earnestine, a company of people could have been found assembled in the pleasant parlors of Mrs. Stocklaid's home for public worship.

Jew and Gentile, Catholic and Protestant, sat in holy reverence during the hour in which that blessed woman was declaring the unsearchable riches of Christ.

The old-time Book lay open before her and none could doubt that her every utterance was inspired by the Holy Spirit. Creed was lost sight of, and the one Law Giver, the one Savior, was held up as the father and redeemer of all people.

What a happy day this was to the villagers, who hitherto had not known what it was to attend a house of worship, but now all were inspired to better things and to higher and nobler aims in life.

This was the first work of real ministry of the gospel that Mrs. Stocklaid had undertaken, for heretofore her efforts had been of the nature of an evangelist. Seeing her duty plain, she had set about the work of the ministry with a confidence which is only known to those who make a careful walk with God. From Sabbath to Sabbath, as the work grew and her audience increased, the spacious parlors became too small to accommodate the people, and a delightful little chapel was erected in one of the most beautiful groves at the villa, overlooking the sea. It became known to all men that the once rich and aristocratic Mrs. Stocklaid of the city had become one

with her people and was indeed a servant of all as she humbly labored in Christ for the salvation of souls.

From time to time her father confessor would come and dispense the ceremonies of his faith, while on the other hand the Protestant brethren were welcomed as they came with the glad messages of salvation to the world.

Blessed woman! Surely the words of the prophet Isaiah were fulfilled where he says: "When thou passeth through the waters I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire thou shall not be burnt, neither shall the flames kindle upon thee. For I am the Lord, thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Savior."

It was a self-evident fact that Christianity had saved that willful and stubborn soul, and the fires and flood had so melted and purified her heart that it was indeed a sure resting-place. Marie, in meditating upon her life and all its accompaniments, recognized Ruth as her greatest spiritual benefactress—the good angel of her life. But unto God, the author and finisher of her life, she rendered her accounts and realized that only through him was she blessed. As she sits to-day underneath the stained-glass window which throws a tinted glow over the different objects in the room, giving mellow radiance, she is made to feel that Heaven is not far distant.

Looking down upon the surrounding grounds as beautiful nature stretches out before it makes her heart swell with exultant joy and she recounts the mercies of God to herself and adored husband.

The flowers that were blooming in luxuriant profusion seemed to speak of triumph in God, and the air, heavy with the fragrance of orange blossoms, seemed but the essence of life. She could see the trees laden with growing fruit and the table-grape vineyard busily unfolding

beneath the warm rays of the beautiful sun. She could see the bottles of unfermented wine, and to her they seemed more delicious than the fermented juice of the grape. Further on she saw the broad fields of waving grain, and they gave great promise of a bountiful harvest. Thousands upon thousands of acres stretched out before her. Away to the east the mirage appeared to her entranced vision like a quiet lake of water, while yet beyond the whole range of the Sierra Nevada Mountains were in full view, clothed in winter and summer dress of ice and snow.

Coming back she looked down upon her own beautiful Ranch Earnestine. Just there in the meadow the cows were grazing with that peaceful tranquillity which knows no thought but security and rest. A meadow lark came and lifted its beak heavenward and sang a song of joy, while the young hopped timidly about, trying their new-born strength.

The laborers were tilling the soil and displaying wonderful skill as they rode the wheel plow, guiding a six-horse team to turn an even furrow. Back of it all lay the grand old ocean, with its wild, turbulent waves beating in angry tumult upon the shore as if to show disdain for the peaceful repose that lay like a dream over all nature. Over and above it all hung the clear blue sky of Heaven's vaulted dome like a circlet of love shining alike upon the just and upon the unjust of earth.

The husband was now driving down the avenue between the even rows of shade trees, getting home in time for the noonday lunch. As the bell rang Marie arose and went down to the dining-room to meet her husband and talk of her pleasant morning in the secret presence of her God.

The white ribbon knot is tied in her dress. There can

also be seen a dainty little bow in the buttonhole of her husband's coat. Her boy, grown taller and more lovely now, at his mother's instigation bows his head and says grace before the meal, which is partaken of by a pleasant company of ladies and gentlemen.

Such is the life of the once petted and spoiled heiress of the Earnestine estate, who is converted from the evil of her ways to a life of righteousness.

As the little company lingered around the board the theme of their conversation is the living issues of the day and the wonderful advancement of the temperance reform.

Earnest Stocklaid is in favor of the prohibition of the liquor traffic and entreats his comrades to vote on the side of right. He is now working for the protection of the home.

"How mysterious are the ways of the Lord, and His judgments past finding out!" God led the children of Israel out of bondage into the light of security and peace, and so will He lead on the temperance reform and settle the Labor question; and ere long the bell of the centuries will ring out the glad news that the saloon has departed.





MRS. STOCKLAID AT THE AGE OF FORTY.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

WAITING ON THE WATCH TOWER.

It is the last night of the old year and for friendship's sake a reunion is being held at the beautiful residence of Mr. and Mrs. Halstead. It is a pleasant company which is gathered around the fireside. Every one seems to be in his happiest mood. Earnest and Mrs. Stocklaid are present.

The central figure of the group is Ruth, with baby Viola upon her knee. The brown curls and Heavenly blue yes are the exact counterpart of the father, who watches the mother and child with that perfect adoration born only of true love.

Ruth is talking to her guests and seems like a woman who lives far in advance of the age.

A careful review of her life's work is being made to her auditors in order that she may more clearly show them the wonderful age of progression in which they were living. Speaking of the errors of humanity and the mistakes of society, she pointed to the never-failing hand of God, who from first to last has led His people forward in the battles of life. She then speaks of the future. Her words sound very prophetic when she says: "But the end is not yet, for many trials are to come to America ere the dove of peace will again settle down upon our waters. The labor question is like the smothered flames of Mount Vesuvius—ready to burst forth at any moment—and many decades will come and go before the labor question will be settled with Capital. Blood must flow and great devastation will come upon the land before

monopolists will accede to the principles and demands of the people. Terrible quaking will be felt in society, for it yet must be greatly moved for Labor's sake. Never until the working people shall become educated into true American ideas will the hot spirit of anarchy die out and a higher civilization appear. The rum power will call for greater resistance on the part of the temperance people and many reformers will fall by the assassin's hand ere the time shall come when the government will abolish the accursed traffic. But the saloon must go; for just beyond this period into nineteen hundred we see women, grand, strong and unconquerable, standing like interceding angels of mercy, casting the white-winged ballots in defense of God, our country and the home. America is a nation that was born to live, and though women must leave their homes and come out before the world in behalf of work, the end shall yet be accomplished."

Marie is seen to arise and come close to the side of Ruth. An eager glow beams from her eye, and she says: "Mrs. Halstead, your words seem as truly prophetic as those of the wise men of old, and I rejoice in the day that you and I live and am glad that we have had a little part in this work that is given woman to do. To live in this present age and see the nation revolutionized and the drink traffic cast aside, to see woman rising up to suppress secret vices and to make better laws for the protection of women and children, and to feel that we have invested our lives in these great moral issues, gives the holiest joy to me that can be experienced by any on earth. But, dear Ruth, who shall be able to abide the trials of which you prophesy? Will the women of to-day survive the coming revolutionary struggles?"

Ruth smiled as though her soul were on fire to stand in the fiercest of the battle as she replied: "You and I,

Marie, will continue to fight and shall win some victories while we yet live, but we shall grow old and our weary bodies will be laid to rest in the grave long years before this warfare is ended. But, my sister, our work will not cease here, for just beyond this vale of earth into the other world the struggle will be going on still and we shall labor there.

"When Jesus was about to be led away to the crucifixion, did He not say: 'Think thou that I can not pray to my Father and He shall presently give me more than twelve legions of angels?' And to-day, after more than eighteen hundred years have passed, think you not that He could send twelve times twelve legions of angels to fight in this righteous battle, the right against the wrong? Yes, Marie, you and I will continue our work."

Marie's face wore a look of reverence as she listened. Her son came and rested his hand upon the shoulder of his mother, his beautiful face glowing with light and his soul seemed to be carried away with enthusiasm as he drank from the subject under discussion. Presently the conversation changed. This same noble specimen of boyhood caressed his mother's brow and smoothed her beautiful hair, which was silvered now, and said: "My beautiful mother, and noble Aunt Ruth, I have been listening to your conversation just now and want to say to you that I shall be a man by and by, then may I not begin where you leave off to help God and the angels fight the rum fiend?"

Marie caught him to her bosom and answered: "God bless you, my noble son! May He make you a mighty general to lead the temperance armies on to victory!"

Ruth smiled and pressed baby Viola to her breast, saying as she did so: "Yes, thank God for the plan of work given us by the prophet Joel where he says: 'Tell ye

your children of it, and let your children tell their children, and their children another generation.' We will do our work well, Marie, and then let our mantle fall upon our children while we go on to swell the army of the 'legions of angels' that God has sent out to minister to those of earth."

At that moment there was a sharp ring at the door bell and Jack Halstead answered the imperative summons in person. An accident had occurred on the street and help was needed.

They went out and found on the ground a drunken man who had fallen from his carriage and was apparently dead. Mrs. Halstead hastened to bring the restoratives that had been called for, while the guests of the house stepped out upon the piazza to view the state of the unhappy man. Immediately an exclamation of horror burst from Marie's lips. It was Harry Rumsford come to his death in a state of intoxication. The words came back to her that she had spoken in derision of Ruth so many years before: "The Earnestines have drunk wine too many centuries to be frightened out of their beverage by such foolish temperance babble."

How glad she was at that moment that she was arrayed with the right on the side of temperance and that remorse for her words of the past could not trouble her now.

The body was lifted from the pavement and carried away, while the company once more came back to the brightness of the drawing-room, feeling that a lost soul had gone out to meet its God.

Aunt Langsford, now aged and infirm, came and stood by her niece and said: "Marie, is there aught of responsibility resting upon us concerning the burial of Harry Rumsford?"

Marie, who had been turning the question over in her own mind, made answer: "Not for love's sake, Aunt Emile, but for humanity's sake I will see that the body of the wretched man is decently interred. He was the son of my father's sister, and the Earnestine blood was in his veins, and it was the Earnestine beverage and the Earnestine gold that made him what he was. Another example of a good citizen sacrificed to society and a soul lost because of moderate drinking. Had my unfortunate cousin imbibed the spirit of temperance and been obliged to make his own way in the world, the world might have been better for his having lived in it. As it now is, 'No drunkard can inherit the kingdom of Heaven,' and his soul, gone out into eternity, must abide in darkness."

On the following morning two deaths were chronicled in the San Francisco papers. The first said: "Another siren dead. At the city prison last night Rose Sommers, an abandoned and dissolute woman, died. The case was picked up yesterday by Officer McHennesy and charged with vagrancy. A few minutes after her arrival in prison she was taken ill and died in horrible convulsions."

The next was a whole column and a half devoted to the Hon. Harry Rumsford, who had fallen from his carriage with heart failure. His excellent character was eulogized, his many virtues praised. His funeral services were to be arranged by a certain secret order that was to bury him with much pomp and display.

Marie Stocklaid's lip curled with disdain at the expression of the public press. She knew what a dark record the man had made. Reading down the column she found: "Polly Hopkins again in court. Stood before Judge Rix and plead her own case."

"Judge, I plead guilty, but I pray your honor, don't

sentence me this time, for I have not spent a holiday season out of prison for seven years."

For once it was recorded that a judge was merciful and Polly was free to get drunk on New Year's day. Ah, poor slaves to the accursed cup! When shall thy freedom be declared and the land rid of its blighting curse?

Turning to the political side of the paper, Marie's eyes were electrified by a great flaming heading to an editorial; "The Two Grand Old Parties Dead! The Prohibitionists and Populists united in the two leading issues of the day—Temperance and Labor." With a grand shout, Marie started to go in quest of Ruth that they might help ring the wedding bells announcing victory to the world.

She was met on the threshold by Mrs. Halstead, who had come to invite her to the drawing-room to join a happy company that were assembled there.

Advancing into the drawing-room her face was electrified with happiness. Two young people, a man and woman, were ushered into their presence and took their positions before the minister of the gospel. This was surely a wedding. It was Jeanetta, the faithful maid, and Dan, the coachman. They had served Marie long and well and were now in the employ of the new mistress of the old Palace Earnestine. A very appropriate and well-timed marriage it seemed. These two young people had grown into Mrs. Stocklaid's heart and her cherished works of reform. After the ceremony was performed Marie broke the news of the union of Temperance and Labor, and a glad hallelujah went up from all present. The announcement was to them as of an evangelist come to declare the death of the liquor traffic, "For the saloon must go!"

A perfect and beautiful description of the orderly way

in which the election had carried was given in the San Francisco papers and woman was highly eulogized for the part she had taken in this grand political drama. It said she had indeed proven by the power of her ballot that it was not the party for which she labored, but for men worthy to hold the highest positions in office attained by the gifts of the people. With this mixture of the bitter with the sweet, we ask you to stand upon the watch-tower now and after nineteen hundred to behold the world revolutionized and the nation free from the curse of rum. Thus we will leave you with brave, dauntless Ruth Halstead to continue your labor of love for humanity, while she, with the assistance of her excellent husband, will train baby Viola to take her place in life's battle when she at last shall be called to that better and higher world. We will follow Marie Stocklaid back to her villa, where she, too, will continue to love and labor in the cause of right. There we will watch her as she lingers around the chair of Aunt Langsford, making her last days her brightest and best upon the earth. There, with approving smile, we will look upon her daily devotion to her beautiful son, who is some day to develop into a master reformer. There, we shall hear the words of encouragement from her devoted husband, who is redeemed from the curse of rum.

As we linger there we shall be waiting and watching with the angels and the people of earth to welcome the glad message that America, the noblest and best, is free from the chains of monopoly and rum and has entered into that peace that will flow tranquilly on forever.

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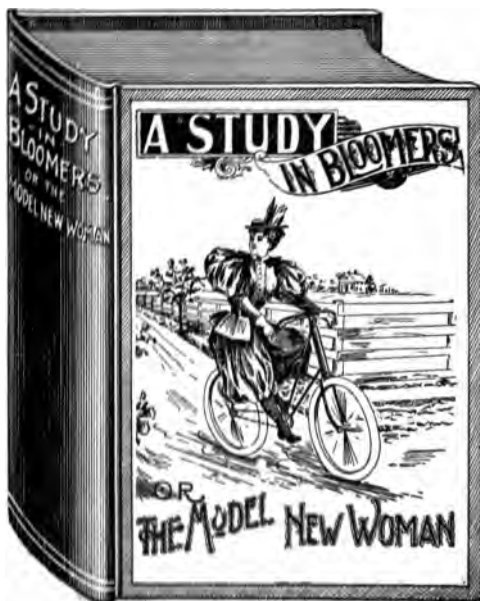
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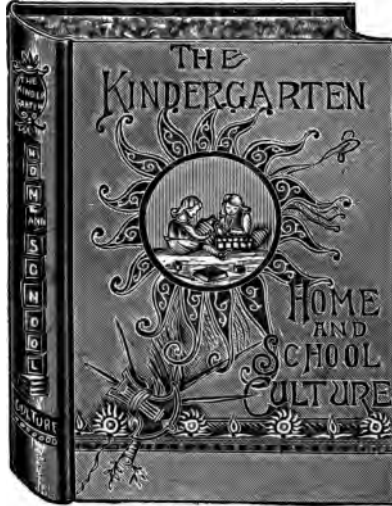
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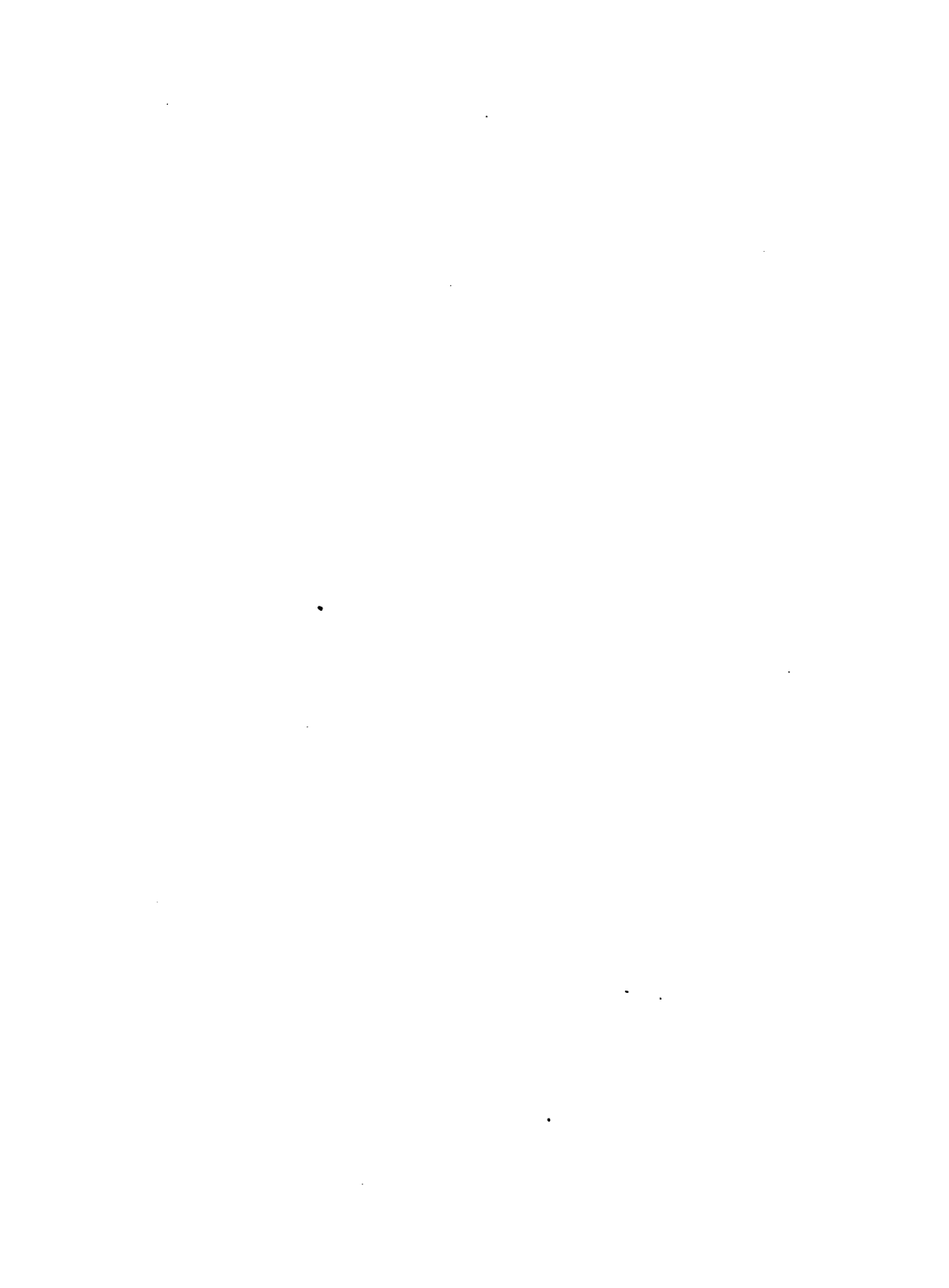
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